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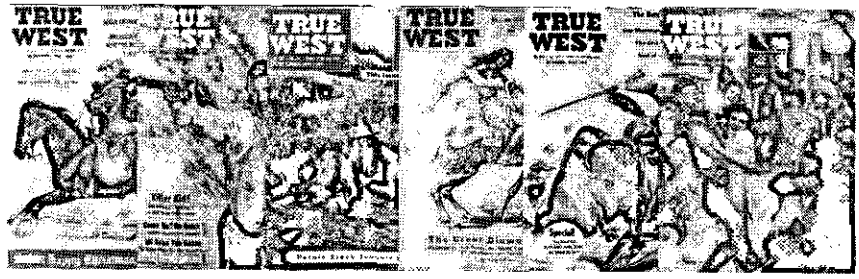

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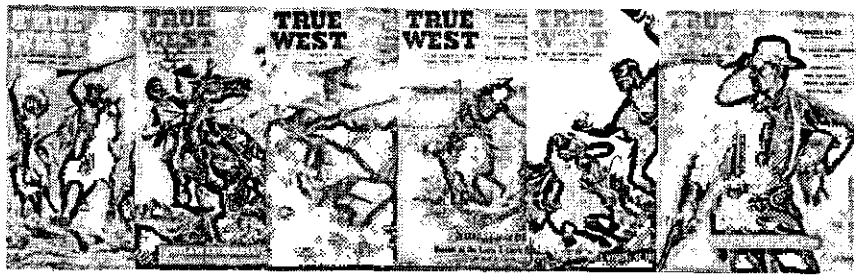

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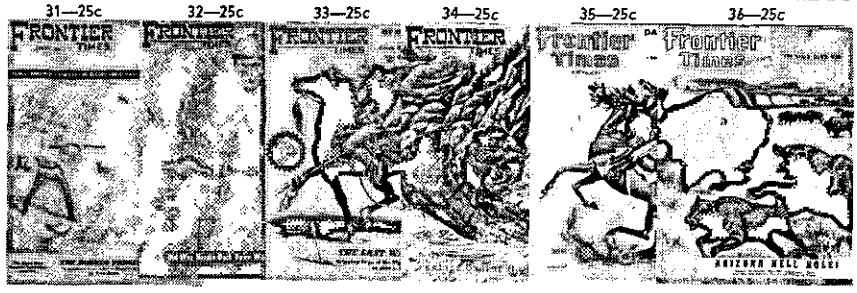

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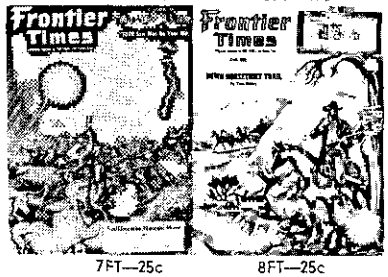

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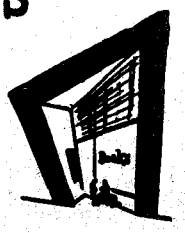

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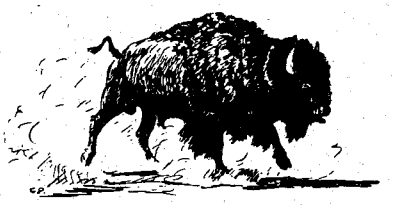

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True West

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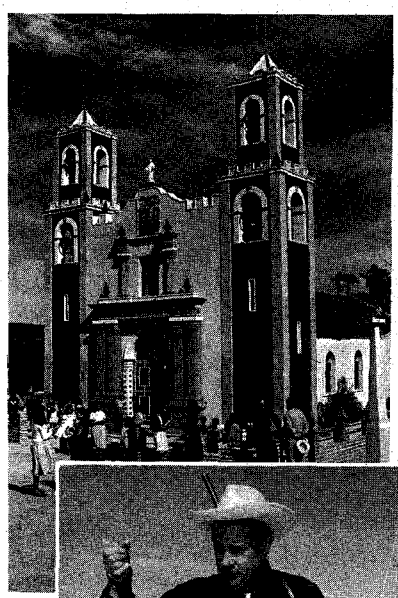

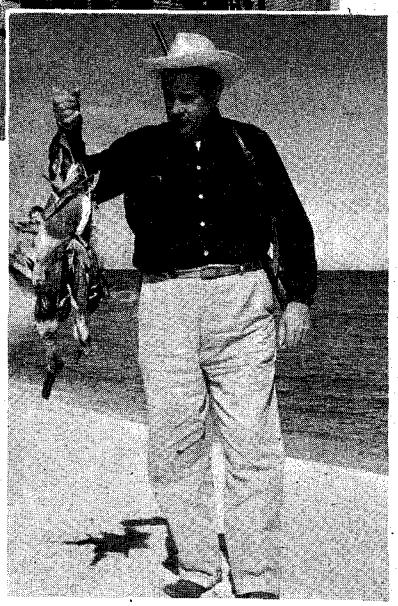

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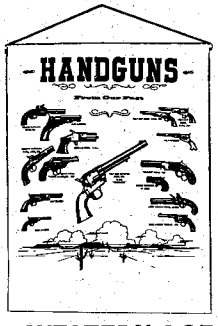

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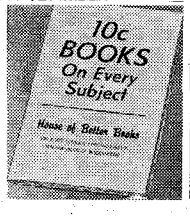


Truly Western

He'll Cook For A Share

Howdy, Joe:

I've been an avid *True West* and *Frontier Times* reader for some time. As far as I'm concerned, they're the best.

Something has really made me mad lately. Just because someone went looking for a million in gold and didn't find it, doesn't mean that there aren't any mines. Around Coeur d'Alene and north Idaho where I lived for fourteen years a mine assayed to contain high-grade ore was found by a prospector. When he offered the owner of the land a fifty-fifty split of the profits, the landowner turned him down. In return, the prospector left without ever divulging the location of the mine.

Another case of a missing mine occurred near St. Maries in Idaho. A drifter unearthed an old Spanish mine while riding through the St. Joe Mountains. Finding the shaft too slippery, he tied a rope to an old tree and descended into the mine shaft. Suddenly he lost his footing! Far below the sound of falling pebbles could be heard splashing in the dark water. Hand-over-hand, he skirted up the rope until he was out of the shaft. Loading his pockets with the high-grade silver samples, he rode into town.

But fate dealt a losing hand when he bought a stolen horse from an Indian and he was caught and accused of the theft. He pleaded with his captors and even offered them a share of his newly acquired wealth. But they turned a deaf ear and hung him for horse stealing by the rope that had saved his life only a few hours earlier.

When the drifter was cut down, the ore samples and a crude map were found in his pockets but no one was ever able to find the mine.

In closing, if anyone in my area is planning to go mine hunting, I'm a mighty good cook and would go along for a percentage of the find.—D. E. Smith, 2001 E. Tonapoh, N. Las Vegas, Las Vegas, Nevada.

I'm pretty peeved myself—looks like the lost mine stories need a lost and found department. Everytime you hear of a good mine now days, it's always lost.—Mineless Meenie.

Gayles Creek Gold Mystery

Howdy:

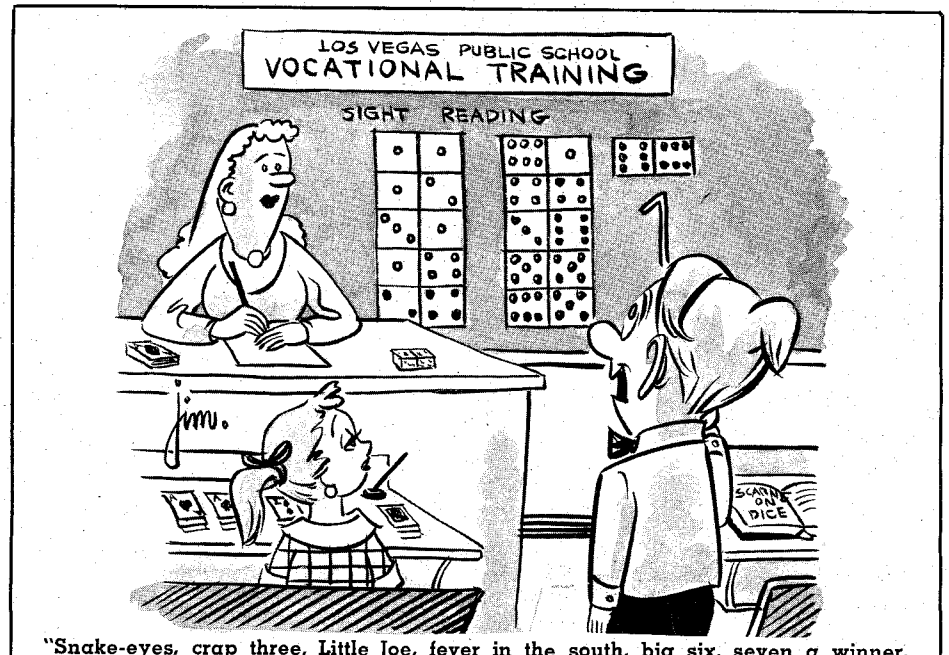
Enclosed is a story in keeping with your request in the August issue of *True West*.

The Gayles Creek Gold mystery began at the Colonel Cornelius Trading Post where Indians brought gold in exchange for supplies. The "good" Colonel never ceased his relentless efforts to trick the Indians into revealing the source of their gold. Many times, he tried to follow the wary Indians to their secret mine but he learned only that it was a two days' journey from his post. This was as far as he got to learning the location of the mine even though he tried everything—even liberal portions of trade whiskey.

With the Colonel's death, the gold was forgotten for years until the Southern Pacific Railroad employed Chinese labor to build a branch from Portland to Tillamook. In spare moments, the Chinese workers hunted in vain along Gayles Creek.

The most recent hunter for the Gayles Creek Gold, Freddie O. Kier, was also employed by the Southern Pacific Rail-

(Continued on page 54)



"Snake-eyes, crap three, Little Joe, fever in the south, big six, seven a winner, eight—it's hard, ninety days, Big Dick from Boston, ee-o-leven, and crap twelve—two sixes!"

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60½. The Attack
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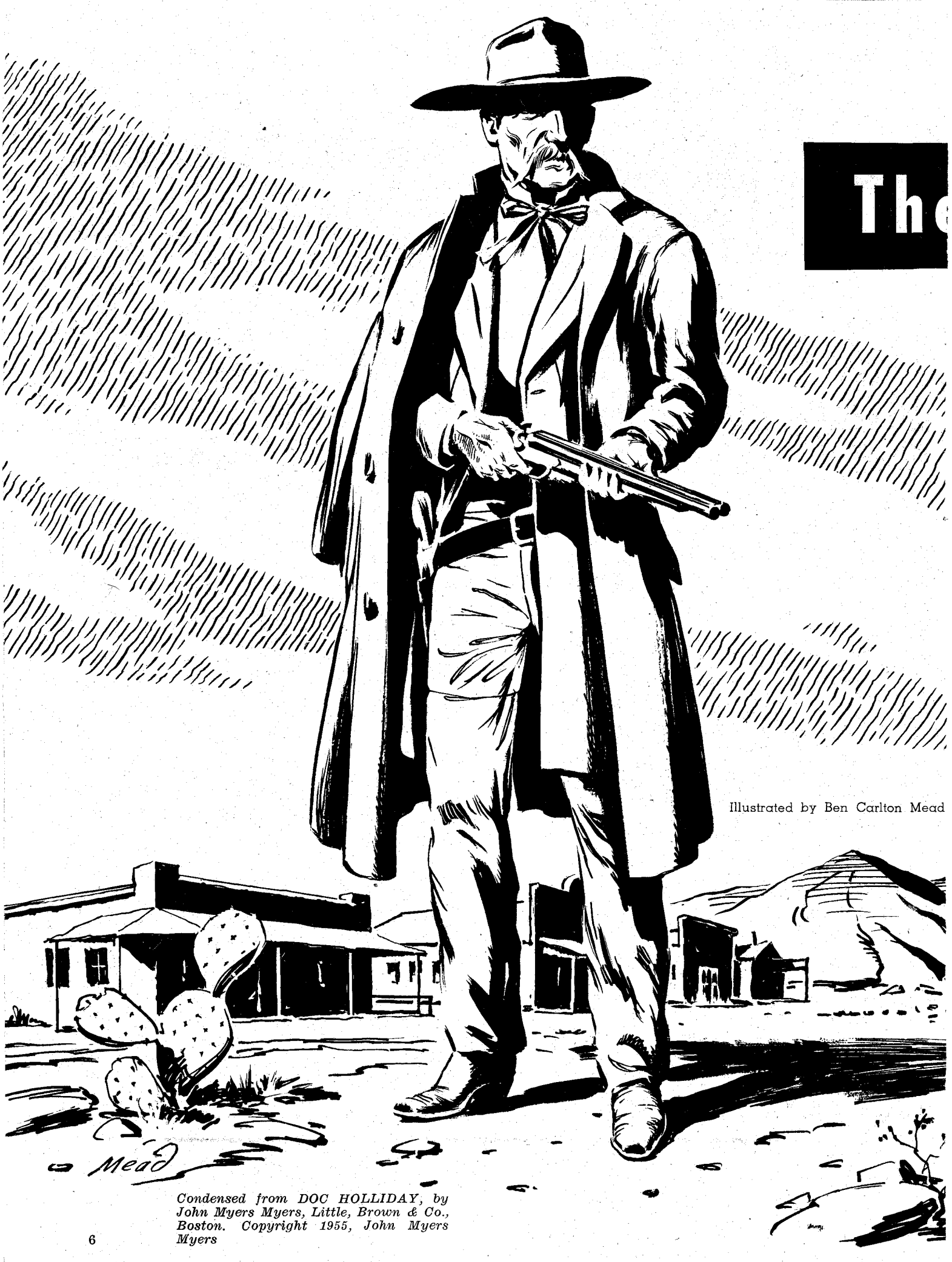

The

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead

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Fighting Doc was like pulling a gun against a dead man. He couldn't have cared less for his life —it was dwindling away with every cough.

West's Greatest Gunman?

By JOHN MYERS MYERS

JOHN HENRY HOLLIDAY is allowed to have been one of the coolest killers ever to snatch a gun from hiding. He was a gambler of enough parts to make two. He was a con man to match tricks with the best in the business and equally deft at dodging the passes which the law often made in his direction. He drank enough liquor to earn a place on John Barleycorn's calendar of saints.

An invalid whose name grew to be a byword for frontier prowess during the 1870's and 1880's, he was not a good man, but a man who was good at a number of things.

Born in Griffin, Georgia, in 1852, Doc Holliday came from a good old Southern family. His father was a lawyer, planter, small-town mayor and major in the Confederate army. His mother was remembered for her beauty and musical talent. In his native community, Doc himself was remembered for his excellent manners and courtly air (bred in the bone, they stayed with him throughout his troubled life) and for his youthful enthusiasm for riding and shooting.

Growing up during the Reconstruction Era in a family impoverished by the Civil War, Doc wasn't presented with much choice in regard to careers. He didn't have the temperament for agriculture and his class tradition ruled out mercantile activity. So the only refuge left for him was a profession, and he chose dentistry—learning it in Baltimore.

Doc started practicing in Atlanta in 1872, but his health soon broke down. Suffering from tuberculosis in its advanced stages, he was told by his physician that he might be able to stretch his life out a year or so by going West. So he went to Dallas, Texas, then a "terminus town," at the end of the railroad line, and hung out his shingle there.

The climate helped him a little, but he never regained his strength—what he always saw when he looked in the mirror was the face of death. Never confident of surviving any of the dreadful coughing spells that wracked him, he succeeded in learning that where the body fails, the spirit can be its demonic substitute.

Doc had a strong feeling for his profession, but being restless and high strung he also had a gamy taste for excitement—he once made a curious confession to Wyatt Earp that only when he was in a fight or working on teeth did he cease to be nervous. Bound to see the sights and possessing a natural bent for cards, he inevitably turned to gambling and taking on hard liquor. A man whose closest companion is his own ghost might naturally feel that he had better do what he liked while he could.

Then, too, people were understandably hesitant about having their teeth fixed by a man with a consumptive cough—so trade wasn't brisk. Some say that was why Doc sought another source of income in gambling joints. Others claim his flair for cards took up so much of his time that he lost his practice. In any case, Doc came to spend less and less time with a probe in his hand and more and more with a duke full of cards, until finally gambling became his sole means of livelihood.

The career gambler of the West had to have a comprehensive knowledge of cheating, for protection against others, as well as his own use—since it was

ABOUT THE PAINTING OF DOC HOLLIDAY ON THE COVER

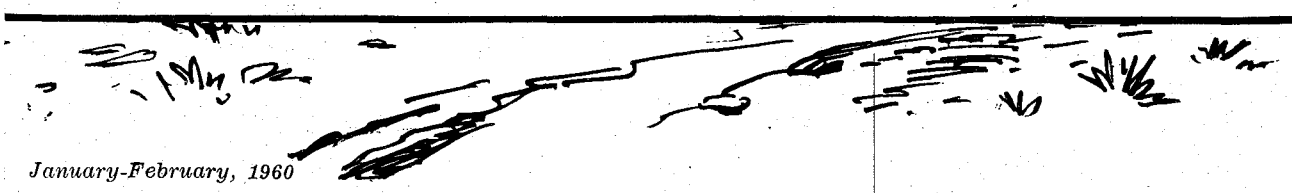
By BEN CARLTON MEAD

DOC HOLLIDAY was one of the truly fascinating personalities of the Old West. He was not an admirable man, except in the sense that anyone is to be admired who can consistently cope coolly with dangerous situations. It is doubtful if we would have been friends had history thrown us together. But I would not have wanted him as an enemy. Today, my friends and I indulge in a lot of kidding. Back there, I think I would have been extra careful in joshing with Doc. I would have wanted to know him —but I think I would have been a little afraid of his unpredictable disposition.

My painting (which was done for the M. H. Fitzpatrick Collection) shows Doc Holliday as I think he *should* have looked. It is not a literal copy of the one photo known to have been made of him. Mr. Fly, out in Tombstone, was a good photographer—but the picture he made of Doc in 1881 has been copied, retouched, recopied by other photographers, and printed sometimes with a background, sometimes without. The man I see in the photo does not have the character of the Holliday I have come to know through his biographers. The photo is flat, with no anatomy, no lights and shadows; even the mustache, hair and eyes have become black, whereas Doc was an ash blond with blue eyes.

I HAVE tried to paint a well-dressed, somewhat aristocratic, educated man in his early thirties—one who shows the effect of dissipation, the long fight with tuberculosis and, more than anything else, a very unhappy outlook on life. A doctor's diagnosis had wrecked a young man's beautiful dream. But, unexpectedly, it took fifteen years for the bugs in Doc's lungs to accomplish what the leaden slugs barely missed so often. For fifteen years, his surly disposition built a legend from one end of the West to the other, a legend that lives today.

Any good psychiatrist today could explain Doc Holliday's personality. In his own time, there were a few friends—among them Wyatt Earp—who understood him. Doc, to me, is more than a legend; he is as real and human as if he lived today. I think I understand him. I hope my paintings of men like Doc help you also, to feel the realness of some of the characters—good or bad —who were a part of the *True West.*



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standard procedure to give the odds a helping hand any time you could get away with it. With everybody trying to outsmart everybody else, that's the only way a professional could stay in business. But to be prepared to call anybody to account, when caught cheating—and stay alive—a professional also had to be swift and accurate with a gun and, as an emergency precaution, handy with a sheath knife.

By Doc's own report, he rigorously and methodically practiced the quick draw for months, until he felt sure of his competence. He needed the certainty more than most, aware as he was of his physical handicap.

How Doc stood the pace—sometimes riding a winning streak forty-eight hours in a row—nobody knows. But he not only survived, he also thrived, finding a new source of vigor in whisky. Using it as his primer when he rose and his staff of life throughout the long hours that followed, he developed a capacity for holding it that startled the hard-drinking West. According to Wyatt Earp, who said he never saw him stagger with intoxication, Doc punished enormous quantities of whisky; two or three quarts a day wasn't unusual, and when under continued physical strain, it took a pint to get him going in the morning.

By the time he had primed himself, he had also adorned his person, not in traditional gambler's somber black, but good clothes of blue or gray, perhaps with a colored shirt or flashy vest. Then came the essential routine of strapping on and tucking away his favorite weapons—a gun in a hip holster worn under the right-hand flap of his jacket, another in a shoulder holster under his left arm and a sheath knife easily available in his breast pocket.

Noon was his sunrise and by the time he had finished his breakfast of antelope steak and buckwheat cakes, it was usually two o'clock. From then on, the pace in the saloons he frequented picked up until it reached a hectic climax around midnight, fading away with dawn.

By the summer of 1874, Doc had become accredited in the trade as an "artist," which meant that he dealt faro. In such a spot, the time was bound to come when he'd have to demonstrate his skill with a gun, as well as with cards.

On January 2, 1874, he and a saloonkeeper took a couple of shots at each other, but no blood was shed and the Dallas *Weekly Herald* reported the incident in a jocular manner. The next time Doc drew and fired at a fellow gambler, though, it was no joking matter. The target, whose name wasn't given, was described as a "prominent citizen," and he had two holes in him that couldn't be corked.

Forced to get out of town in a hurry, Doc abandoned the rim of the settled country for the full frontier, riding west a hundred miles or so to try his luck in Jacksboro, Texas. This at last was the unadulterated West, the West of full dress.

Contemporary reports allowed Doc three fights with civilians in Jacksboro—one of them fatal. Since these fracases didn't arouse either the local authorities or vigilante action, it's evident that Doc didn't shock regional prejudices by neglecting to ask his opponents if they were heeled before making a move to draw.

In May or June, 1876, however, as the finale of a gambling session, he made the sad error of killing a soldier on leave from nearby Fort Richardson. The United States Government not only took an active interest in this feat of arms, but also enlisted the support of the sovereign state of Texas. To avoid being hanged, Doc made a desperate flight across 800 miles of Indian-infested desert to Colorado.

Now a terminus outlaw himself and a rider in good standing on the gamblers' circuit, Doc hit a number of towns in rapid succession, finding it necessary to shoot down two or, as some sources would have it, three more men.

IN Denver, using an alias for the only time on record, Doc changed his name to Tom Mackey and, in the words of the Denver *Republican*, "electrified the town by nearly cutting off the head of Bud Ryan, a well-known gambler." Ryan survived but Doc took to his heels and kept moving around the circuit, drifting down the Pecos Valley in New Mexico and finally on back into Texas, attracted by the resounding reputation of Fort Griffin. So many new crimes had been committed during the fifteen months he was away that he felt reasonably safe.

It was at Fort Griffin that Doc Holliday became involved with the two strong-willed individuals who probably had the most to do with shaping his destiny. Those two were Wyatt Earp and Big Nose Kate, whose last name was said by some to be "Elder," and by others "Fisher."

Kate's prominent nose was one of a bold but comely set of features, and her proportions, though good, were generous. Flamboyant, tough, fearless and hotheaded, she was a harlot by preference, sticking to her trade even when she didn't have to, with the determination of a skilled craftsman. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, she was a free-lance advocate of individual enterprise, one of the few in the old West who operated on her own without paying tribute to madams or macs.

Doc took up with Kate while dealing cards in John Shanssey's saloon. Each high-rolling princeling of chance at Fort Griffin had a madcap wench to help him circulate his currency. Kate performed this service for Doc, as well as the more personal ones expected of a concubine.

It was also through John Shanssey that Doc got acquainted with Wyatt Earp.

The famous peace officer was on the trail of Dave Rudabaugh, who had held up a Santa Fe train. Figuring that one of the outlaws at Fort Griffin might help him get a lead, he called on his old friend Shanssey to suggest someone. Shanssey recommended Doc.

Already under some obligation to Shanssey, Doc agreed to get the information Wyatt wanted. It took about a week, though, and while waiting around for it Earp naturally made himself agreeable to Holliday. A gunslinger of enormous reputation himself, Wyatt had always been on the side of the law and had no intention at that time of allying himself with a man as notorious as Doc.

WYATT may not have been much interested in Doc at first, but with all the fabled attraction of a man toward his opposites, Holliday was certainly drawn to Earp. Even so, after Wyatt received the information he wanted and moved on, it's unlikely that anything lasting would have come of their acquaintance, if fate hadn't given Doc a nudge.

By this time, Doc had become notorious around the circuit for his willingness to carry all quarrels to the limit. It was even said of him that he liked to kill, and that he sought gunplay in utter unconcern as to whether or not he himself might be the victim. That may or may not be so, but it is true that a man as ready to die as he is to live has a psychological edge over the bravest of warriors with a healthy concern for their own future well-being.

So long as men refrained from stepping on Doc's toes, though, he was the soul of almost self-effacing politeness. Trouble only started when he thought his own rights and dignity were being lightly considered.

That's what happened in the case of Ed Bailey, a cock of the local walk, who was popular and used to having his own way. Doc's reputation didn't impress Ed and he sat down to play with him with no intention of minding his poker manners.

Bailey started the quarrel by sneaking looks at the discard, called "deadwood." The practice was in bad taste, if the offender was caught. The rulebook penalty for being detected was to lose the pot. There are certain tricks that professional gamblers might successfully play on each other, but this was not one of them. It was the sort of thing that would normally be tried against greenhorns, or those afraid to object. Unless a man was actually looking for trouble, notice that he was being observed was all that should have been necessary. Doc gave such notice, pointedly but mildly. But the misguided Bailey persisted in his furtive attentions to the deadwood, so without showing his hand, Holliday pulled down the next pot. When Bailey started to draw his gun, Doc jerked out his sheath knife and with one sideways sweep slit open Bailey's belly. Eviscerated, the pride of Fort Griffin collapsed and died.

By all unwritten laws of the circuit, Doc was in the right. So he stood his ground and submitted to arrest by the town marshal.

It wasn't until after he was in custody that his mistake became apparent. Mr. Bailey's friends started howling for vengeance; and instead of taking their prisoner to the county seat at Albany, the officers had to hustle Doc into a hotel to protect him from the crowd that gathered.

The lynch mob, as it chanced, was the lesser of two worries. More dire was the threat of the local vigilantes, who were as tough as everything else in and around Fort Griffin and made a practice of taking prisoners out of jail, to forestall any possibility of foolish lenience on the part of justice.

The ticklish situation in which Doc found himself was that if the marshals moved him outside, the mob would get him, and if they waited around long enough for the vigilantes to catch hold of the excitement of the moment, the latter would break in and make their customary reprisal for the death of a well-liked local figure.

Well aware of the gravity of Doc's predicament, Big Nose Kate knew that his life wasn't worth a plugged nickel unless she could hit on some way to

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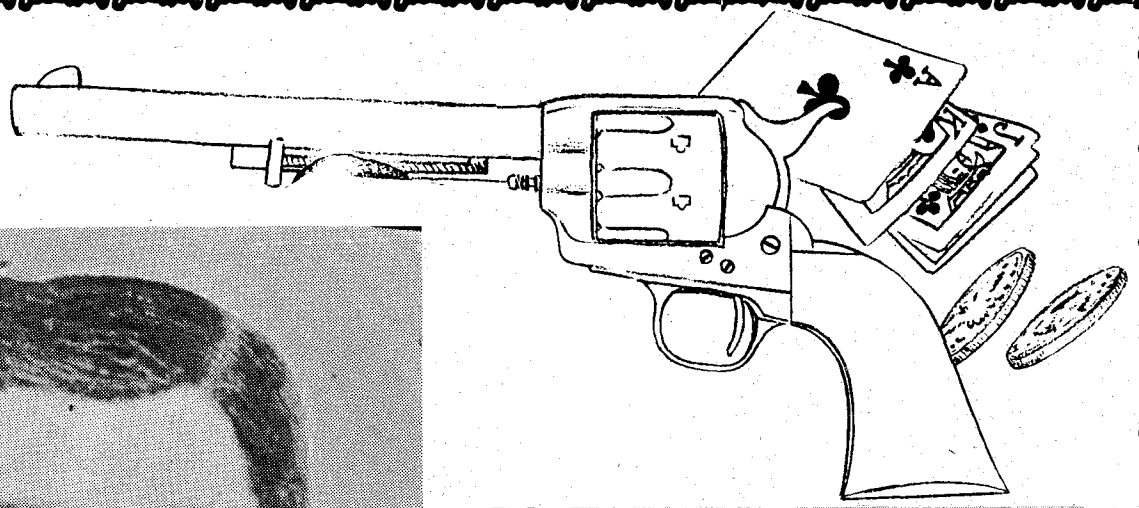

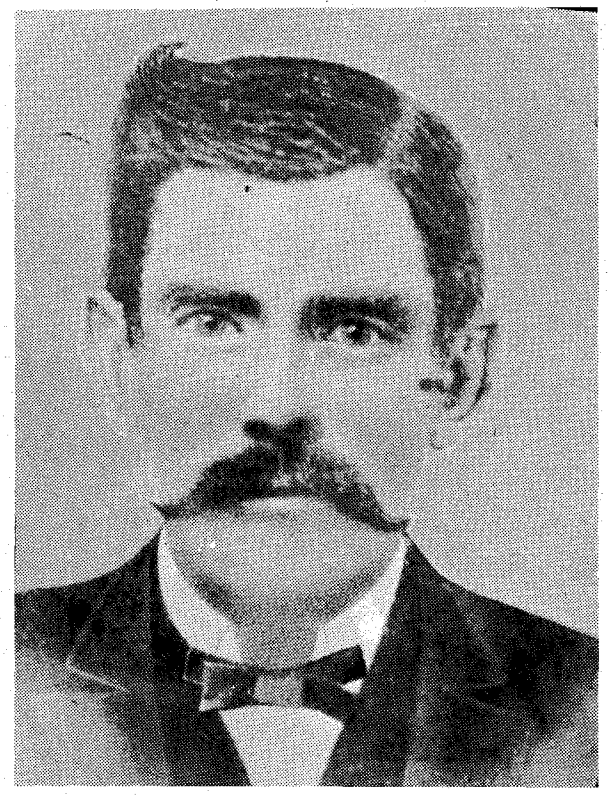

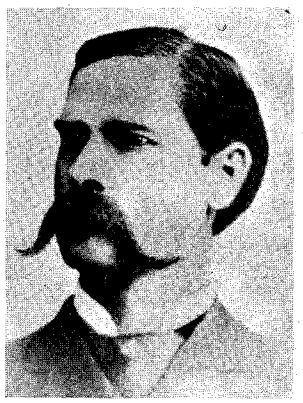

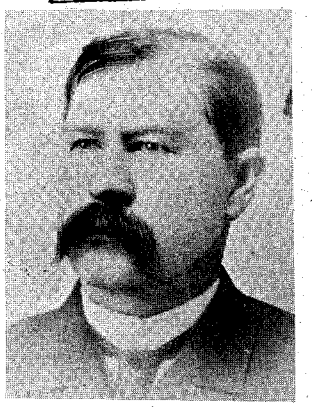

Above: J. H. (Doc) Holliday as he appeared in the 1880's. At right: The Earp brothers (in order, Wyatt, Virgil, James and Morgan) took kindly to Doc and he repaid their friendship by helping wipe out the McLowrys and Billy Clanton at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona.

Ed Bartholomew Collection

save him. The best way to do that was to arrange for the mob members to go elsewhere. She accomplished that by setting fire to a makeshift barn.

It made a good blaze, and it got results. Everybody went to this crackling conflagration. It was a form of excitement with which even a lynching couldn't compete. The saloons lost their customers, and the bartenders followed. Two of the officers guarding Doc trailed along.

In fact, only three persons didn't rally to the blaze—Doc, the deputy town marshal, left in charge, and Kate herself. As soon as the deputy's colleagues had left, she bounced into the hotel, got the drop on the flabbergasted officer with one of her six-shooters and handed her lover the other.

"Come on, Doc," she laughed.

That night they hid in the willows and the next morning with Kate dressed in a pair of pants, they lit out on horses supplied by a friend and rode 400 miles to Dodge City.

By the terms of Doc's streamlined but inflexible code, he was now bound to Big Nose Kate. He was no longer single-footing it.

When he ensconced Kate and himself in the finest rooms that Deacon Cox's boardinghouse had to offer it was as Dr. and Mrs. John H. Holliday. They were anxious, or at least Doc was, to start out right in Dodge City, and the simplest way to avoid scandal in a town they had hit together was to claim that they were wed. Once having made that announcement, they couldn't very well ask any third party to legalize the union.

On December 10, 1877, though, he was brimful of intentions to give Kate the sort of life he then thought she deserved. As for Doc himself, he resigned his commission as a bad man. Having no other dentist, Dodge could not be choosy about its tooth repairers. Out went the Holliday shingle again.

Doc plugged doggedly ahead at building up a dental practice and generally establishing his position as a pillar of a somewhat dubious better element. Just how well he might have succeeded in giving Big Nose Kate the position in life which he felt that he owed her is something that will never be known. This was a noble experiment that did not get far beyond the planning stage.

The person who ruined it was Kate herself. She stood being the respectable spouse of a solid citizen for a couple of months and then told Doc she was going back to the nights of dancing and gambling in saloons.

Always in Doc's blood, the pull of night life had been strengthened by years of addiction. The shingle was

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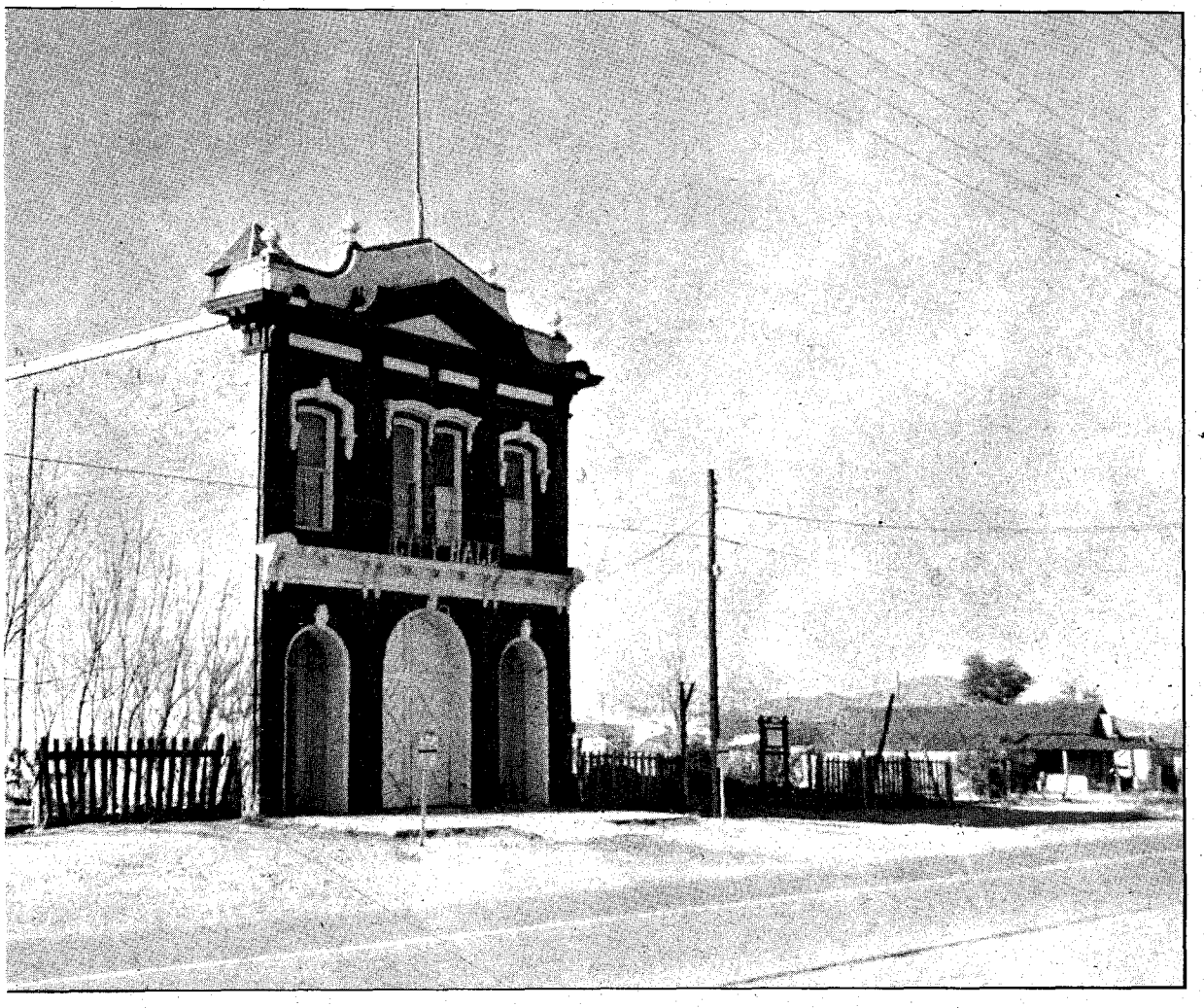

Tombstone City Hall, still the seat of the city government. Next to it, at right, is the famous O. K. Corral where Doc and the Earps engaged in one of the West's most noted gun battles.

jerked, and Doc took his rightful place among the elite of Dodge City characters.

Unhappily for Doc, he had a rowdy, tempestuous woman on his hands, whom he didn't feel he could kick out. The normal bar and bedroom fling doesn't last much longer than an attack of hiccoughs. This dragged on for years of intermittent love and warfare.

One quarrel resulted in Kate's flouncing out of town in the late spring of 1878. In this instance the fight was probably just a vigorous young alley cat's excuse for answering the call of spring. Doc made use of his liberty to tear off to Leadville, Colorado. But Leadville was a disappointment as a gambling location.

In mid-September, Doc was back in Dodge City bucking the bank in the Long Branch Saloon when a bunch of Texas trail drivers on the warpath started shooting up the town. In the midst of a winning streak, Doc paid no attention to the pistol shots until he heard that the invaders had his friend Wyatt Earp cornered and were about to pay off an old score by shooting him down in cold blood.

Springing to his feet Doc snatched his guns from the parking rack and leaped to the door. Hopped up on whisky and the excitement of the attack, Driskill and Morrison, the leaders of the gang, were engaged in goading Wyatt into reaching for his rod before they shot him down.

"Throw 'em up!" roared a voice. That it wasn't addressing Wyatt was made plain by the tirade of profanity with which it lashed the raiders singly and collectively. "There were times," Earp remarked while later describing the incident, "when Doc swore beautifully."

When the startled cattlemen turned to see who was challenging them, Wyatt "buffaloed" Morrison with the barrel of his Colt. Then Earp started disarming the gang, but one diehard whipped out his gun and would have got Wyatt if Doc hadn't seen him and fired first, wounding him in the shoulder. For the second time in two minutes, Holliday saved Earp's life.

That one shot fired on behalf of law and order changed Doc's status. Thereafter he was only a part-time outlaw for the remainder of his stay in Kansas and his gun was one that the trail drivers found waiting for them whenever they came to town to get rough.

In the summer of 1879, Doc went to Las Vegas and opened up, for the third and last time in the West, the office of John H. Holliday, Doctor of Dental Surgery. This farewell attempt to retain his status as a professional man did not last long. In the end, he purchased a saloon on Center Street and forgot about his probes and extractors.

Late in August of 1879, Doc had a falling out with another terminus outlaw named Mike Gordon. Inviting Gordon out into Center Street, he there shot him dead. This sort of thing had happened so often since the advent of the railroad that the citizens of Las Vegas decided to make a dangling example out of Doc—and once again he had to take it on the lam. Hoping to see Wyatt Earp again, he first went to Dodge City, where he learned that his friend had left for Tombstone, Arizona, to take a job as deputy sheriff of Pima County. So Doc went on to Tombstone.

As might be expected, the outlaws of that region—in so far as they were a group and not playing lone hands in the manner of Doc—considered Wyatt's advent a challenge to their supremacy. Almost from the first, therefore, they commenced a program of hazing designed to drive him out of the country.

When Doc Holliday reached town he found that the feud had already reached a fairly advanced stage. The outlaws had stolen the deputy sheriff's favorite horse and were having great fun over his inability to recover it. Wyatt had added to the enmity they felt for him by riding shotgun on the bullion stages they had previously made a practice of looting.

The leader of the gang at that stage of affairs was an old wolf named N. H. Clanton, who had been chased out of both Texas and California. Aiding him in the formation of an international rustling combine in the Tombstone region were his three sons, Ike, Finn and Billy. Old Man Clanton's men played watchdog over almost every water hole in the region covering several thousand square miles of range. Every rancher who wished to continue in business had to join him, buy stolen cattle from him or otherwise play ball. On the Clanton side were a couple of brothers named

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Frank and Tom McLowry. Owners of a large spread, they had maneuvered their way into what was tantamount to partnership with the rustler leader.

Rustled cattle was the bread and butter of the outlaws, but they had other sources of income, such as holding up stages and hijacking smugglers, as well as a wide variety of shakedown rackets.

Although Doc was eventually in the Tombstone feud up to his chin, and almost above his head, there is no positive evidence that he was active in it during his first months in southern Arizona. At that time he was chiefly concerned with the operation of a saloon bought with winnings he had made in a phenomenal run of luck in Prescott.

Meanwhile, in addition to his job of deputy sheriff, Wyatt Earp was appointed deputy U. S. marshal in that district, which gave the rustlers another good reason for regarding him as a major nuisance. That combination, plus the fact that he was secretly in the employ of the Wells, Fargo Express Company, kept him in contact with the outlaws on a number of fronts.

Doc's active involvement in the feud cannot be traced to earlier than the late summer of 1880. At this time Sherman McMasters informed Wyatt that he had spotted the latter's missing horse in Charleston. Accompanied by Doc, Wyatt went down to the river town to see about it. When they got to Charleston Billy Clanton tried to ride the horse out of town but was intercepted and forced to give it up. Inevitably Doc himself was put on the list of those not wanted by the region's organized outlaws.

The feud between the Earp faction and the outlaws gathered force early in 1881 when Pima County was split in two and the eastern half, which included Tombstone, created into Cochise County. John Behan and Wyatt Earp were the logical prospects for appointment to the job of sheriff of the new county. To eliminate his rival, Behan persuaded Wyatt to withdraw from the contest by promising to make him a deputy sheriff in the new county. But after landing the appointment, Behan didn't put Wyatt on his staff. Wyatt still held his post, though, as deputy U. S. marshal.

Among those that Behan did appoint as deputies were Frank Stilwell, the region's champion stage robber, and a horse thief named Gates, who seems to have been the one that borrowed Wyatt's nag.

Despite the formidable lineup opposing them, the Earps—Wyatt and two of his brothers, Morgan and Virgil—still managed to control Tombstone. With the able assistance of Doc Holliday they prevented the politico-gangster ring from developing all the lucrative shakedown rackets which would otherwise have been feasible. Moreover, in forays out of town, they carried the war to highway robbers who would otherwise have met with small interference.

In Tombstone, Doc didn't make the same mistake in regard to Kate that he had in Dodge City. There was no longer any nonsense about calling her Mrs. Holliday. She was simply Big Nose Kate Elder, whom he lived with when she felt like it. There was thus no strain on his pride, whenever she flounced off to try some other brand of catnip.

In spite of many explosions, Doc's feud with Kate remained a stalemate until shortly after the attempted holdup of the Benson stage, on March 15, 1881, by four men wearing false beards and wigs made of rope yarn. In that abortive robbery, the stage driver, Bud Philpot, and a passenger, Peter Roerig, were killed.

Doc's enemies lost no time in accusing Doc of being one of the highwaymen—the one who killed Philpot—and making out an entirely false and flimsy case against him.

What finally caught up with Doc, though, was a law of nature. The man who once attempts to make a wedding veil out of a nightgown must eventually pay for his folly. Such a liaison as that shared by Doc and Kate should have been cut with a knife when it became a nuisance to him, and it undoubtedly would have been except for his dogged insistence on paying his debt.

When Kate was in the mood for Doc's company she wanted his admiration and affection and when that was denied her she behaved like any other lusty tart saturated with booze and self-pity. Anybody who didn't want to hear all about her woes had better get at least a block away.

When Doc thus drove Kate to drink in July of 1881, Sheriff John Behan and County Supervisor Mike Joyce decided they wanted to comfort this tortured soul. Inviting Kate to join them, they bought her all the liquor she wanted, agreed with her that Doc was a villainous ingrate, and cheered her up by throwing in some criticism of their own.

When they emerged from this conference Kate was blind drunk, and the two county officials were in possession of a document. Although they had drawn it up, she had affixed her signature below. This deposition was to the effect that John H. Holliday had indeed been one of the men who tried to hold up the Benson stage. On the strength of this accusation Behan arrested Doc.

Wyatt Earp poneyed up the money to free Doc and then got his brother, City Marshal Virgil Earp, to put Big Nose Kate in jail and out of touch with liquor. Sobered up, she testified at the trial that she had signed some sort of paper while tossing drinks with Behan and Joyce, but she said she could not remember what was on it.

For Doc that marked the end of an obligation. Accounts had finally been squared with Big Nose Kate. She had saved his life, putting him in a durance that was at first pleasurable and next a lasting pain in the neck. Now she had come within an ace of being his bane. Everything was nicely balanced, and they were through. He closed the books by giving her a thousand dollars and telling her that she had to get out of town. For once Kate didn't argue. She left Tombstone forthwith and never again attempted, so far as can be determined, to communicate with the man who had meant so much and so little to her.

While all that was going on the rustlers had been working up steam. In the middle of October 1881, they gave the warning that the Earps and Doc Holliday would be killed if they didn't pull out of town. If the Earps had not been men of more than ordinary moxie they would have recognized the odds against them by throwing in the towel.

As for Doc, it's well established that in the course of the Earp-Clanton feud he came within a skinny cat's whisker of losing his life at least nine different times. Of these, four involved efforts to have him swing, while the remaining five entailed gunplay or ambush.

The Earps were under pressure from all sides, and the fact that they felt this was responsible for delaying the showdown until it was almost past due. Ike Clanton's return to Tombstone on the night of October 25 made it an inevitability.

Ike rode into town with Tom McLowry and spread boasts of vengeance in a succession of Allen Street saloons. Eventually these threats reached the ears of Doc Holliday, who found Ike with a group of friends in the Occidental, and braced him with characteristic directness. "Ike," he said, "I hear you're going to kill me. Get out your gun and commence."

When Ike answered that he was unarmed, Doc glared first at him and then at McLowry and told them that if they came to Tombstone making war talk again, they had better come heeled. Tom McLowry replied that they would not only take Doc's advice but would shoot him on sight.

The next development was reported by Major John Clum. On the way to the office of the *Epitaph* on the morning of October 26, the mayor saw Ike standing on the corner of Fifth and Allen, armed with both a rifle and a revolver. Thinking he was being funny, Clum asked the rustler where the war was. When he reached his office, however, he found it abuzz with accounts of Ike's activities of the night before. This was shortly supplemented with tidings wired from Charleston to the effect that Frank McLowry, Billy Clanton and Billy Claiborne had left for Tombstone. Before the morning was well advanced they had put in their appearance.

The Earp brethren then set out to round up the rustlers. Virgil caught Ike, and Wyatt had an encounter with Tom McLowry. Both rustlers were fined and deprived of their weapons by the magistrate's court to which they were hauled. As they were not jailed, however, they promptly went forth and secured new arms.

The whole town had heard the threats of the Clantons and the whole town knew the choice facing the two factions. There was apparently but one person in all of Tombstone who was not aware that gunfire, blood and sudden death were imminent unless one crew or the other begged off and quit. That person was Dr. John Holliday, sleeping late in his room, while the pot of big trouble was being brought to a boil.

The brothers Earp had made their headquarters in Hafford's Saloon, on the corner of Fourth and Allen. Citizens of all sorts—the friendly, the hostile and the merely curious—took it upon themselves to look the Earps up there and keep them posted as to what the Clantons were doing. The rustlers were not leaving town. They were not checking their weapons while remaining in Tombstone. Among those who called at Hafford's was Sheriff John Behan. By the charter which made Tombstone a county seat, the sheriff could be deputized to keep the peace in town, whenever the city marshal saw that to be necessary. Behan, nevertheless, refused Virgil Earp's request that the sheriff should go with him to disarm the Clantons, as the law demanded. When Virgil expressed his intention of throwing the

(Continued on page 37)

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Looking For

Lost mine stories are as numerous as gnats on a dog's ear! Here's an authority's whack at culling the broomtails from the thoroughbreds.

READERS of *True West* have shown so much interest in lost mines that the editor has asked me for a run-down on all the best-known ones.

In the last twenty-five years I have written about a great many lost mines, after investigating the known facts, but I do not pretend to know about all of them. However, my list will cover most of the better known ones.

People who want to hunt for lost mines should know which ones actually were lost and which ones are pure legend, or phonies, based on nothing more substantial than hearsay, or the tall tales of prevaricating prospectors conning drinks around a bar.

I shall first deal with the doubtfuls, the ones you should not waste time looking for, because legendary accounts of their discovery are too fragmentary and unsupported by facts to make the search for them worth-while.

Of course, it is up to the individual to make his own decision, and the information I offer here is only to help guide him in arriving at that decision. I do not say that the mine he wants to look for never existed, for I might find myself greatly embarrassed should he go out and find that mine. But chances of such a thing happening are about one in a million.

In years gone by I have investigated certain lost mines purely for the purpose of writing about them, and invariably I end up searching for them myself. It's gotten to be an old habit of mine.

One must admit that there is something terribly fascinating about seeking lost mines or buried treasure. There is always the chance that you might stumble upon a long-forgotten fortune and finally do all the things you want to do before the undertaker is summoned. Man's wildest dream is to find something for nothing.

FIRST, the Dr. Thorne Mine, supposed to be located somewhere in the Superstition Mountains (where there is another fabulous lost mine) some thirty-five miles east of Phoenix, Arizona. Dr. Thorne claimed that while a captive of the Indians he was shown a fabulously rich vein of ore. The Indians, he said, blindfolded him enroute, removing the blindfold after he reached the ledge. From where he was he claimed he could see the tip of Weaver's Needle, which is a landmark in the Superstitions. Dr. Thorne used his story as a means of raising money with which to renew the search. No substantial proof of his claim was ever produced and this one I have placed on the extremely-doubtful list. Phony is a better word.

The legendary tale of the Seven Cities of Cibola is that and nothing more. The seven cities containing great gold stores were supposed to have been discovered by Cortez, but there are no ruins or other evidence to suggest they ever existed. The story is on a par with that of Montezuma's Treasure and the buried gold in San Xavier Mission. Old legends, but fascinating nevertheless.

The Escalante, or Mine with the Iron Door, is another myth. It is supposed to have been located in the Santa Catalina Mountains north of Tucson, Arizona. Indians found the ledge, so the story goes, and led Father Escalante to it. The priest is said to have worked it for years, supporting his impoverished church. How it got its name, Mine with the Iron Door, is obscure. I have hunted the Santa Catalinas for deer and mountain lions and over the years I've been into every canyon and almost every crevice. The only treasure I ever found in all that country was an 1888 penny someone had dropped at a water hole.

You can also forget the Lost Breyfogle Mine somewhere near Searchlight, Nevada, yet you will find that year after year men search for it aimlessly, wandering about the desert just on the chance they might stumble upon it. There is not a single known fact to indicate it ever existed. A man named Breyfogle told the story repeatedly in the Searchlight saloons; he would repeat it hour after hour as long as anyone was buying, then he would drift away into the night to sleep it off. Finally a few people began to believe it. To make it more real he would crawl in from the desert in a parched condition to report that he had almost reached the discovery only to be turned back by thirst. His "parched condition" oddly enough sometimes persisted for weeks on end. Over the years it has become one of the most popular of all the lost mines stories. A genuine A-1 phony.

The Lost Geronimo Mine in Arizona is a lulu, but many Arizonans believe the story. Chief Geronimo, while in custody, made a deal with a U. S. Army

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A Lost Mine?

By TOM BAILEY

officer whereby he was to lead the officer to a fabulously-rich gold vein in exchange for his freedom. The plot was discovered in time and the officer was courtmartialed. Will James, the interpreter, said the mine was located in the Verde River country. He had been on hand during the negotiations. Others say it was near Winkleman, Arizona. The agreement was that Geronimo would take the officer to the ledge and show him the gold, whereupon Geronimo was to take a powder. Foxy old devil that he was, Geronimo had some of his followers stationed near the location to free him, but it never jelled, due to some whispers passed along to the officer's superiors. Had the plot succeeded, history might have been rewritten.

I could not end the list of doubtfuls without mentioning the Lost Oscar Hunt Mine of Guadalupe County, New Mexico; the Lost Ladder Mine of Tehama County, California; the Stovepipe Mine of Eureka County, Nevada; the Broken Pitcher Ledge on the upper San Pedro River in Arizona; and the Lost Butterfly Mine of Montezuma County, Colorado. Each has an interesting legend, as phony as a three-dollar bill.

There are perhaps twenty-five less-important lost mines scattered over the Southwest that are considered out-and-out phonies. Almost every western county has one. I use the word "considered" because I have had no personal contact with any of the so-called evidence of their existence; but casual inquiry made over the years would seem to justify my own conclusions that there are at least that many more on the doubtful side.

THE MOST controversial of all, of course, is the granddaddy of all lost mines, the Lost Dutchman in the Superstition Mountains east of Phoenix, Arizona. So much has been written about it, pro and con, that nearly every lost mine enthusiast has by now made up his own mind about it. Personally, I think it's the biggest phony of them all and I'm not alone in labeling it as such, though you will find many "experts" on lost mines who believe it exists.

It has never been quite clear whether the Lost Dutchman was a natural mine or a man-made deposit. Some say it was man-made, deposited there by the Peralta brothers of Mexico, who operated mines in northern Arizona and who raided pack trains and robbed other miners. Chased by the Indians, the brothers are said to have been pushed into the Superstitions where they buried their loot. The Peraltas were then slain by the Indians, so the story goes, and in later years a man known as Jacob Walz, a German adventurer, and a fellow countryman variously known as William Wiser and Hermann Weizer, moved into the area.

One day after the two partners had been away from their cabin for a while, Walz came home alone lugging a sack of very rich gold ore. Weizer was never again seen.

When his drinking pals inquired as to the source of the gold rock, Walz froze up, thereby starting the rumor that the German had found the buried Peralta gold. There is, of course, no actual evidence that the Peralta gold horde ever existed.

During the next three or four years, Walz is said to have made many trips into the Superstitions, always returning with gold which he spent in carousals that frequently lasted for two or three months.

Word got out that Walz had found the Peralta gold and another version had him finding a virgin ledge of gold. Walz was followed several times when he went back for more gold but each time he successfully eluded pursuit. Several who did follow him, the story goes, never came back.

At first I was impressed by the legend, but in recent years I have come to the conclusion that it is a complete hoax.

The finding of a skeleton in the Superstitions in recent years has bolstered the story that Walz killed some of those who tried to spy on him. It could have been Weizer's remains.

In May of 1889 when Walz was seventy-nine years old, a minor earthquake shook the Superstitions, causing some rocks to roll. At that time Walz, due to old age infirmities and to his excessive drinking, had not been away from home in two and a half years, and he was destitute. Yet he made no effort to send anyone to his gold cache, if he had one, and he needed money worse than he had ever needed it in his life. He was eating only through the kindness of friends.

He became ill and fearing he was

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about to die, he called in Reinhart Petrasch, who had pleaded with him to leave a map of his discovery.

"I'll draw that map now," Walz said. "Bring me a paper and pencil."

Walz drew a map, indicating what he described as a natural stone face resembling the entire head of a man. It was just below a tall rock known as Weaver's Needle, a well-known landmark in the Superstitions. The face looked up and to the east. The entrance to the mine was directly across from this unturned face, Walz said. Not over a quarter of a mile away.

The face is there all right and so are other landmarks Walz described but Petrasch, though he searched every foot of ground across from the upturned face, found no mine. A thousand others since then have searched. A crew of men with metal-detecting instruments recently went over the entire area but the indicators remained inactive. They used just about ever modern device known for the detection of metal and still no luck.

I am not alone in thinking it possible Walz was getting his gold from some other source, robbery perhaps. It seems to me that in his lean years he would have made some effort to get a little of the gold brought to him by sending a trusted friend after it. Petrasch was his friend, yet he waited until he was going to die before drawing a map of the spot. Was he trying to bolster the story he had told for so many years by at last producing a map to something that obviously did not exist? When he died the answer went to the grave with him.

There are so many versions of the Lost Dutchman that one hardly knows what to believe. Some pertinent facts are given in *Thunder God's Gold* by Barry Storm, who went over the ground carefully. It contains maps and actual photographs of the region.

PERHAPS the next most written-about legend is that of the Lost Adams Diggings, or Door to Never-Never Land, which no doubt is true insofar as the actual discovery is concerned. The big mystery about it is—where is it?

I wrote about this diggings fifteen years ago and on at least two occasions there have been reprints of the article. Since it was first published I have received perhaps 5,000 letters from men who wanted to search for it, and with each reprinting more have come in. At this moment I have, forwarded to me from the magazine that last used it, some dozen letters received during the past month which I have yet not had time to answer. Each wants more information, as though I were holding back something I did not wish to put in the story.

During the past ten years at least a dozen expeditions have gone into the wilds of New Mexico in search of the Adams Mine, but it is still lost. Two more are shaping up now, according to information I have just received.

Practically every town in western New Mexico and eastern Arizona will tell you that the Adams Mine is just a stone's throw away, yet the known facts seem to place it twenty or thirty miles northeast of Grants, New Mexico, in a rugged stretch of country filled with box canyons and high rocks.

In the fall of 1864 an Apache Indian, for a horse and about fifty dollars, agreed to lead Charlie Adams and eight others some days travel to a place where he said there was a whole canyon of gold. Starting from mid-Arizona, the party traveled for six days and still the Indian pointed eastward. Through rough canyons and rocky terrain the horsemen plodded and finally the Indian led them into a box canyon and said, "Gold here." But he wanted his horse and money right now. He was afraid, he said, to stay very long because if the Indians of the area discovered he had led the white men there they would kill him.

Adams told him to wait until he showed them the color of the gold. He need not have bothered, for already Adams' companions were finding gold nuggets in the tiny stream that flowed through the canyon. The gold was so plentiful they could scoop it up in their hands. The Indian got his horse and fifty dollars and vanished like a shadow.

The local Indians finally appeared, but were not hostile. The chief warned Adams that the upper portion of the canyon was sacred and that his men must not go there under any circumstances.

"Chief," Adams said, "we got all we want right here in the canyon. You go back to squaw and don't worry."

One member of the party insisted on working separately from the others. He was German and spoke little English. Adams tried to make him understand that it was a partnership affair, but he would have none of it. "I take what I have and go, ja?" The German left the next day and there is a record in the tomes of old Fort Wingate that he turned in his gold for $10,000 in currency.

Some of Adams' companions got out of hand and went up to the canyon hoping to find larger nuggets. Adams warned them there would be trouble.

Meanwhile the men were building a log cabin from spruce they cut in the canyon. Under it they dug a pit to hide the gold temporarily.

The Indians, it seemed, had known of the men entering the forbidden section of the canyon and one morning they swooped down from the ridges 150 strong. All the gold on hand was dumped into the pit and covered up.

Only Adams and a man named Davidson escaped the massacre.

After days of starvation, and their shoes worn from their feet, they were found by a troop of U. S. Cavalry and taken to Fort West where Davidson went insane. He later wandered away from the fort and was never seen again.

Adams, kept at the fort for observation, went berserk and killed two Indians who came to trade. He was jailed and charged with murder, but escaped and fled to California where, after a period of hiding, he organized an expedition and returned to the New Mexico wilds. But he was never able to find the box canyon though he spent the remainder of his life looking for it.

I have flown over that section of New Mexico, back and forth, looking for a box canyon, and I found plenty of them, some twenty or twenty-five in all that look alike from the air. The country is so vast and wild and uninhabited, that it is well to be properly equipped when going into it, as some recent parties have found.

The gold in the hole under the cabin is still there, I am sure, and there's likely enough left in the stream to make any dozen men rich. But try and find it! How the Apache was able to lead Adams to it is one of the high points of the story. Today's Indians in the region only shake their heads when asked about it.

The Lost Adams Mine I would say is legitimate. There are a few others.

THE LOST PEG-LEG Mine out west of Yuma is something you can get your teeth into. It is located somewhere between Walker's Station and Warner's Pass, and north of Cottonwood Springs in the southeastern corner of California. Peg-Leg Smith set out from Yuma to walk to the coast. He was accompanied by another man, never identified, who gave out and begged to be left behind. He said he would go back but urged Smith to continue.

Two or three days later, finding himself lost, Smith climbed one of three peaks for a look at the lay of land. He noticed some stuff that looked like gold, only it was black. It was soft like gold and heavy. He crammed his pockets full of it and continued on west.

He finally stumbled into the outskirts of San Diego in a complete state of exhaustion. Found by a policeman, he was taken to the county hospital.

When a nurse undressed the patient she found what she thought to be heavy stones in his pocket and placed them on the window sill.

Smith told her about the three hills, on one of which he had found the stuff. He described them as having pointed tips, like maidens' breasts.

Smith died a few days later from the effects of malnutrition and a nurse turned the stones over to the hospital superintendent. It is a matter of record that the San Francisco mint returned to the hospital $1,452. The stones were black gold, discolored by volcanic activity.

When flying to California I always look for three peaks pointed like maidens' breasts and I'll swear there are fifty of them. Someday . . . Or will I? After all, hunting lost mines is for the bir—boys.

THE LOST NUGGET MINE is another with a definite starting point. In 1901, a man came in from the desert and boarded a Santa Fe train at Needles, California. He displayed to the conductor, John S. Eggert, about $5,000 worth of pure gold nuggets which he said he had found in a streak of yellow clay south of Topac, on the east side of the Colorado River. He gave Eggert two of the nuggets which he later sold in Needles for $128.

The man, named Freyermuth, later outfitted in Needles and started back with his nineteen-year-old son for the scene of the discovery. Eight months later bones discovered in the desert were identified from papers found near them as the remains of Freyermuth and his son. Leather saddlebags had been ripped open, apparently in search of gold, some of which was found scattered about. Apparently Freyermuth and his son were on their way back to Needles when slain.

The source of Freyermuth's gold has never been found. A few miles south of Topac, where U. S. Highway 66 crosses the Colorado, is a road to Old Placers, which produced much gold in the days before Freyermuth made his discovery. There are formations in this

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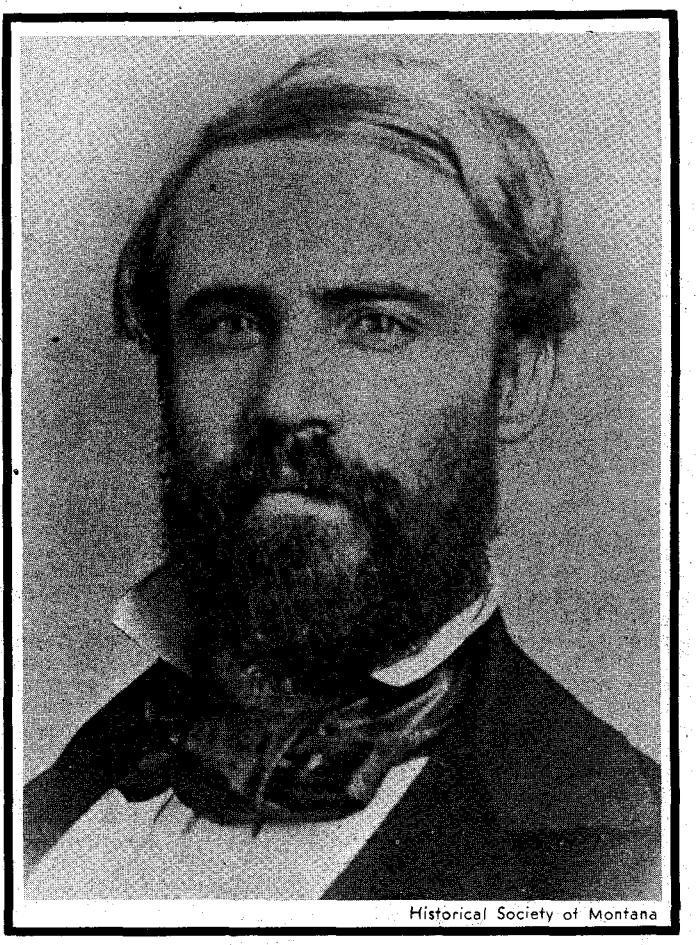
Massacre on the Marias

By VIRGIL L. KELLOGG

The old chief held out his papers of friendship for the soldiers to see. One shot felled him before this bond to benign brotherhood could reach the ground — and drunken soldiers began crushing the life from old men, women and children.



Historical Society of Montana

Malcolm Clarke, a fur trader, who tried peace talks with the red men. When Indians murdered him, soldiers were sent from Fort Shaw to apprehend the guilty ones. The result was what was called Baker's Battle.

MUCH OF western history has been written in blood. A goodly amount of it was spilled in what has been put down in history as the "Baker Battle."

In Montana, the Indians had experienced the usual difficulties with white settlers and with the Army. Given the almost thankless task of protecting the settlers, and at the same time taking some care of the various Indian tribes, the Army blundered along. It was hampered by inane orders, by thoughtless and sometimes stupid politicians, and many times by officers who had no knowledge of Indians or their ways.

Thus, Montana Indians, along with other western tribes, suffered their share of defeat and mistreatment at the hands of the Army. One of the worst of these instances was the misnamed "Baker Battle." It took place along the Marias River, near what is now Shelby, Montana, on January 23, 1870.

On that date, some 200 Indians were encamped on a small half-island on the Marias River. This was not a regular winter camp, but rather a group of old men, women and children ill with smallpox. They were gathered in isolation to protect the rest of the tribe. No warriors were here and almost no weapons.

Early that January morning, with most of the camp still asleep, there arose the noise of approaching soldiery. Perhaps they were making a little more noise than usual. Some of the officers, and many of the men, had been hitting the jug pretty regularly to keep off the cold, so the usual discipline of the march was somewhat lacking.

In charge of the Indian encampment was an old chief by the name of Heavy Runner. An intelligent man, he had been one of those who had gone to see the President in Washington to talk over the plight of his people and to try some means of bringing peace between the red man and the white. Coming out of his lodge to greet the soldiers, he held up his papers to show that he was a friend. He had no chance to speak, for no sooner had he appeared than a bullet from a soldier's rifle killed him.

That single shot touched off a cold-blooded massacre of some 173 Indians. They were shot down as they came out of the lodges, clubbed to death in their blankets, stabbed as they lay sick inside their skin shelters. They made no resistance, for they had no weapons, and not more than a dozen would have been able to fight had they been armed. Old men, women and children were butchered where they were found. This was not a battle—it was plain slaughter. Drunk and in a frenzy, the soldiers shot, clubbed and stabbed without any resistance being offered, and in spite of the fact that scouts had told them that this was not a warriors' camp. It wasn't even the camp they had been seeking. On an expedition to find a murderer, they had simply attacked the first Indians they found—heedless of protests from wagoners and scouts.

SEVERAL SMALL incidents led up to this affair. In Prickly Pear Canyon, near Helena, lived Malcolm Clarke with his family. A friend of the Indians, he had married the daughter of a Piegan chief and had fathered five children—three boys and two daughters. For many years a factor with the American Fur Company, Clarke was well liked by the tribes. He had been given the name "Four Bears" because of a miraculous kill of grizzlies some years before.

At this time, the tribes were in a state of unrest, touched off by the senseless killing of two of their members—a young Blood Indian youth and a brother of Mountain Chief, one of the leading chiefs of the Blackfeet Nation. These two warriors had gone to Fort Benton to deliver an urgent message from Major Alexander Culbertson. While in town, they were shot by some whites loitering in front of the post—without reason and purely for sport. This had so aroused the Blackfeet that a council of war was called. Malcolm Clarke had decided to meet with some of the cooler heads of the tribe to try and avert trouble. Malcolm himself was well liked, but unfortunately he took his son Horace along.

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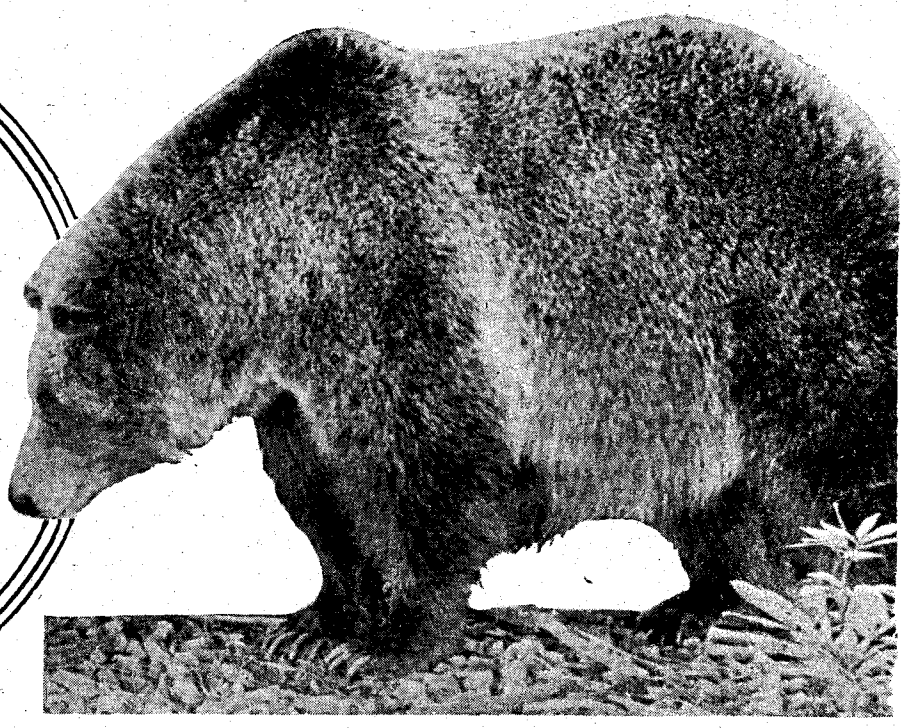
HUNTED *and* ATTACKED *by a* GRIZZLY

By LeROY D. BURT



With one powerful swipe of her mighty paw, the infuriated bear knocked Parenteau's gun from his hands. Alone, with only a knife, he faced the overpowering odds of one thousand pounds of maddened grizzly. Hell holds no fury like that of a mother bear fighting for her cub!

MANY OF US know the adventurous thrill of hunting big game—deer, elk, mountain sheep, goats, cougar and bear. We have experienced that electric tingle when our quarry is knocked down by pressing a trigger. A few have exulted in the evidence of man's superiority—a purely atavistic feeling, perhaps—when a huge grizzly bear is dropped by a high-power rifle after hours of tracking and stalking.

Very few, indeed—only one or two, so far as is known—are the men living who have killed the grizzly with a knife. The others have died in the attempt.

What are the sensations when a man suddenly, and with absolute certainty, realizes that a grizzly (ursus horribilis, "horrible bear," a monstrous fighting force weighing a thousand to two thousand pounds) is stalking *him*, and with cunning and reason has planned to deliberately attack him?

Here is the answer. It is found in the experience of William Parenteau, who felt the numbing dread, knew the cold fear of coming face to face with and fighting—with only a knife in his hand—an infuriated grizzly, battling to protect her cub.

Parenteau is one man who lived to tell the story.

At the time, Parenteau was a gay-mannered, likeable French-American. He was underground foreman of the famous Gunnell gold mine at Central City, Colorado. One crisp Sunday morning Parenteau saddled his horse, inspected his rifle and made sure the seven-inch blade he always carried was within easy reach.

It was an ideal day for hunting; a light snow had fallen during the night, the chill October air was invigorating. He felt grateful for the day. It was good to be alive. Parenteau sang as he started out. No premonition warned him that danger was ahead, that Death's shadow lay across the trail he planned to follow through Boulder Park and on up into Geneva Gulch, lying just below Yankee Doodle Lake. The lake's granite bowl is under Corona on the roof-top of the world—the Continental Divide.

At the upper end of the park, tying his horse to graze and removing the saddle, Parenteau proceeded on foot. Halfway up the gulch, on the side of the mountain, he struck deer tracks. They were fresh. Luckily, they went upwind. He had not progressed far when another set of tracks, newly made, crossed the trail at an angle. The fresher imprints resembled a human foot, though much larger, and had a protuberance on the outside of the pad, just back of the little toe. Four-inch claws on each foot! Bear . . . grizzly bear!

CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWING the tracks downward, Parenteau froze as he came to a point overlooking an open space. There, on the other side of the gulch stood a huge female grizzly and her cub. She was at attention, moving her ponderous head and sniffing the breeze. She had seen him emerge from the thick underbrush and fallen timber and was trying to get his scent.

The distance was too great for an accurate shot, so Parenteau, abandoning the tracks, faded back, making for the open by a circuitous route in order to keep the bears upwind as much as possible. Because of timber and boulders, it was impossible to keep them in view. When he reached a point that permitted a good shot, the bears had disappeared. It was apparent that they had backtracked, heading in the direction where he had emerged. Parenteau turned back. On again approaching this point, it was evident that the grizzly had cut back making for the place she had stood when Parenteau sighted her and when she had first scented man.

A double circuit of both man and bears!

It was when he heard behind him a crashing through the underbrush that, like a flash, the realization came: the grizzly actually had been *hunting him*. Obviously! A double backtrack by Parenteau and the grizzly. Seemingly, her object from the start had been to get him before he got her cub.

Parenteau had heard of grizzlies attacking man. A few years before, over the range from the western slope, came the story of one tackling Mort Greene. Greene's partner had witnessed the attack and told how the bear tore chunks from Greene's shoulders and arms, tossing the bloody flesh back of her as though for her cub to eat.

Was this to be his lot? Parenteau's mind raced; he saw himself mangled, disemboweled by raking claws, parts of his body tossed to the cub. It was a ghastly thought. Cold sweat beaded his forehead.

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And now, out of the underbrush, burst the grizzly, charging. Parenteau's rifle was at his shoulder. At the instant of firing, the cub dashed across the path of the oncoming mother, momentarily distracting Parenteau's aim. The bullet struck the grizzly below the right shoulder, as was later disclosed. It merely whipped up her fury.

Frantically, the hunter clubbed his gun to strike. Lightning-quick, like a boxer, she kocked it from his hands as though it had been a match. For a second, she reared directly in front of the paralyzed man, snarling, growling deep, red maw open, showing saliva-flecked teeth. It was then that Parenteau knew stark fear, the hopeless dread of unavoidable vivisection. His hand, tingling from the blow, groped for the knife at his belt.

As he grasped it, she slapped both forepaws on his shoulders, crashing him to the ground. He struck, trying to plunge the long blade into her neck. Her jaws clamped on his arm. Literally ripping away muscles and sinews, he tore the arm from her teeth. Then she took his entire head in her mouth!

"With my head inside those crushing jaws, while she mauled at me like a cat mauls a mouse, I almost fainted from the agony," Parenteau relates. "Though dazed, I still had presence of mind enough to sink the blade in where I thought the heart should be."

THE THIRD thrust hurt her. She groaned, suddenly partially released her hold. Seven more times the blade was plunged into a spot no larger than a teacup while the grizzly still held his head in her mouth. Now her jaws opened ,and the man drew in the cold air as his head slipped out. She slumped, rolled to one side.

Merciful oblivion settled over the torn, terrible thing that was Parenteau.

He awoke to his senses, in the grip of excruciating pain. He and the great bear lay side by side, both covered with blood. The grizzly was dead; Parenteau, uncertain whether or not he would live. But he must! Before his eyes came the laughing, lovely face of his young wife, Etty; she and their tiny baby were waiting for him back in Central City. He struggled to rise. A man of less courage, less determination, would never have made it.

His injuries, he could tell, were appalling, sickening, and must have been horrible to behold. His scalp hung down in front of his eyes, torn away completely except for a small portion on the left side; the raw exposed skull was covered with dirt, twigs, and grass. The right ear hung by a shred of skin. His right cheek, the right side of the face, and his nose had been caved in by the crushing tusks of the grizzly. Visible through the nostrils, the inside surface of the roof of his mouth lay exposed. The right arm and shoulder were shattered and mangled. Sometime during the struggle, the grizzly had trampled on his leg, throwing the kneecap out of place. A hole in which three fingers could be inserted was in the back of his neck. His right eye lay partially gouged out of the crushed socket.

Parenteau, sick unto death, lifted the scalp hanging before his eyes, and searched for his rifle, fearing the smell of blood might attract the almost grown cub, or another bear. Finding it, he reloaded.

Crawling, hobbling, fainting and falling every few minutes, he made his way down Geneva Gulch and over the torturous three miles to his horse. Panic stricken at the sight of the wreck of a man and the smell of blood, the horse reared and plunged.

"It must have been," says Parenteau, "more than half an hour before I succeeded in getting the saddle on the animal."

Turning the horse and starting him in the direction of Lightburn and Schlessinger's sawmill, the nearest habitation, four miles away, is the last thing Parenteau recalls in a period of hours following the fight.

One of the men at the mill, Dick Williams, when he opened the door, saw the horse with Parenteau slumped forward in the saddle. How long he had been there, waiting, unable to call out, unable to dismount, Parenteau does not know.

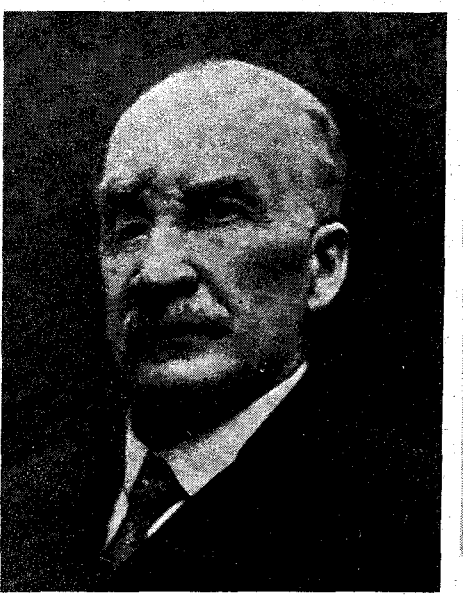
The attack occurred early in the morning. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon.

Jack Ralston started immediately for a doctor from Denver. Monday, Parenteau was brought by Dr. T. L. Ashbaugh to a Denver hospital where one hundred and fifty-three stitches were taken in his face and head.

Parenteau was fighting to live for his wife and child. He was an obedient patient, yet subject to many hours of despair, wondering if he would ever be able to play a man's part again. He was fearful of becoming a cripple, of disfigurement. It was a full year before he fully recovered.

THIS WAS more than fifty years ago. When Parenteau left the hospital, he was whole in body, but marked and self-conscious of the scars and twisted right side of his face.

But William Parenteau was one of the few to fight toe-to-toe with a grizzly and survive.



At extreme left is rug made from the grizzly's hide. Note gashes made by Parenteau's knife on the right center side. There were ten gashes made in the death struggle: not all of these show. Above: William H. Parenteau as he looked after his encounter with the grizzly. Above right: Parenteau's seven-inch blade knife and scabbard. Below: The .44 single-shot Sharp's rifle.

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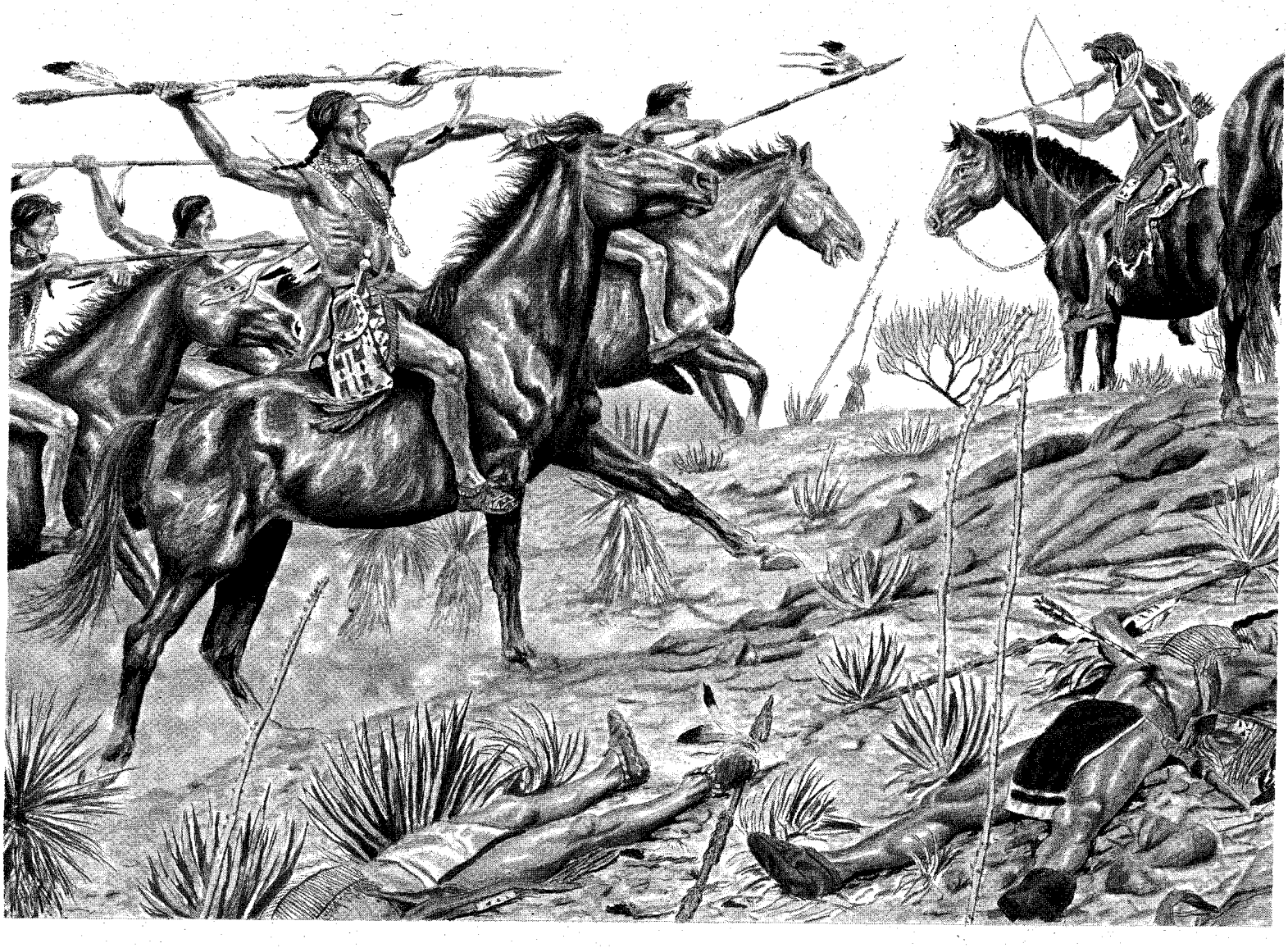
Suddenly Placido and his Tonkawas, who had caught up loose ponies from the caballado, came charging like a line of Mexican lancers.



Cannibal Ally

By WM. CX HANCOCK as told by JOE SPOTTED HORSE

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

Terror, destruction and death rode the lonely trails when a large Comanche war party hit Texas. It was up to General Edward Burleson to stop them, and he did—with the help of fourteen cannibals!

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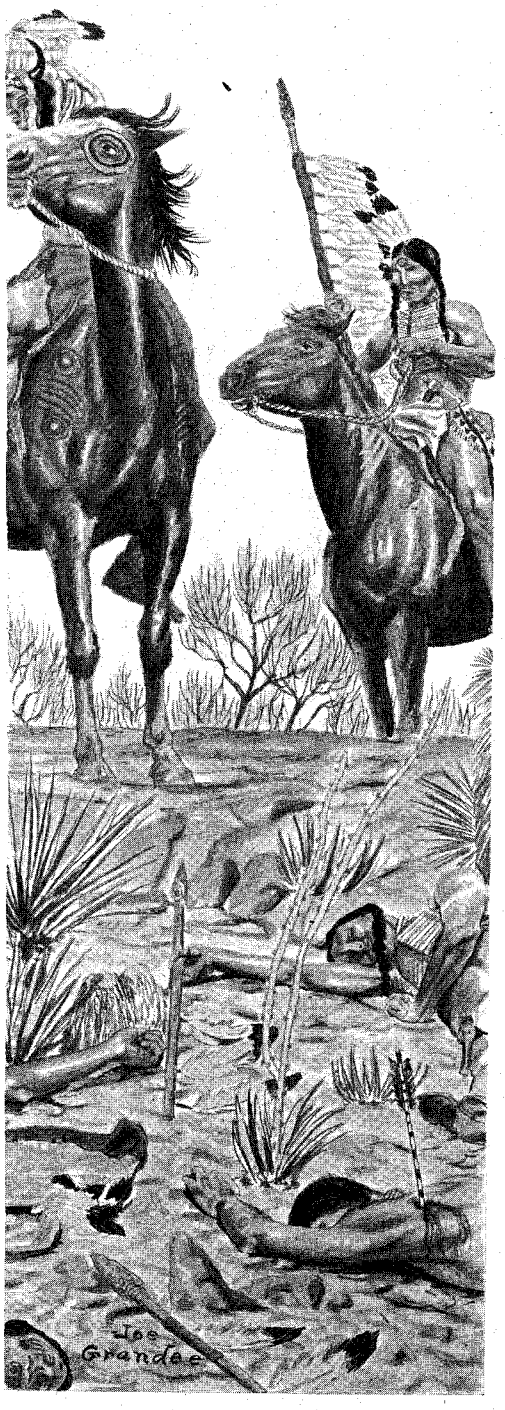

AROUND NOON of August 10, 1840, a Baptist minister named Z. N. Morrel, traveling from the Guadalupe River to the lower Colorado, chanced to cross an enormous Indian trail pointing toward the Gulf of Mexico. This had to be a track made by the dreaded Comanches, for no other southwestern tribe could have mounted such a tremendous war party. The preacher drove his oxen thirty miles in the next twelve hours to alert General Edward Burleson commanding the militia of the Colorado.

While the militia assembled in Bastrop, Texas, some ninety men strong, other messengers arrived to inform General Burleson that the invading Comanches had ravaged and murdered throughout the countryside. They had assaulted the important town of Victoria, sacked and burned the port of Linnville and were now enroute back to their mountain villages driving before them an immense *caballado*—herd of horses.

Militia companies from the Gonzales, Guadalupe and Lavaca settlements sent word that they had mustered and were en route to Big Prairie off Plum Creek (near the present town of Lockhart) to intercept the Indians. They requested the Colorado militia to rendezvous with them at this spot. General Burleson summoned his brother Jonathan.

"Ride out of here tonight so as to reach Placido's village about daybreak," he ordered. "Bring him and his Tonks to Big Prairie as soon as possible."

As the sun rose, Jonathan reined in his foam-flecked horse on the east bank of Onion Creek opposite the Tonkawa village. On the high bank beyond were a number of warriors who had noted the horseman crossing the prairie. They had already recognized him. Placido and his warriors had served with the Burlesons as scouts through the Cherokee War and on many pursuits after hostile Indians depredating in the settlements. The watching braves returned Jonathan's friendship salute with less enthusiasm than he had anticipated but motioned for him to cross the creek and follow them to the village.

The reason for their difference became obvious as the party wound among the tepees scattered in a giant pecan grove. Multiple death had visited the Tonkawas. Piercing shrieks and a dreadful yowling came from grieving squaws executing their capers before ceremonial fires. Some slashed their arms or breasts in the frenzy of mourning. Here and there one lopped off a finger to toss into a fire.

In the center of the camp, Jonathan's party halted in front of a giant tepee on which was painted a soaring eagle —clearly the abode of the chief. Placido, my great-great-grandfather and hereditary chieftain of the Tonkawas, stepped forth. He was past middle age and of only medium height but his noble head, long arms, wide shoulders and great flat muscles, combined with an impressive array of battle scars, proclaimed him one of the truly great warriors born of southwestern Indians. However, he was a kindly man.

He waved his hand in a tight downward circle and pointed to the tepee. Jonathan dismounted and followed him in. Obviously the paleface brought earthshaking news. In spite of Jonathan's urgent manner, Placido brought out the white peace pipe stuffed with kinnikinic, puffed away then handed it to his guest. This business went three deliberate rounds as required by Tonkawa custom. Then Placido, who could manage a language blended from English and Spanish, spoke up in tones of great sadness.

"Last sun six young men hunt'em buffalo along Blanco. Wacoes kill'em five. In night, Tehuacanas steal'em all Tonkawa ponies."

Truly this was tragedy upon tragedy. Because of their peculiar religious customs (red men were no more tolerant of religious deviations than their white brothers) and because they had taken the white man by the hand, the Tonkawas had no friends among other tribes.

After a long pause the chief continued. "What word bring'em from *el General?*"

"General Burleson sends greetings to his friend Placido, mighty chief of the Tonkawas," replied Jonathan. "He bids me tell you that heap big Comanche war party driving heap big *caballado* packed with goods is approaching Big Prairie. Settlers are gathering there to fight'em. If you will help us in the fight, you are to have the ponies, mules and goods of all the Comanches your people kill. Also, presents of powder and lead."

At the mention of "Comanches" (hereditary enemies of the Tonkawas) Placido's features froze into a scowl. In the days of Tehan, my grandfather six times removed, the Tonkawa nation had happily roamed and ruled the 20,000,000 acres comprising south central Texas. But fierce hordes of Comanches and their allies had appeared on horseback out of the northwest and almost exterminated the Tonkawas. Placido's band now numbered only about 350. (We handful of descendants like to think that Tehan might have parried this mortal threat had he possessed horses. We often argue the point in a good-natured way with Oklahoma friends derived from Comanche or Kiowa stock.)

"*El General sabe* Tonkawas kill'em Comanches, presents or no," growled Placido. "But Tonkawas now heap poor. We take'em presents. We go."

AS THINGS turned out, only Placido, three of his sons, eight close kinsmen and two other warriors would join the war party. The tribe, being in mourning, would not risk the taboo associated with making war under the conditions. Also, being afoot, they were understandably reluctant to face mounted Comanches.

The aging chief handed his lance and shield up to Jonathan, took hold of the tail of the white man's horse and clucked the go-ahead signal. Jonathan put his horse into a jog and the braves fell into a trot behind for the *thirty-mile* run to Big Prairie. The sun was nearly overhead when they reached the rendezvous.

Three companies of militia, under Colonel Ben McCulloch, had passed the night at the spot. A scout rode in to announce that dust clouds kicked up by the oncoming Comanches, numbering nearly 1,000 warriors, could now be seen in the east from a nearby hill.

"Whew! A thousand redskins!" groaned a militiaman. "What in tarnation could've stirred the varmints up so?"

"Been telling folks for weeks," answered a grizzled hunter in greasy buckskins. "Tain't been nothing but war talk in every Comanche village I done visited since the Council House Fight."

The old man was referring to a bloody unfortunate affair of the past spring in which Comanche leaders entered San Antonio to develop a treaty of peace. A misunderstanding arose and trigger-happy Texans massacred the peace delegates along with some of their squaws and children.

Fearing that the report of the scout had unsettled the Texans, Captain "Old Paint" Caldwell mounted a stump to sound out the little force. "Boys," said he, "the Comanches may number a thousand but they've got white women captives with'em. True, we're only eighty-seven strong plus our Tonkawa allies, but I believe we can whip hell out of 'em. What shall we do? Shall we fight'em?"

"Hell yes!" came a concourse of voices. Placido only nodded gravely.

At this moment a force of whites about equal to the one in bivouac broke

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from the timber to the south. The encamped militiamen cheered lustily. A few minutes later General Burleson's force was sighted galloping in from the north. And just in time, for the Comanche horde was now visible entering the eastern edge of Big Prairie.

Placido trotted out to meet the Colorado militia. General Burleson dismounted and embraced his old friend Tonkawa style. The chief requested some light-colored cloth with which to fashion armbands to identify the Tonkowas in the heat of battle. None was available so a soldier contributed his shirt which Placido quickly ripped into strips.

The Texans plus the Tonkawas were now some 266 strong. There was barely time to form a battle line. General Felix Houston, being the senior officer present, assumed command. General Burleson's forces wheeled to form the right wing of attack, Colonel McCulloch's the left, and Colonel Monroe Hardeman's group dropped back to form a reserve and protect the rear. Placido and his Tonkawas disappeared down an arroyo leading to a willow brake far out on the right.

Every man was set to ram steel to his mount and charge the Comanches. The gallant force waited in vain for General Houston's order. He may have been overawed by the sight before him —thousands of stolen horses and mules filling Big Prairie, hundreds of the animals heavily laden with plunder taken from Linnville and violated ranch homes. Rank upon rank of painted warriors appeared, their mounts gaily caparisoned with long streamers of stolen ribbon.

The leading chief on a pilfered black horse of magnificent proportions was shading himself with a silk umbrella. He wore a high silk hat, a brass-buttoned swallow-tailed coat hind-part-before, white leather gloves and leather boots—all filched at Linnville. Lesser chiefs wore buffalo or deer heads with polished horns. One enterprising fellow sported a headdress made of a skinned white crane on which he had painted enormous red eyes.

SUDDENLY THE Comanches discovered the Texans drawn up in the scrub mesquite skirting the western edge of Big Prairie. They wheeled the *caballado* and urged the animals southwestward while forming a double line of warriors between it and the whites. With a bone whistle, Silk Hat summoned a large company of braves and galloped north, then wheeled west as though to turn the left flank of the Texans. Just as they reached rifle range they snubbed their ponies to a skidding halt, loosed a shower of high-flying arrows from behind their heavy rawhide shields which deflected the enemy bullets, wheeled and raced out of range. They repeated this procedure over and over. This was clearly diversionary tactics to enable the *caballado* to get clear. The cursing militiamen grew restive.

"What's become of Placido and those damned Tonks?" growled one for lack of anything else to gripe about. "Bet the S.O.B.'s have run away."

"Don't you ever believe it," said Jonathan Burleson angrily. "They'll be heard from, but plenty, at the right time."

Colonel McCulloch galloped over to General Burleson. "Hell's bells!" he roared. "Nobody knows better than you, Ed, that this is no way to fight those damned Indians. Come with me and help prevail upon Houston to order the charge before these red devils get organized and run over us."

The two loped their mounts toward Houston's station in the center. Meanwhile, an old Indian fighter from the Lavaca had dismounted and crawled up a gully to a spot near the point where Silk Hat reined in his pony to fire his arrows. On the chief's next pass, the old man shot him from his horse and lit out back for his own lines. Howls of dismay went up from the now bewildered savages and they forgot all else in their efforts to rescue their leader's body.

"Now, General Houston, now! Sound the charge!" roared General Burleson.

The order rang out. Afterwards, men argued as to which general officer actually issued it. With wild yells outringing the whoops of the Comanches,

Texas State Archives Photo.

Placido, Chief of the Tonkawas.

the Texans charged the main body of Indians. At almost point-blank range they opened up with rifle and pistol. The action was bloody, hot and heavy. Several hundred warriors, preoccupied with the *caballado,* turned back to get into the fight and by sheer weight of numbers were about to envelop the Texas right.

Suddenly Placido and his Tonkawas, who had caught loose ponies from the *caballado,* came charging like a line of Mexican lancers into the left rear of the massed Comanches. When their lances got broke or inextricably buried in a Comanche, they switched to rapid firing with bow and arrows until their quivers were emptied. Then they shifted to attack with hatchets and butcher knives.

This pincer pressure was too much for the Comanches. They sent up the howl signaling a retreat. This degenerated into a rout as the savages fled west with escape their only thought. The whites maintained pursuit for some fifteen miles. It was not in the nature of an Indian normally to pursue a beaten foe; so Placido and his braves turned their attention to matters at hand. First, they dashed off into the southwest, again causing a few suspicious whites to believe they were running away from the fight. But this action was to herd several hundred heavily-laden pack animals into a bog which Placido knew extended north into the prairie from Plum Creek. This maneuver was designed to keep as many of the beasts as possible from continuing west with the fleeing Comanches. Eyewitnesses later claimed that a company of men could have crossed the bog with dry feet by stepping from back to back on the mired animals.

The Tonkawas galloped back to the scene of heavy fighting on Big Prairie to scalp the fallen Comanches, cut off their hands and feet and fleece flesh from their biceps and thighs. Ethically, they should only have worked over the bodies they had killed themselves but, being quite as willing as their white Texas brothers to exaggerate their prowess, they scalped and chopped up every Comanche corpse in sight.

Placido noted screams coming from a thicket and galloped over to investigate. He found young Mrs. H. O. Watts, abducted from Linnville, trying to remove an arrow shot into her left breast by the Comanches before they retreated. Nearby was the corpse of Mrs. Mary Crosby, a granddaughter of Daniel Boone. Placido located Reverend Morrel and a Doctor Brown and brought them to the spot.

THE TONKAWAS rounded up what they considered their fair share of the laden animals plus horses from the *caballado,* packed their gruesome trophies and struck the trail for their village. All were wounded but they rejoiced that none had been killed. Now the tribe would again have plenty of horses and mules, powder and lead, plus a never-before-known abundance of blankets, cloth, ribbons, trinkets, tools and metal for arrow points.

When they reached their village, the sun had set but squaws quickly chopped down a tree and trimmed it into a large pole which they erected in the center of the village. Placido and his war party hung their dripping trophy scalps upon it. The gory spectacle caused the squaws and children to keen in frenzied delight. A mule was killed and squaws fell to butchering it while others built a large fire around a huge brass pot partly filled with water. Into the vessel was dumped a blend of mule meat, and the flesh, feet and hands of the fallen foes.

The scalp dance which followed presented a spectacle of savagery beggaring description. While the drums sounded their message of victory, the villagers rent the air with their triumphant chanting. They stomped, stomped, stomped. Faster and faster grew the tempo, higher and higher the frenzy, until even the returned war party forgot their hurts and exhaustion and joined in the fun.

At the very acme of this mumbo-jumbo, an ancient and honored squaw hobbled over to the great pot and began to ladle the stew into wooden bowls which were passed to the braves. They wolfed the contents. Then the crone fished out the Comanche hands and feet and hung them on the scalp pole.

(Continued on page 43)

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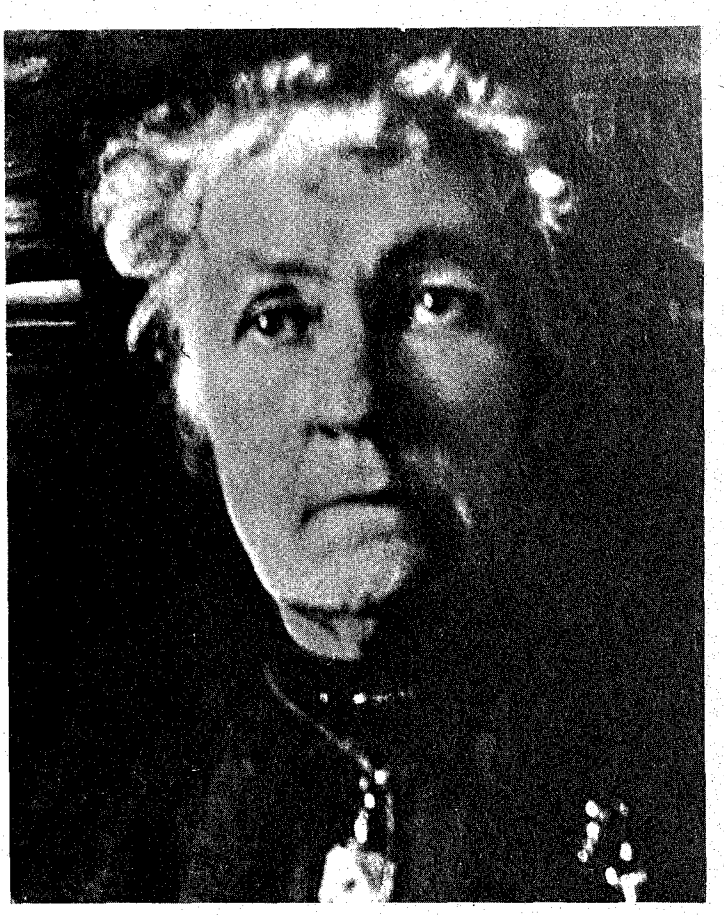
One lone figure tried desperately to arouse the sleeping town—before the rising waters crushed down on the buildings and snapped them like matchsticks!

Wall of Water!

By TROY KEMPER

Photos from the author



Sarah J. (Sally) Rooke, 68-year-old telephone operator at Folsom, New Mexico Territory. She stuck to her switchboard during the devastating flood in 1908 which wrecked the town and drowned 17 persons, including Mrs. Rooke.

"PACK UP and leave at once! A flood is coming down the valley!"

That warning message was repeated forty times to the telephone subscribers of Folsom, New Mexico Territory, just before midnight Thursday, August 27, 1908, by Folsom's telephone operator, Mrs. Sarah J. (Sally) Rooke. She had received word from a subscriber in the uplands that a cloudburst on Johnson Mesa had started the floodwaters rolling.

Despite Sally Rooke's heroic efforts to save her friends and neighbors from the impending disaster, seventeen persons, including Sally, perished in the flood. She stayed at her switchboard warning every family she could reach and was swept away when a twenty-one foot wall of water struck the town.

Folsom, at an elevation of 7,000 feet, had a population of 500 and was built in a canyon, on both sides of a normally-dry arroyo called Dry Cimarron River. The stream rises near Johnson Mesa, just south of the Colorado line, runs across the northeast corner of New Mexico, into the Oklahoma Panhandle where it is called Cimarron River, across a portion of Kansas, back into Oklahoma, where it merges with the Arkansas near Tulsa and finally empties into the Mississippi.

Two streams converged a short distance above Folsom. The water from each rushed from mountain heights and united with immense force as it swept down on the sleeping town. Folsom is on the slopes of Capulin Mountain, an extinct volcano.

SALLY ROOKE had plenty of time to save herself, but deliberately stayed at her post to warn others. The next day, about forty families reported they were able to escape—some with their dearest earthly goods—because of her aid. Residents who did not receive warning of the flood were swept from their beds as they slept. The town, situated in the narrow canyon, proved a veritable death trap for those caught in the raging torrent.

After the first terrible onslaught, crash after crash of falling houses and the cry of drowning people could be heard coming over the waters. Lights were seen bobbing, flickering, appearing and disappearing in the wild current as houses were carried away, half-dressed owners clinging to doors and windows in a vain hope of finding a way of escape.

One of the leading merchants, D. B. Wenger, his wife and daughter, were carried in their house eight miles down the canyon to Cimarron Falls, where the house was dashed to pieces. Neighbors saw frantic signals from the kerosene-lighted house as it careened in the rolling torrent. Buildings strong enough to float without breaking up were

(Continued on page 52)

Plaque on the tombstone of the heroic Sally Rooke. The tombstone was erected in 1925 from contributions made by about 6,000 telephone employees.

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YOGO!

By MARTY KELLY

"What in hell is sapphires?" Jake asked and sold for a song his rights to one of the world's greatest sapphire mines!

THERE USED to be a crude sign at the foot of Tollgate hill in the Little Belt Mountains of Montana, just seventy miles southeast of Great Falls. It read, "Yogo—No Go."

There, in 1879, a resourceful prospector blasted a wagon road through a limestone wall into Yogo Canyon and charged a toll of fity cents per wagon to impatient fortune seekers stampeding to the new gold strike at Yogo. From Tollgate it was but a short distance to the lonely basin at the mouth of Skunk Gulch where a teeming frontier town sprang up overnight. They named it Hoover City after the man who discovered the gold-bearing ore at the rugged site. Jake Hoover was elected its first camp recorder. His duties were to put down in writing the laws which were to govern the populace.

A general store was established and supplies were hauled over the torturous Yogo Canyon road, via Tollgate, from the nearest stagecoach town of Utica. Bill and Buck Buchanan had charge of the post office. They hauled the mail by way of Willow Creek, Bear Park and Fort Benton. The rumble of "Pilgrims" boots soon invaded the austere hills and the blue mountain air rang to the thud of the miner's pickax as the countryside echoed the cry of "GOLD!"

That winter Hoover City boasted five hundred inhabitants, but colors from the placer mines were disappointing. By summer a disillusioned majority abandoned the town for word had come of a new strike at Maiden. The restless men moved on. It was 1880. A handful of citizens remained in the wild and desolate valley. They continued to work the creeks and gravel beds. Others came and went in the next few years, leaving the usual aperture in mountainside and gully to mark their dreams, ever in search of gold and often influenced by superstition as well as circumstances.

Settlers in the Judith Basin carried off most of the buildings for their homesteads after 1886, and Hoover City became a ghost town. Then four desperate souls decided to prospect the lower causes and coulees, figuring the pay dirt might have washed from above. Months passed and returns were poor compared to the cost and labor necessary to build a flume to ditch water

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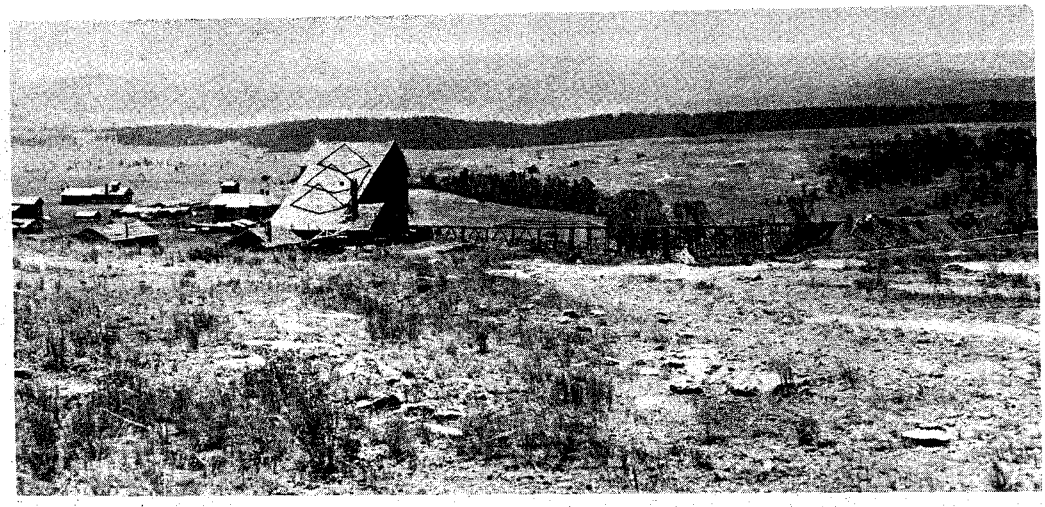
for washing operations from Yogo Creek, ten miles away. They only gleaned about seven hundred dollars for the season. But in their possession, they had a cigar box full of blueish crystals, culled from the tailings, and quite by accident recognized as gems. Jake Hoover, making good a promise to an old schoolteacher friend, sent some nuggets in a pill bottle for use in her geography class in the east. She wrote back thanking him for the sapphires which had inadvertantly been mixed with the gold ore he had sent. Jake scratched his head and mused, "What in hell is sapphires?"

Having nothing more profitable to do, he and his partner were inspired to send the cigar box full of blue stones to Tiffany's in New York where gem experts quickly identified them as finest quality sapphires. They purchased the lot for the astonishing sum of twelve thousand dollars. This was the blue bonanza!



"English" Yogo's main shaft building and trestle (center right) over which ore was carried to sluice box system. At left: Buildings of old-time sapphire operation.

THE PRECIOUS stone, next to the diamond in hardness, runs the gamut of color from deep magenta through the valuable tones of cornflower blue and royal blue to a pale, brilliant shade like the glint of steel. One remarkable attribute and feature adding to the artistic and commercial value of the gems is their radiance when viewed by artificial light. Oriental sapphires, excepting the very finest, have one great failing of absorbing artificial light so as to appear black and lusterless under these circumstances. The Yogo sapphire reflects artificial light as well as daylight and thereby gains life and brilliance, giving ray for ray and glow for glow with every flashing turn.

The small gems are used as jewel holes and bearings for watches, clocks, scientific instruments and delicate machinery. There is not the loss in a large Yogo that there is in the Ceylon sapphire, which must be cut to emphasize the band or streak of color. The Yogo has an even color, freedom from silk or cloudiness. It can be cut or styled without undue waste. It is adaptable to any cut, size or style and is a true blue. The beautiful word, sapphire, is a synonym for blue. There is no such thing as a white or yellow sapphire. These terms should give way to the correct nomenclature, corundum. No sapphire exists which is not blue.

IN 1898 a New Mine Company was formed by Matt Dunn who purchased Jake Hoover's rights for five thousand dollars. Jake moved on to Alaska and newer fields, never knowing the wealth which was to be taken from the Yogo mines. Matt Dunn was elected president. S. S. Hobson was vice president, and George Wells was secretary-treasurer. When the New Mine went into production with a payroll of thirty miners, Wells made a trip to New York to show some of the cut stones and stir the interest of eastern investors. Failing this, he proceeded to England, where he sold a controlling share to an English syndicate, headed by a rich jewelry firm in London and a dealer and importer of precious stones. The syndicate sent its engineers to take over the mines in 1890. A little community began to grow, becoming known to the post office department as Sapphire, Montana.

A robbery occurred one night soon after the English took over. The thief got away with a valuable harvest of gems. Another attempt was made to steal the day's recoveries later on and the company was put to the expense of doubling the night guard.

Then finances gave out. The British engineers returned to England. Charles E. Gadsen, who had come from England in the summer of 1899, took charge of the Yogo mines in 1900. Until 1901 no sign of the mother lode had been discovered aside from the original claims.

That summer a man named Burke, employed at the sawmill at the mouth of Yogo Canyon, started to cross from the old town of Yogo and got lost in the primitive wilderness. He bedded down until morning and awoke to find he had slept in a grassy gulch where gopher diggings revealed numerous small, blue stones. This discovery was hastily recorded and staked out August 21, 1901. It was registered as the Lion Lode. The mine was still inaccessible except through the rocky walls of the Tollgate in the Canyon.

In 1902 John Burke and Pat Sweeney located an extension of the vein on grounds extending across Yogo Creek, about three miles west of the English mines. It was recorded as The American Mine. The following spring Sweeney bought out Burke and in 1904 Sweeney sold to the American Sapphire Company who incorporated, with H. O. Chowan of Great Falls, as president.

In 1914 the British returned and bought up the American Mines, thus securing complete ownership of the mines. They also purchased the Pagel ranch, 560 acres, on which they intended to raise food for the miners.

During the first World War, the British worked the mines on a small scale, sending the finer stones to England for world-wide marketing. From an open cut in the sapphire dike, five thousand feet long, the miners dug the yellow clay and deeper blue-green clay with pick and shovel. They hauled it in shallow boxes to the sluice boxes where it was dumped and allowed to lie exposed to the elements for three or four months until it disintegrated. Then it was washed through sluice boxes and the riffles at the lower end caught the sapphires as they sank to the bottom.

At the end of each season, dams were cleaned out and tailings allowed to lie out until spring when they were washed once more for recovery of small stones. The large concentrates were hand-sorted at the mine. Some of them weighed ten and twelve carats. The largest stone ever taken from the Yogo weighed about sixteen carats but was not perfect. The gem stones were taken to London and from there to Amsterdam, France and Switzerland for cutting and grading.

AFTER World War I, a chain of unhappy events brought about the abandonment of the Yogo workings under foreign management. The syndicate was beset by double taxation by the U.S. and Great Britain. Then in 1923, a cloudburst in the mountains flooded the property. It washed out the dams

(Continued on page 54)

Placer mining at the Yogo Sapphire Mines.

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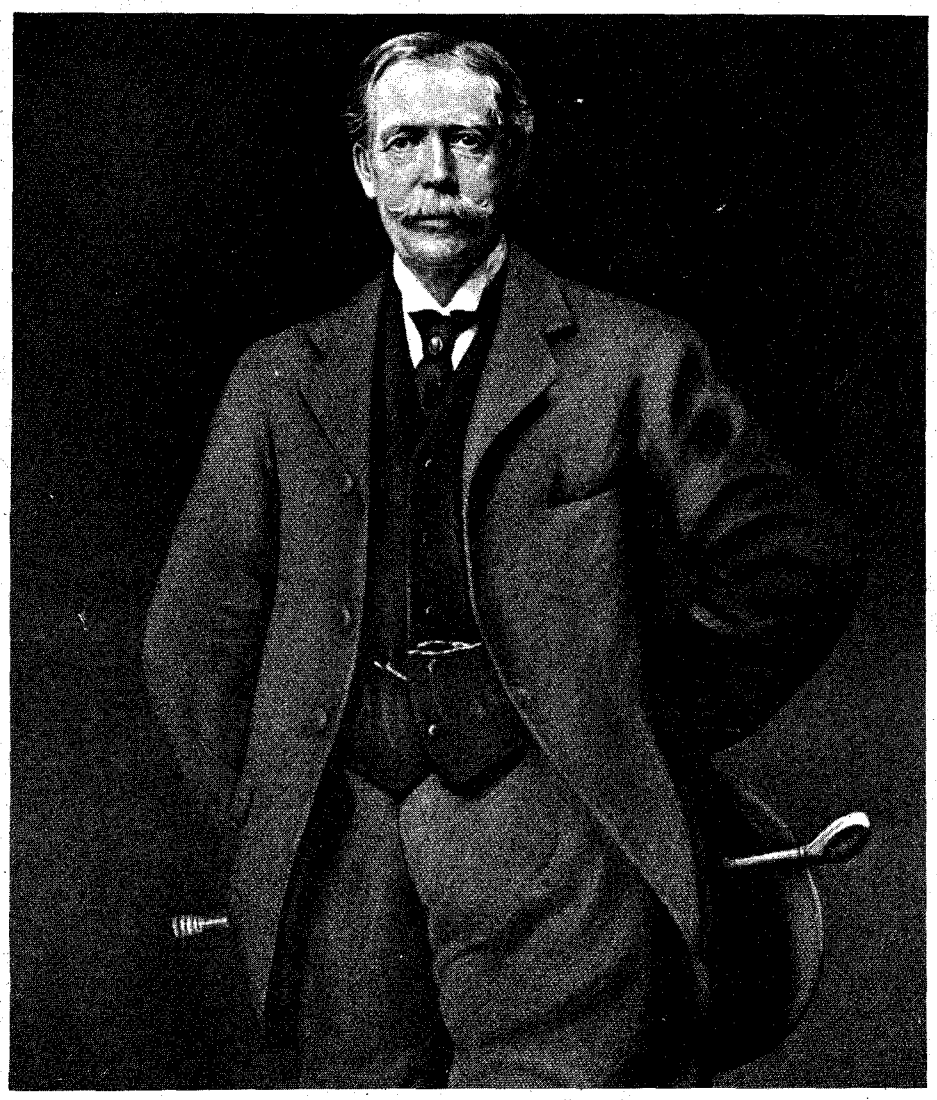
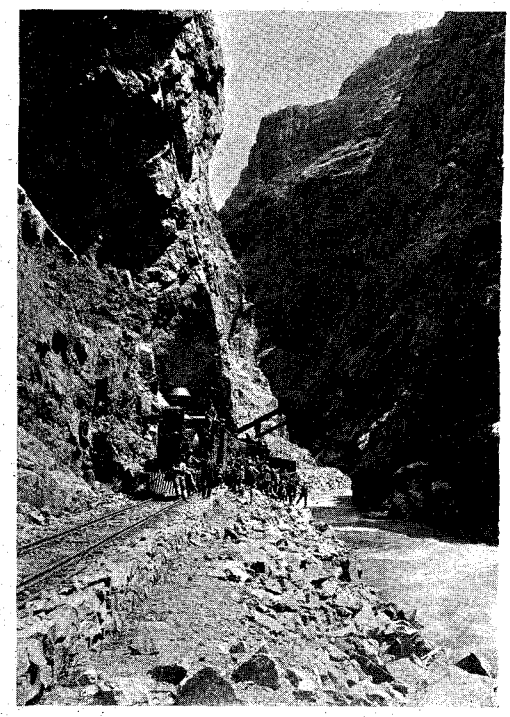


William J. Palmer



Narrow gauge train in the Royal Gorge; site of the famous "Hanging Bridge," 1887.

King of the Narrow Gauge

By FRED HARVEY

In the face of overwhelming obstacles, William J. Palmer made his lifetime dream come true. He ran his "little" railroad line across the rugged mountains and brought Colorado to the threshold of a new and exciting era.

Photos from the Denver Public Library Western Collection

IN BUILDING the West there were many types of rugged pioneers. General William J. Palmer's niche in American history was railroading.

It was soon after he married in 1870 that he decided to build his own railroad—a lifelong dream. Palmer had been working on railroads since his youth. He knew conditions from the ground up.

With the gold and silver camps of Leadville, Colorado, booming and desperately needing faster and cheaper means of transportation for their ore, it would be a grand prize worth going after. He could put into practice a theory—a narrow gauge line, a three-foot-wide track of steel instead of the conventional four.

This narrow gauge would traverse the steep and hazardous mountains of Colorado. A small engine with rugged pulling power that could maneuver easily on sharp turns would be needed.

Palmer planned to run the line from Denver into New Mexico by Canon City, then on to El Paso, Texas, to meet lines coming north from Mexico. Raising the necessary capital from private individuals, he set his course.

He commissioned the Baldwin Locomotive Works to build his engines. Passenger engines were to weigh about twelve-and-one-half tons, the freight engines about seventeen-and-one-half tons.

In the late summer Palmer and a surveying crew with pack mules headed south to map and chain routes into New Mexico. Several months later he was ready to begin work.

He pushed his construction crew on to Pueblo and Trinidad. When steep mountains blocked their path, they scaled them on ropes. They bridged canyons and streams, fought marauding Indians, tangled with elements of the raw, rough country, gradually pushing it back. Construction was slow, hazards enormous, but Palmer and his men fought on. The mountainous work cost more than Palmer expected. In-

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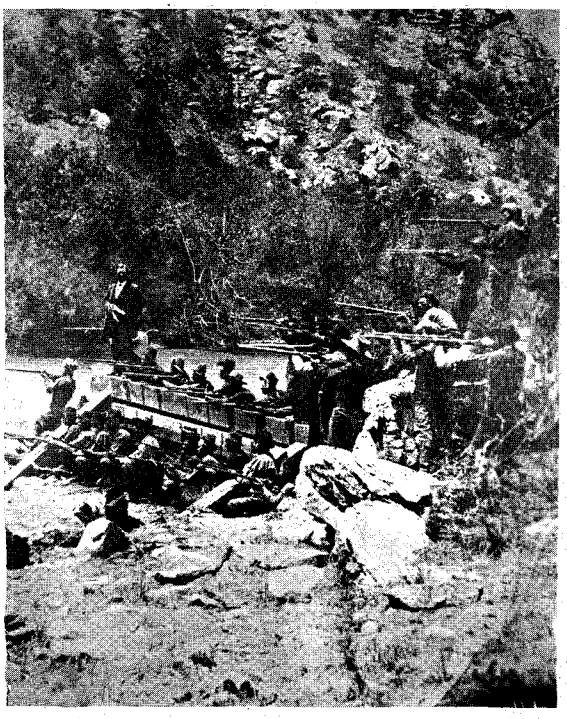

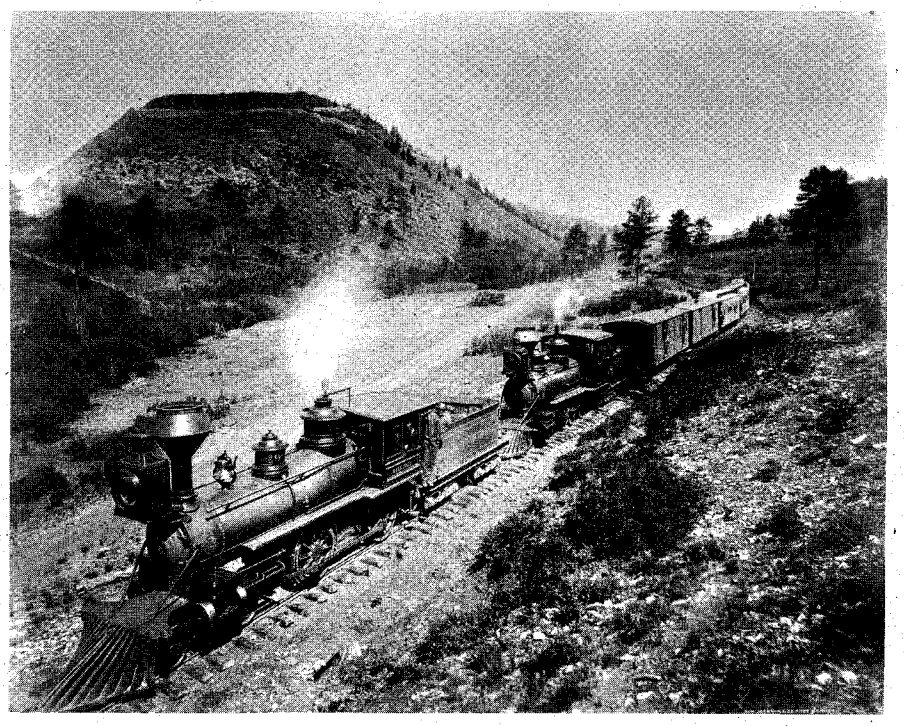

Above left: "Deadline" during the Palmer-Santa Fe railroad war in 1878-79. This far could they come and no further at Royal Gorge, Colorado. Above right: The narrow gauge Denver & Rio Grande Western train on La Veta Pass.

vestors began hounding him. They wanted profits too soon. They couldn't visualize the sweat and heartbreaking work it took to build a railroad.

Meanwhile the Santa Fe, which was to cause Palmer many headaches, came on the scene. By 1878, Santa Fe and Denver Line differences broke into open warfare. The Raton Pass was Santa Fe's only entrance into New Mexico from Colorado, and Palmer was ready to extend his line over it. The Santa Fe demanded Palmer relinquish the pass. They threatened to extend a branch north and drain his line unless he did.

Palmer refused and rushed a crew of construction workers to the pass. The Santa Fe Railroad beat him to the punch by arriving earlier with a gang and armed men. Palmer couldn't beat this type hand. He conceded victory of the pass.

PALMER DECIDED to work directly on the Leadville run for the mining camp's ore. He placed in charge of construction one of his best engineers, a man named DeRemer—a tough, hard-fighting, hard-working, conscientious operator.

The track was to run up the Royal Gorge, across the Continental Divide and over the Tennessee Pass. This was considered a wild, impossible undertaking. Rock walls rose straight up for almost a quarter of a mile in some places. In other parts of the canyon, the swift turbulent Arkansas River rolled furiously across the rocky floor. It was an untamed, primitive region—a narrow cut with little light, cold and gloomy.

The Santa Fe apparently had the same idea and were watching Palmer's actions. They did not show their hand openly for this route, but a year before they had organized the Canon City & San Juan Railroad.

DeRemer sent to El Moro for crews of railroad workers to start work from Canon City. A Santa Fe engineer was in El Moro at the time. He wired another surveyor, William Morely, at La Junta, to beat the Palmer outfit to Canon City.

Morely arrived at Pueblo on the Santa Fe early next day. This was end of the Santa Fe track. He asked the Denver line for a train to take him to Canon City. This was refused when he was recognized. So he hired a fast horse to take him to his destination. Taking short cuts, Morely pushed his mount to the limit. After forty-five miles of hard riding, the exhausted horse slipped and rolled down a hill. Morely jumped from the saddle just in time. The gallant horse was dead. Morely pulled off the saddle and ran the rest of the way on foot.

He arrived first. With Canon City & San Juan Railroad workers and armed men, he made it to the mouth of the canyon. Less than an hour later, DeRemer and his men arrived. Their way was blocked but this time they did not withdraw. They entrenched for a hard fight.

The way ahead was blocked, so DeRemer and his men marched around the edge of the canyon. The granite walls looked forbidding and dangerously cold. No one until now had attempted to descend them. This was no time to hesitate. Down they went on ropes.

At the bottom, DeRemer's men built seventeen forts and set a deadline at the twenty-mile post. He laid down a tie and marked it "deadline."

"That's as far as they'll go," he said.

The opposing tracklayers came on and in sight of the marked tie. DeRemer and his men waited, rifles ready. One of the laborers walked toward the tie.

"Stop, if you don't want to get hurt," DeRemer called.

The Santa Fe foreman motioned the man ahead. "Go on." The laborer hesitated. The rifles pointed straight at him. He licked his lips. Turning to the foreman he said, "If you want that tie moved, you'll have to do it yourself."

The foreman studied the situation a moment and went no further. It was a stalemate.

The two railroads brought in more gun hands and there was some shooting every day. Meanwhile, both sides battled it out in court. Injunctions and writs jumped first from one side and then the other.

In order to get supplies, DeRemer's men had to climb the canyon walls, walk to Canon City, bring groceries back to the rim and climb back down.

One day while working on Stonewall Point, DeRemer saw a party of Sante Fe man flanking his workers. There was only one way to outmaneuver them—swim across the river and get above them.

He called his crew together. I'll give $20 to every man who will follow me," he said. He dashed to the river and dived in. No one followed. DeRemer was swept along with the current, hurled against rocks, pulled under, but miraculously made it to the other side and kept the enemy from doing any damage.

MEANWHILE court battles dragged on. A federal judge heard both sides testify and made a ruling that, in effect, gave both quarreling factions permission to build up the Royal Gorge. He ruled that neither side was to interfere with the other. On the surface, this seemed fair; but there was not room for two railroads on the bottom all the way.

Neither side fully cared for this ruling. It was all or none and neither road would give in. A later judicial decision struck Palmer a hard blow by giving the Canon City & San Juan Railroad the right-of-way to build twenty miles allowed by its charter. Palmer was made to give them priority.

Palmer's lawyers appealed to the Supreme Court. In the meantime, he got ready to build beyond the canyon. The

(Continued on page 58)

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A thirteen year old kid alone on a great historic land rush!

Above: The break of the great Cherokee Strip Race, September 16, 1893—one of the outstanding moments in American history. Below: Train at the starting line. Most of the settlers riding the train were going to the townsites to seek town lots, but many of them dropped off along the way to claim farm land.

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Kid on the Run!

By FRED E. HOLDREGE

Photos from J. M. Coker

IT ALL CAME about when my father, influenced by a gypsy complex and a never-suppressed desire to see greener pastures, decided that he would go to Oklahoma. He would seek a homestead in the "last frontier," as it was then called. He was a civil engineer and he could survey the land, locating the best for his farm.

We left a little foothill town near Denver, Colorado, early in September, 1893. We drove a mule team, pulling a lumber wagon, the kind commonly used by emigrants in those days. It was not a new life for me. I had traveled with my father in such a conveyance over most of four states before this trip. While I was but thirteen years old, I was well prepared for my lot ahead.

We drove south to the Arkansas River, thence east and down to Garden City, Kansas. Here we turned almost directly south to Englewood, Kansas. There we joined a group of emigrants —landseekers, would-be homesteaders and others who would attack life in a new land of hope and promise.

Then we went across the "Panhandle" of northwestern Oklahoma Territory, directly south to Higgins, Texas. Like "Thompson's Colt," my father had chosen to cross a land already open to settlement, identical in character with the land of his latest choice.

Higgins, Texas, was scarcely more than the name of a town. Here the Santa Fe Railroad had erected a water tank and a section house, and had constructed a sidetrack and stockyards for the shipment of cattle from the northeast corner of Texas.

It was late in the evening when Dad pulled his team to a spot he'd selected for our camp. There were a hundred similar campers' wagons strung along the road adjacent to the territorial border, which was under guard by cavalry troops. No one was allowed to enter the territory. There were some people who slipped across the border at night to hide, so they would get ahead of the others who would enter the next day. They were called "Sooners."

Dad and I had been joined by a young man from a Scottish family. We set up our camp, cooked and hastily swallowed our evening meal. Naturally, we were excited and interested in the tumult of the gathering throng. Dad and the "Duke" (as I called him) could scarcely contain themselves. They wanted to mingle and converse with the crowd in order to learn more about the country ahead.

Our objective was Woodward—a town of territorial character. It had a good depot, a large section and eating house and other public buildings. Fort Supply was but a few miles up the North Canadian from Woodward. Cavalry troops were stationed there. It was anticipated that Woodward would become a real town overnight. A government town site was to be developed there and those who were interested could homestead town lots. Six lots, maximum, would comprise a homestead which could be proved up. Upon such locations saloons, grocery stores, hardware stores, bawdy houses, lumber yards and churches would ultimately be erected.

The "Run" was to start at noon. During the evening before and the forenoon of that day, Dad had learned much. The most important fact was that the Santa Fe would run a train into Woodward. Dad made up his mind to be on that train. It would run at restricted speed and afford wagons and horsemen opportunity to keep pace. It would not arrive in Woodward until late evening, but there'd still be time to make a run and locate lots.

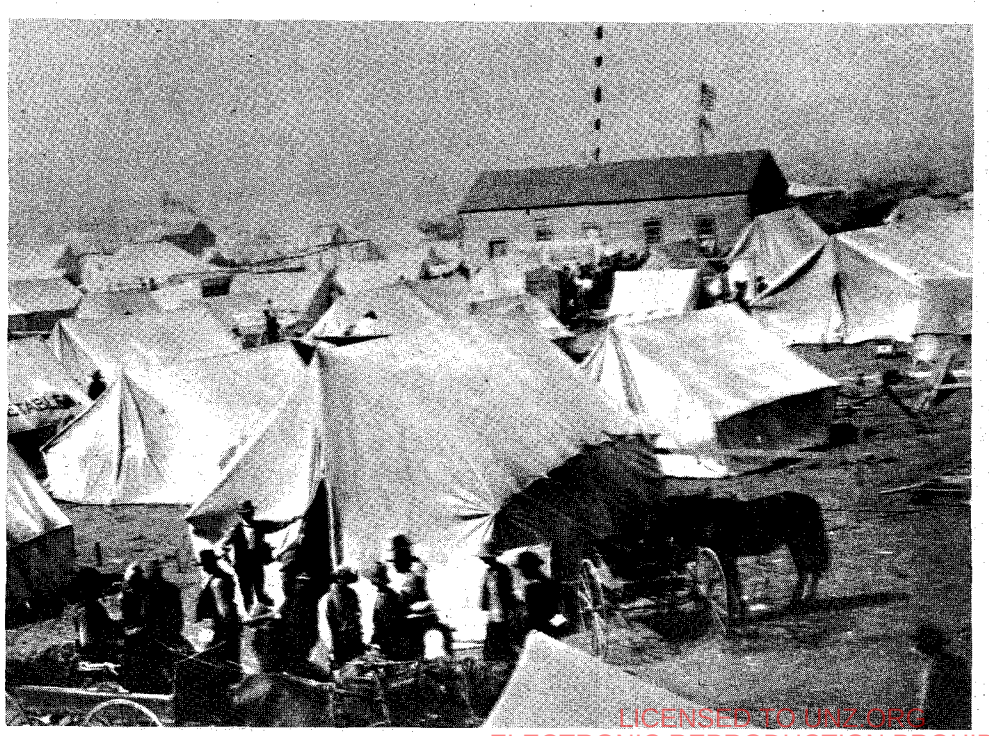
Dad immediately decided his plan of action. He would take his transit and surveying equipment on the train. I was to follow at a leisurely pace with the mules—not trying to outrun anyone—just take my time. Dad would do the rest. The "Duke" arranged his paraphernalia for the train ride. He packed his pancake caps (Scottish tweeds) in his trunks and carried fishing tackle and a shotgun. I had cause to remember the gun because he peppered me with it while he was hunting prairie chickens.

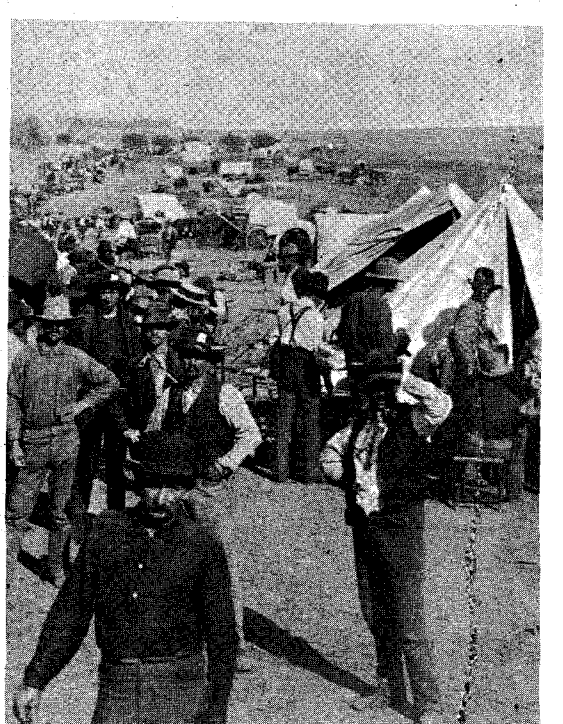
Just before noon of that memorable day, we hauled Dad's and "Duke's" baggage to the depot. Dad came back to camp with me to help load. He repeated my instructions. I never thought it would come . . . but he got on the train and left me there! I felt so proud I could have burst. There I was, only a kid, sharing the experience of a man in the greatest and last of its kind—the Oklahoma land rush!

Multitudes of people had gathered on the borders to compete for lands and commerce development. Everyone want-

(Continued on page 51)

Below left: Townsite of Perry, Oklahoma—similar to one in which young Fred found himself. Below right: These settlers were waiting in line to register for claims in the Cherokee Strip.





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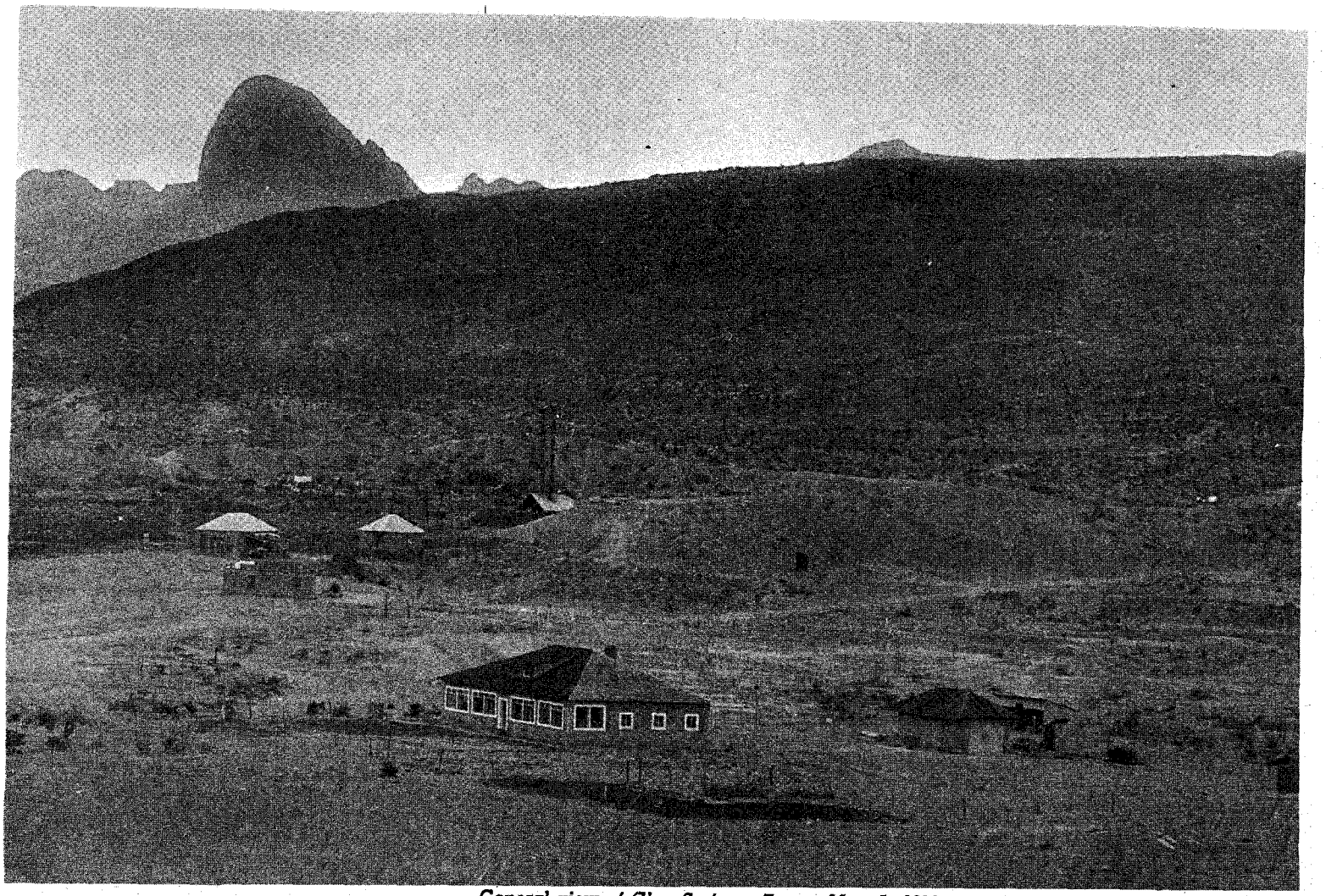

General view of Glen Springs, Texas, May 5, 1916.

This man was in it! At last, the real story on

The Glen Springs Raid

By CAPTAIN C. D. WOOD

Editor's Note: After serving as a volunteer officer in the mounted infantry in Cuba and in the Philippines, Captain C. D. Wood settled in the Big Bend country of Texas. His candelilla wax factory established the booming community of Glen Springs until the raid of May 5, 1916. Here is an account of the much disputed attack by a man who was there.

ARMED WITH guns, ammunition and weapons of plunder, sixty or more Mexican raiders waded their horses silently across the Rio Grande onto Texas soil that hot summer night of May 5, 1916.

They broke into two parties: one group under a colonel's leadership would raid the small station of Boquillas, only twelve miles away; and the larger party turned their mounts toward Glen Springs, Texas!

There had been no rest in the area for many years. All along the border, ranchers and townspeople felt the tension as the raids grew closer and deadlier. Many had forgotten the peaceful day seven years ago when President Porfirio Diaz and President Taft met and held a conference on the center of the International Bridge between El Paso and Juarez in 1909—signifying friendship and understanding between two neighbors. The upheaval in Mexico came when Francisco L. Madero overthrew Diaz in 1911. Nine years of discontent, violence and revolution followed.

When President Wilson aided General Carranza in his fight with Villa, the infamous Mexican bandit became the most notorious leader of border raids ever to cross the Rio Grande from Mexico. There were hordes of bandits. Some even included soldiers of the Carranza government.

Glen Springs became a settlement in 1914 when W. K. Ellis and I established the third *candelilla* wax factory in the Big Bend area. It produced a daily average of 1,000 pounds of crude wax, and we employed about fifty Mexican-American workers. The settlement grew around the workers and their families and a general store was established by Ellis and myself. Glen Springs was located 130 miles down the Rio Grande from Presidio, Texas.

Prejudice ran high along the nearly two thousand border miles, necessitating the placement of over 100,000 soldiers in this area to protect towns and citizens. The Fourteenth Cavalry sent a detachment of nine troops under the command of Sergeant Smythe to Glen Springs. Despite the apparent safety of the town, I decided (after the Columbus, New Mexico, and other raids by Villa) to take my wife and son to Alpine, Texas, 100 miles away. Later on, I returned to our home about two and one-half miles from Glen Springs and fell into a tired sleep on the porch bed.

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I WAS AWAKENED shortly after eleven o'clock by the sound of heavy gunfire from the settlement. Grabbing a rifle, I hurried over to the house of a neighbor, Oscar de Montel. Together, we set out on foot to investigate.

High flames broke into the dark night and the fighting was heavy as Oscar, a veteran of the Philippine Campaign like myself, and I made our way to Glen Springs. We stumbled through whipping bushes and annoying cactus until, half an hour later, the firing ceased and the blaze died down. We pushed on in the darkness.

About two hours later, we reached the Mexican quarter of the settlement on the southwest side of town. We passed unnoticed through the commotion and loud talking. When we were within 100 feet of the Ellis store, a ponderous silence filled the air and only a lone lantern moving about the field near the burned adobe shack could be seen.

"Quien vivi?" called a Mexican sentinel suddenly.

The startled Montel asked in return, *"Quien es?"*

He had not given the correct answer to the revolutionary's question, "Who lives?" (Raiding bandits had two passwords, depending on the crowd. They would either answer, "Viva Villa!" or "Viva Carranza!") The sentinel immediately began emptying his gun at us as we skirted through the darkness, barely dodging the whizzing bullets.

"Arriba, muchachos!" he called to his companions.

Our retreat to the safety of my house was blocked, so we veered in the opposite direction, coming to a mesa about five hundred yards away. Our pursuers did not venture after us—their main interest was the soldiers. We stayed there until daybreak.

At dawn, about twenty-five raiders saddled and packed their horses and those of the soldiers. As the sun began to rise higher, they moved out toward the Rio Grande. These were the men we had encountered only a few hours ago. The other raiders, maybe forty, had left during the night.

Presently, we left our mesa hideout to examine the damage. Two soldiers, haggard and tired from the long night, had remained in their tents when the battle began around the adobe shack. They had managed only to wound a Mexican raider near the corral and even then, they were not sure what toll their bullet took when all they found near the spot was a pool of blood.

Of the seven soldiers who remained in the burned adobe shack, three had been killed. Their bodies were found near the building. Pvt. Cohen had jumped from the building only to have his face blown off. Pvt. Coloe lay about ten feet from the door and Pvt. Rogers, with his clothes afire, had made an easy target for the Mexicans when they dropped him only 100 yards from the shack.

The four remaining soldiers, Sergeant Smythe among them, were in horrible condition with gaping wounds and blisters as large as hen eggs on their bodies. When the Mexicans set fire to the thatched roof, the adobe shack became a man-size inferno. They were caught undressed and when they made their escape over the burning coals, their bare feet suffered greatly.

The only other person around was Mr. Ellis. He stood alone in the fighting area when we returned from gathering the wounded. Someone asked anxiously, "Where's Mrs. Ellis?"

"She is safe," he answered. Ellis, who had a wooden leg, had slipped away during the night with his wife. He had returned only for his car so that he could take his wife to the railroad.

Their large home was offered as a resting place for the wounded soldiers until help could arrive.

At Compton's house, we found the body of his small seven-year-old son, Tommy Compton, lying a few feet from the front door. Later, the bandit responsible for his death confessed that he had called into the darkness of the house. When no one answered, he fired into the open doorway, causing the bullet to ricochet and kill the boy.

When the fighting began, Compton had carried his daughter to the house of a Mexican but did not make it back in time for his sons. His other boy, nine-year-old Robert Compton, wandered about the settlement. He was a deaf-mute and had been spared by the superstitious Mexicans who believed it was bad luck to harm a *loco*.

The general store had been savagely looted and stripped of post office and other funds, plus clothing and canned goods. Heavy merchandise such as flour and corn was left. Perhaps they would return for it. Contents of sauerkraut cans were discarded, considered *"muy mal"*—very bad.

The toll had been heavy for such a small community. Three soldiers and one boy were dead. Forty years after the raid, bleached bones of a human were found on a Rio Grande bluff. Possibly, they might have been those

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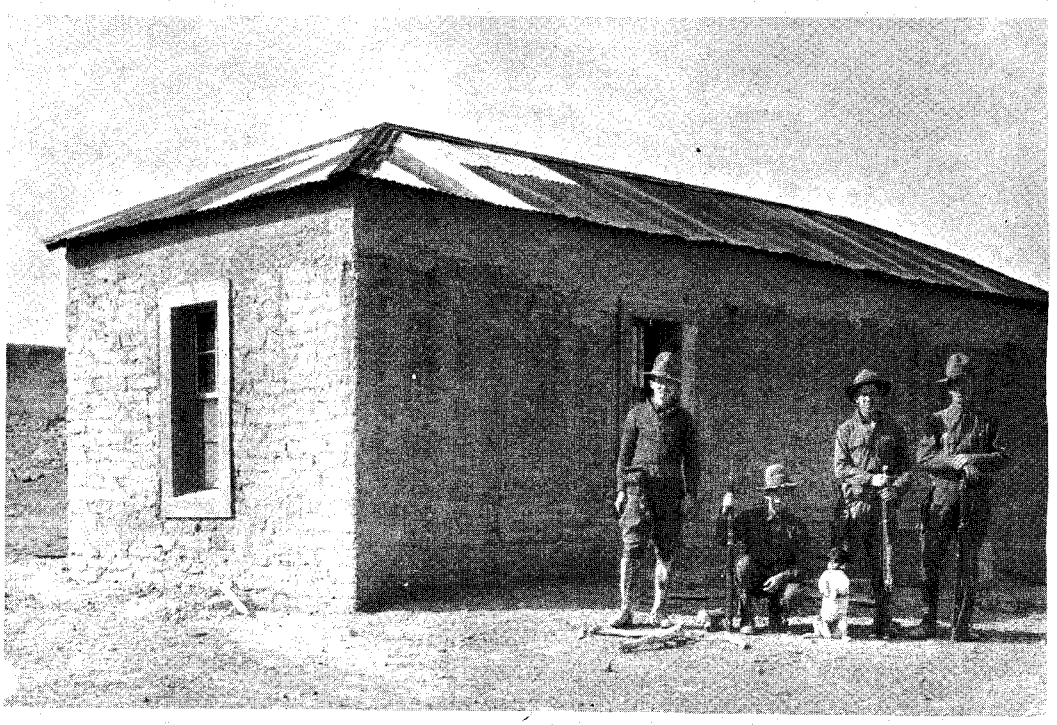
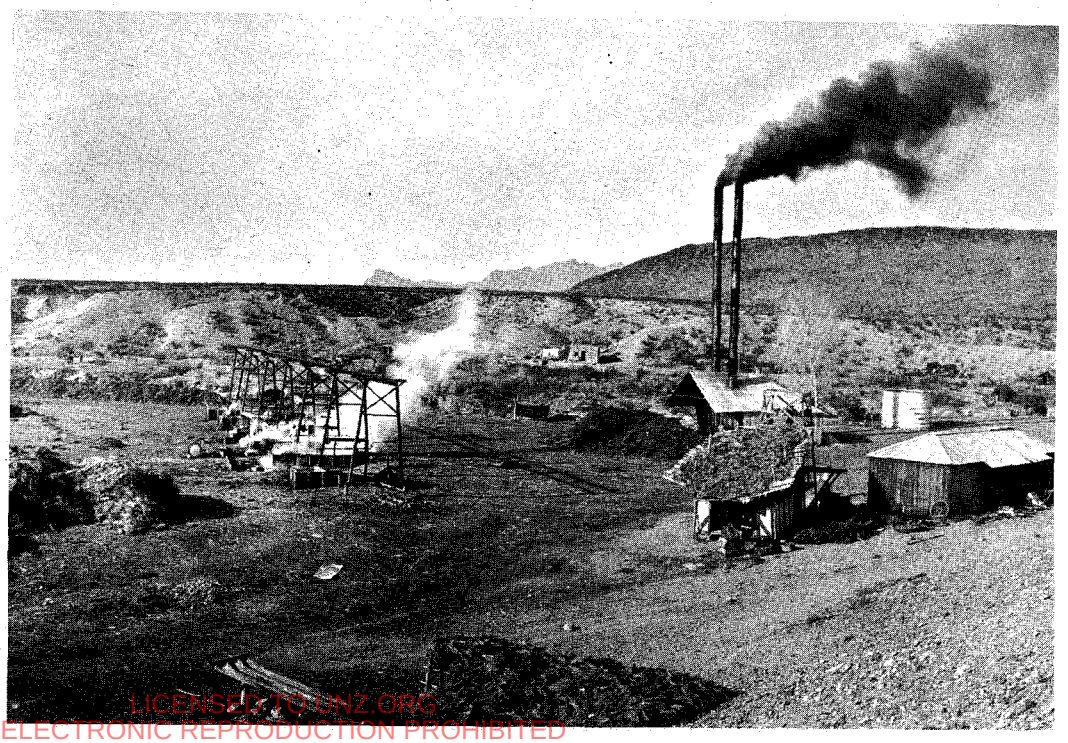


Above: The restored soldiers' quarters after the raid. It was covered with dry, inflammable shrub at time of raid. Below: Candelilla wax plant in Glen Springs in 1916.



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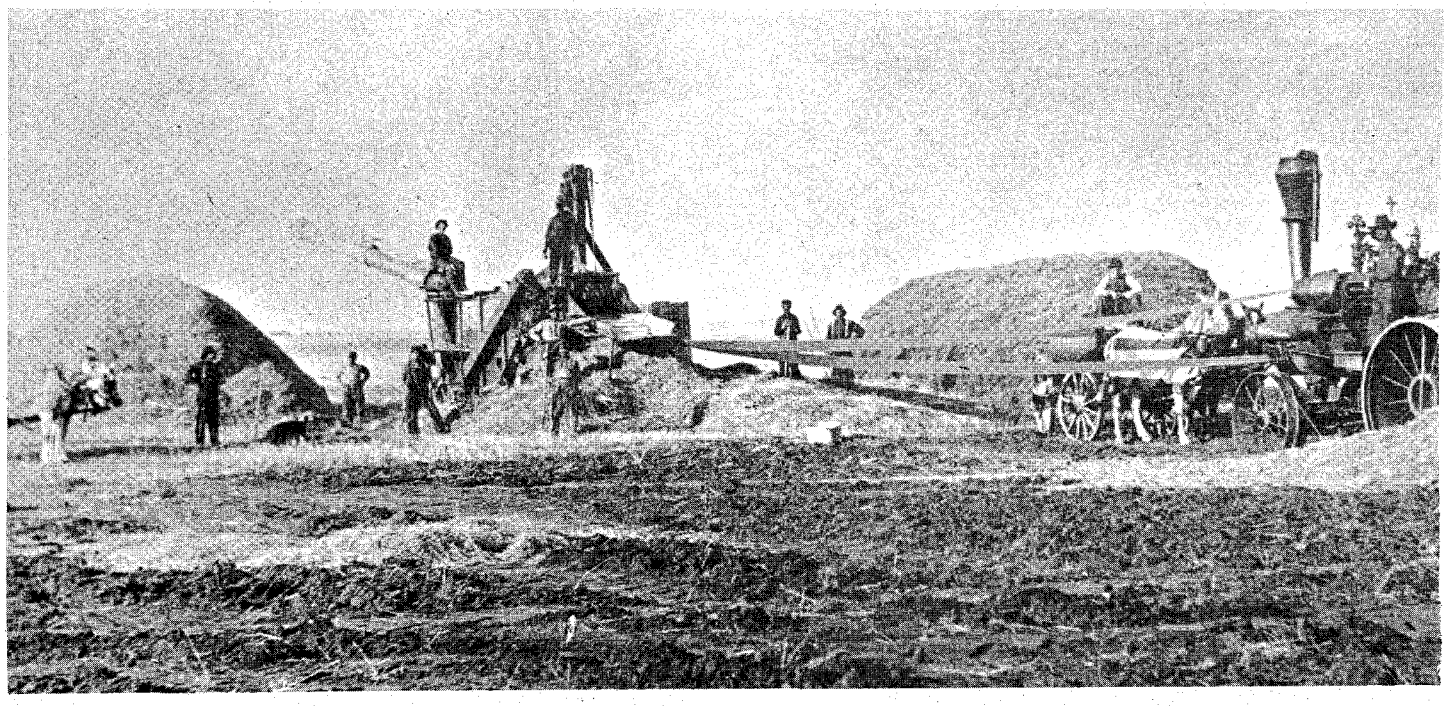

This straw burning steam engine threshing rig was typical of those widely used in the Dakotas about the time of this story.

The Way Back

By A. C. SUMMERFIELD as told to T. J. KERTTULA

By golly, a man just ought not to be told that his feet would have to be amputated after he'd survived one of the bitterest blizzards in North Dakota history!

IT WAS bitterly cold inside the tank. Outside I could hear the muffled roar of the wind and the slithering of granular snow along the wooden walls. By morning the coulee would be swept full of hard drifted snow and the tank (with me inside) would be buried beneath it until spring!

The sounds reminded me once again how little things shape a man's destiny. What prompted Nick to shift me (instead of one of the others) from pitching bundles to driving grain tank? The man who replaced me loafed comfortably now by the bunkhouse fire, while I huddled inside that blasted, blizzard-bound tank with the odds against me a hundred to one. The crew, I knew, already presumed me dead—a dark hump out on the prairie, slowly being covered by the drifting snow.

This pampered generation, riding in their heated cars, never having felt the jolt of a dead-axle wagon on the frozen prairie, or the screaming fury of a Dakota blizzard—they just can't comprehend. They won't believe me. They'll consider it just another cowboy tale. *Believe me*—I was there!

IT WAS the third of October, 1906. I was working the wheat harvest on the Nick Firr farm out of Mandan, North Dakota, when one of the crew suddenly shouted and pointed. We turned to look. Down the road from town came the grain tank at a fast trot—driverless! We knew what that meant. The driver had fallen off and now lay somewhere along the road crushed by the heavy wheels.

While Nick hitched up his team and started for town, we caught the outfit. They didn't look like a runaway team and neither were they lathered from a hard run. Also, the lines were tied to the brake handle!

As his team trotted into Mandan, Nick still had seen no sign of the driver. Finally, in a saloon, he found his man. The driver, having met congenial company, had decided to quit. Driving to the outskirts of town, he tied the lines to the brake handle and headed the outfit toward home.

When Nick got back, he shifted me to driving tank. Next morning I started for Mandan, thirteen miles away, with my first load of wheat. I had a four-horse team, standard for tanks—unless you were pulling a trailer. The tank was a huge wooden cylinder, something like the old-time water tanks. It was about eighteen feet long and constructed to fit the bunks of an ordinary wagon. The floor sloped toward a trap door in the center, through which the wheat was dumped. On the front perched a seat for the driver.

I was dressed in muskrat coat, cap and gloves. In that country, blizzards strike without warning. When a bad one hits, you stretch a rope between buildings to guide you! And cold—out on the open prairie an improperly dressed man wouldn't stand a chance in a sudden storm.

A powdery snow was falling when I started home around three o'clock. I wasn't worried for I hadn't heard anything about a bad storm. Weather forecasts were rather sketchy in those days, what with no radio or telephone to spread them. The weather bureau sent post cards to the post offices for their bulletin boards, and trainmen spread warnings of approaching storms. Blizzards usually travel slow. You can outrun one for awhile on a saddle horse.

I expected a cold ride and fortified myself with a pint of whiskey. It was

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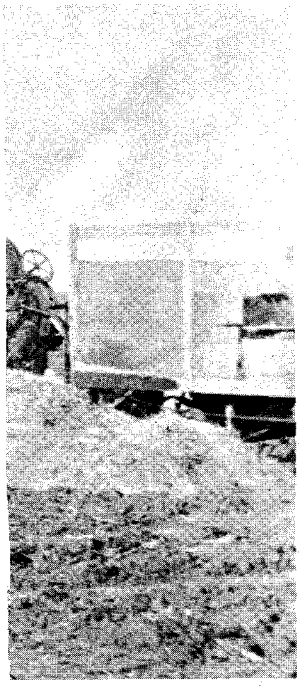


Northern Pacific Railway Photo

Mandan, North Dakota, in the days before North Dakota became a state.

a monotonous country, especially when driving a slow outfit. Bleak farm houses and lone straw stacks appeared now and then—always far apart. Beyond that, nothing—not a fence or tree, nothing but mile upon mile of yellow stubble sticking out of a thin layer of snow—and two ruts that were the road.

I WAS halfway home when the blizzard caught me. One moment there was gently falling snow around me, and the next I was over an invisible line into the forefront of the storm. The wind came in roaring gusts, died down and came again with each gust stronger and colder than the last. Visibility went to minus zero. I couldn't see the road ahead of the team. Snow pellets stung my eyeballs when I tried to look. The snow had quickly changed from flakes to grains resembling salt. Driven in horizontal sheets it left the exposed skin cold, wet and burning from the impact. My face was freezing—yet it felt aflame.

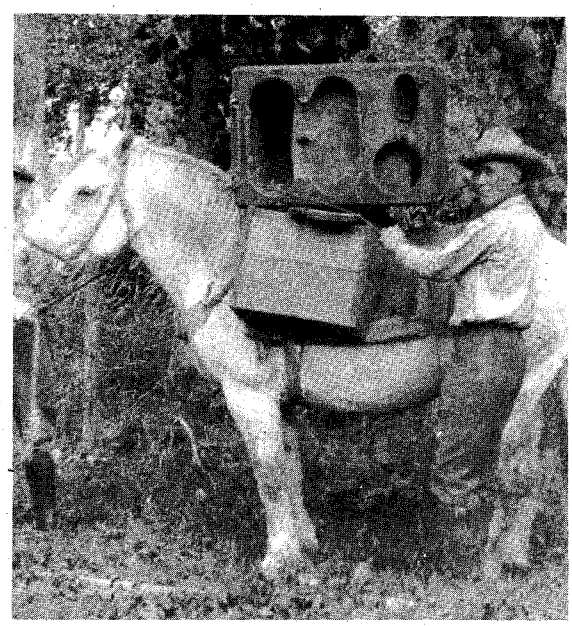
The horses refused to face the storm. The wheelers tried to duck their heads behind the leaders who plunged, snorted and fought to turn. The tank tilted slightly as the wheels climbed out of the ruts. In spite of everything I could do, the horses were taking me off the road.

There was no hope of making it home now or of returning to town. I drove the outfit into the first coulee we came to. There we were, somewhat out of the wind, but I could hear the storm roaring overhead. When the horses calmed down, I unharnessed and turned them loose. Immediately they were lost in the swirling snow and I was alone—alone in the middle of a prairie blizzard with no chance for anyone to search for me until it was all over.

Stuffing the harness through the trap door, I crawled into the tank. It was cold but out of the wind and snow. A warming reaction set in and for a while I felt warm and comfortable. But as the intensity of the storm increased and the cold penetrated, even the fur coat wasn't enough. By ten o'clock, I couldn't keep the circulation in my hands and feet, even by beating them. Slowly they were turning numb. Then I thought, "The heck with it. I'll burn that damned tank! On my last night on earth I'll be warm—for awhile anyway!"

Groping along the floor I found the collar pads. Ripping one apart, I searched for the dry hair in the center. I dropped my glove and dug out a match. In an attempt to scratch it on the wall it dropped from my numb fingers unlit.

Brisk rubbing brought a little feeling back into my hands. I tried again. The match flared. I held it under a bunch of hair. There was a wisp of smoke and the acrid smell of burning hair. Then it burned my fingers and went out. I tried again and again. Each time the damp hair seemed closer to igniting. One more would do it! I reached for another match. My pocket was empty!



Gus Summerfield, after his bout with the blizzard, prepares to pack a cookstove.

(Continued on page 46)

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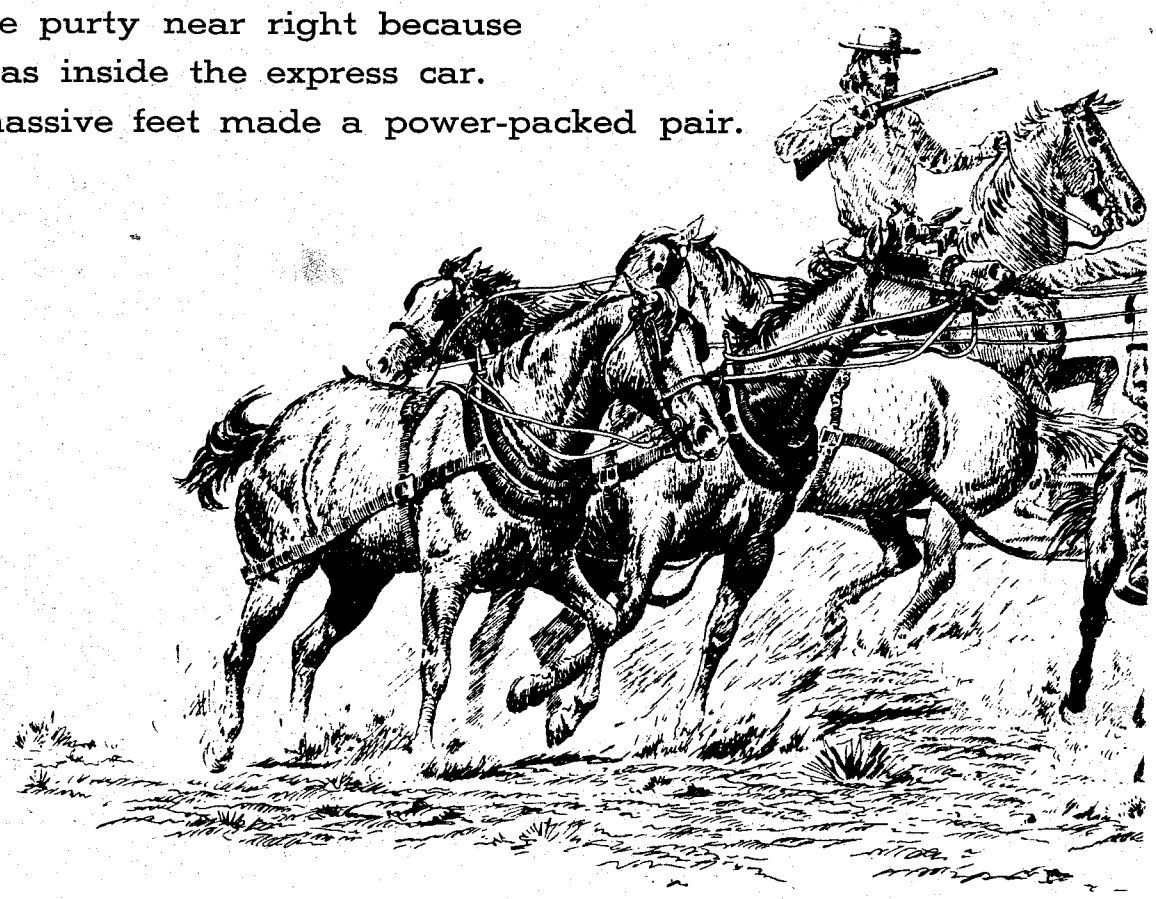
"There's more than one," shouted the train robbers. And they were purty near right because Aaron Ross was inside the express car. He and his massive feet made a power-packed pair.



Boss of the

By BYRON A. ASHLEY

AARON ROSS was the biggest shotgun guard ever employed by Wells, Fargo and Company—and the toughest. Standing six-four in his sock feet, and weighing 250 pounds, Ross needed an unusually solid foundation. This he had in the shape of the biggest pair of feet west of the hundredth meridian. His hair and eyes were black and his blunt jaw was given over to a stand of bristly black beard. He toted a double-barreled shotgun. Ross had sand in his craw and plenty of tallow on his bones to back it up.

On a January morning in 1882, the No. 1 Central Pacific eastbound chugged out of the yards at Toano, Nevada, and headed for the Utah line. Wells, Fargo's express rode in the third car behind the diamond-stacked locomotive with Aaron Ross in attendance. His paperwork in order, the big guard pulled off his boots and eased his giant frame onto a quilt in front of the express car's cast-iron heater. Tecoma, the next station stop, was yet an hour's run and, save for an abandoned section shack at Montello siding, nothing lay ahead except the clicking rails.

Ross had first signed on with Wells, Fargo as a stage driver but later, disgusted with the armed escort, he asked for the job of guard.

"I won't need ary shotgun to guard that box, neither," he said. "Not as long as I got hands and feet."

Soon afterward, this man-sized brag was put to the test. On a run out of Helena, Montana, heavily loaded with bullion, road agents attempted to relieve Ross of the treasure he had sworn to guard. At the order to climb down, Ross obeyed. He left boots and shotgun on the seat where he had been airing his enormous feet. Trouble was, when he got to the ground he never quit climbing. When the dust cleared, the road was littered with tromped badmen. Some speculated as to what he could have done with his boots on.

Holdup men of three states came to know those massive feet and to fear their owner. Ross always asked for—and got—the toughest runs. And come hell, high water or holdup, he always got the box through. With the advent of railroads and the resultant innovations in road agentry, Ross turned his talents to that field, swapping the Concord stage for an express car and his lead-sprayer for a Winchester.

ON THIS January morning his long record as express guard was unblemished. He had never given up a shipment entrusted to his care.

His hour's sleep passed all too quickly and Ross was aroused (he thought) by the station agent at Tecoma. Sock-footed, he answered the rap at the door. Instead of the familiar scenes of Tecoma, Ross beheld the bleak, snow-swept flats behind the Montello section shack. A rifle barrel thrust through the door crack confirmed his suspicions that hell was in the wind.

"Open up!" said a voice heavy with authority. "We're robbing this train!"

Aaron Ross slammed and locked the door. "Caught me barefooted," he muttered as he sought his lately vacated

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On a run out of Helena, Montana, heavily loaded with bullion, road agents attempted to relieve Ross of the treasure he had sworn to guard.

reasure Box

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

pallet and his massive foot-gear. In answer to the insistent hammering on the door, he growled, "Wait'll I git my boots on, dammit!"

"Come on outta there!" insisted the owner of the rifle. "You can put your boots on out here."

Ross regarded the rattling door sourly and reached for the other boot. Suitably shod, he stomped to a corner and gathered his Winchester. Then he fortified himself behind some crated machinery to await developments. Allowing ample time for dressing, Ross's visitor at length voiced his impatience, "Ain't you comin' outta there?"

For answer Ross bored a rifle slug through the thin wall of the car. Frantic sounds on the cinders indicated a hasty withdrawal. There was a moment of muttered conversation followed by silence. Ross visualized masked men cat-footing across the couplings. If he could hold the outlaws off for thirty minutes, Ross figured, the Westbound from Tecoma would arrive with possible reinforcements. Again the leader spoke, his command ominous in its brevity.

"Come out!"

Ross calculated the speaker's position and pulled the Winchester's trigger. Immediately a withering fusillade raked the express car. Leaden slugs set the coal oil lamp gyrating crazily; they ricocheted off the monkey heater and snored out through the opposite wall. Clean pine splinters showered on the floor and let in pinpoints of gray dawn. Ross was hit. A bullet ruined his trigger finger, one took him in the hip and another, slowed by a pocket full of papers, in the chest. The express messenger chinked up his hide with a torn handkerchief and held his fire in favor of the outlaw's next move.

Satisfied that they had accounted for the car's defender, the outlaw force sent a man to uncouple it from the train. Ross took rest across a goods box and laid a shot in about the right place. The uncoupler left in a hurry. "There's another one in there!" Ross heard him shout.

As he braced himself for another murderous fusillade, the big express guard heard the faint moan of No. 2, westbound for Toano. It was what he had counted on. The attention of the outlaws was momentarily diverted to the train crew, which was gun-herded back onto the locomotive with instructions to clear the track for the approaching train. As No. 1 backed onto the rusty siding and the holdup men removed the track barricade, No. 2 approached and slowed. As she drew abreast, her conductor called out, "What's wrong with you? Why are you stopping here?" A brisk hail of outlaw lead apparently satisfied his curiosity and No. 2 earnestly continued toward Toano.

Inside the besieged express car, Ross listened as she faded from hearing. He went to his homemade desk and got another box of Winchester shells.

USE OF the train crew inspired the raiders to a less hazardous method of uncoupling Ross's car. A brakeman,

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familiar with the link-and-pin couplings, was assigned to the task and presently Ross felt the express car pull away from those behind it. Subsequent maneuvering indicated that his car was alone on the main track. Locomotive, mail and baggage then retreated some distance and stopped.

Once more the leader spoke: "You gents comin' out?"

Ross ignored the question, slamming his famous shoe-leather against a door under attack by pick-wielding bandits.

"Them hombres is gittin' right wringy in there," came a voice. "Well, we can throw things, too."

An extended silence was at last broken by the snorting of the locomotive. Ross heard it labor into motion toward him. Coming faster now, the locomotive gathered speed—too much speed. Realization came too late. A thunderous crash popped Ross's head like a bullwhip and slammed him against the end of the car. Both doors sprang open and flooded the car with early morning sunlight. Ignoring the angry drone of outlaw lead, Ross jumped for one door—closed and bolted it. Seconds ahead of the scrambling holdup men he secured the opposite door.

He had barely settled himself in his improvised barricade when the steam-driven battering ram walloped him again. Once more the doors shot open and once more Ross made for them. He closed and bolted one door, then swung for the other.

A determined outlaw was there, swinging a Winchester into position. Having left his own rifle on the boxes while he bolted doors with his good hand, Ross was unarmed. He was, however, booted. He took a short, skipping step, raised his knee chest-high and drove a gigantic foot into the face of the rifleman.

Bolting the door, Ross heard talk attesting the efficacy of his footwork: "Hey, Charlie, what happened?"

"My Gawd, look at his face!"

"Them fellers is uncommon set agin' us gittin' in that car—must be crammed with *dinero!*"

Weak now from loss of blood, the big express guard staggered back to his fort of boxes. Once more the locomotive rammed his car and sent him diving among assorted express. But the doors held. The long delay at Montello had taken its toll on No. 1's fuel and her steam pressure was next to nothing. Deprived of the locomotive, the raiders held a council of war. Ross strained his ears but was unable to make out their muffled talk. Presently there was a flurry of activity, then quiet again.

"We're givin' you one more chance," a familiar voice called. "Come out—or git burnt out!"

"You go to hell!" yelled Ross, saving his ammunition. Sounds of ripping lumber and smashing picks indicated the conversion of the section shack into kindling. Ross gripped his rifle and shifted uneasily. It looked like they'd found a way into his hidey-hole. He earnestly cussed the train crew, which was undoubtedly watching the roasting preparations, and silently vowed he'd make it right interesting for the gent that lit the fire.

Photo from the Denver Public Library Western Collection

Aaron Ross at the age of 93.

THEN HE HEARD it—a faint shuffling sound, rising and falling with the bitter January wind; now faint—now strong. Had No. 2 reached Toano and returned with help? He'd lost all track of time. The bloodsoaked expressman risked a look down-track through a bullet-hole. Across the whiteness he made out the distant smoke-plume of a locomotive.

Aware that the wood-carrying had stopped, Ross squinted through another gouge in the wall and saw five half-frozen train robbers taking to the flats; one of them flopping loosely across his saddle.

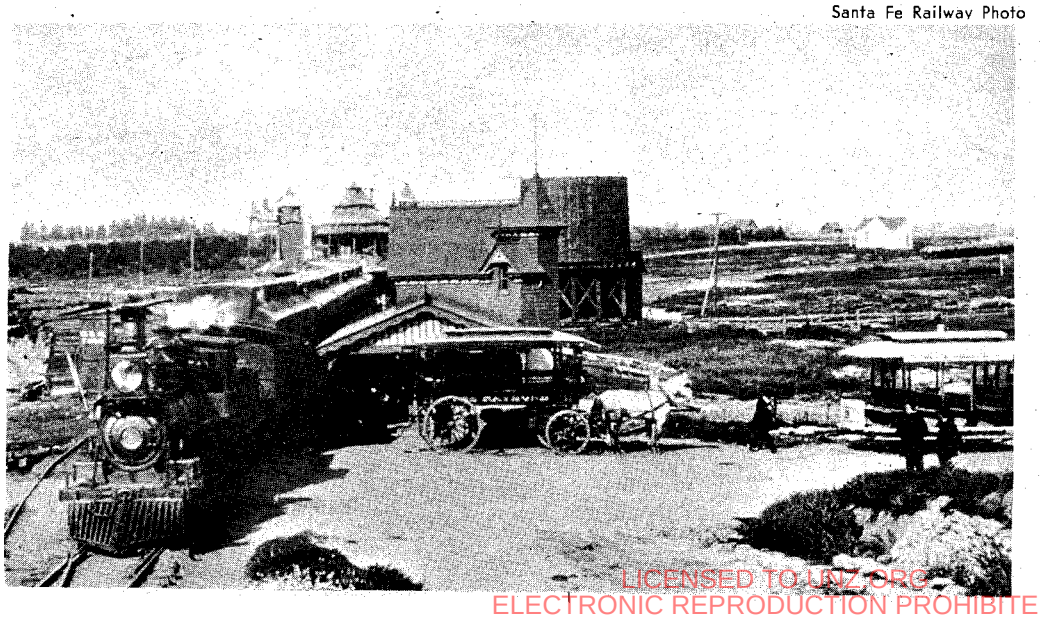
Three and a half hours after the bandit leader had rapped on his door, Aaron Ross crawled out of the bullet-riddled express car with Wells, Fargo's money still in his possession. All six hundred dollars of it. In the mail car, unsuspected, lay half-a-million dollars in silver, but Ross disclaimed any knowledge of it. "I just never aimed for them boogers to spoil my record," he said.

Then, showing his wounded hand, he said, "Will somebody help me git these damn boots off?"

True West

Aaron Ross rode guard through lonely country, stopping momentarily at stations like this picture taken at the Santa Fe Station in Raymond, California in 1886.

Santa Fe Railway Photo



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Hung By His Boots!

By DOROTHY E. HOLZBAUER

Evans walked cockily into court —almost a free man— but those dad-gummed boots sent him swinging.

From The American Mercury

IT was stifling hot in the new courtroom that June day. The smell of sweating humanity, mingled with the combined smells of paint, putty and varnish was suffocating in spite of the gusty wind that swept through the open door and windows. But not one of the spectators, who crowded the room, filling all the chairs and benches, lining the walls and filling the big doorways, seemed to mind or even to notice the heat and smells.

All their attention was centered on the judge who sat behind the raised desk at the far end of the room, his eyes on the attorney whose voice went on, insistent, droning, barely pausing for the answers of the defendant. But no one paid much attention to the questioning either; it was a tiresome repetition of the same questioning most of them had heard months before at the first trial of the case of *The People vs Charles Evans*. The charge was murder. And no one in the courtroom, least of all the attorney, expected the outcome of the questioning and the trial to be any different from the first: acquittal.

They had not come to hear the trial; they had come to try to estimate the new judge. There was a large question mark in the minds of most of the citizens as to the ability of this presidential appointee from Indiana.

Most of the men were wondering if he would prove to be better or worse than the infamous Judge Story who had been invited a few short weeks before, under pain of unpleasant consequences, to leave Fort Smith between sundown and sunup. Story had accepted the invitation, leaving in such a hurry that he had left most of his personal possessions, even his family, behind him.

Now, according to all reports and rumors, in reorganizing the Federal Court after Story's resignation, Congress had given the new judge unprecedented powers. So great were his lawful powers that he was actually the first American ever to have the complete and sole power of life or death over his fellow man. Every man who could, crowded into the courtroom, anxious to learn what manner of man the new judge was.

It was only a quirk of ill fate that Evans was on trial before the new judge at all. Acquitted by Story, he would have gone free but Story had neglected the small detail of signing his release, thus clearing the slate by entering the decision in the books; and Evans had spent two anxious months in jail, technically a free man but actually a prisoner. The new judge, I. C. Parker, had elected to play safe in the interest of justice and review all recent cases dealt with by Story.

Evans was the first to be brought up before the new court. Now, as he sat in the witness chair under the raised desk, Evans managed to show by his manner and tone that, although he considered himself ill-used, he was certain of the outcome of the trial. He seemed much more interested in the well-made and beautiful boots he wore than he was in answering the steady stream of questions. Between admiring glances at the well-polished leather with the smooth vamp, ornate stitching and fancy scalloped tops, he answered with all the air of a man who is at the mercy of slightly stupid but well-meaning, if misinformed, persons.

HIS STORY never varied, no matter how often the attorney tried to trick him into a misstatement. He had met the murdered boy, Seabolt, riding in the Nations country, had eaten his noon meal with the boy, talked with him for a while, ridden a little way until their paths diverged, then had made a trade —his horse for the one the boy rode— with some cash to boot because the one the boy rode was the better horse and the boy needed the money. In all, some ten dollars had changed hands in the deal. He had never seen the boy before meeting him on the trail and had gone on his way about four that afternoon, had stopped for the night by a stream and being tired, had decided to rest a day there. He had been just mounting to ride on, the second day, when the deputies had come up on him. He was only ten miles from where he had last seen the boy, which unfortunately for him turned out to be the exact spot where the young man had been murdered. On the strength of that proximity to the scene of the crime the deputies brought him before Story. However, Story had acquitted him almost at once, then had gone off and forgotten to release him.

As the spectators knew, the story Evans told fitted the facts of the case. A boy, nineteen or twenty, had been found in the Nations Territory, his head battered. His empty wallet was found on the ground a little way from him, his clothes and other gear were scattered around what had been a campfire. The body had been minus shoes, though the feet were not those of a person who goes barefooted either by necessity or by choice. It was in the dead of winter when the crime was discovered and surely no one in his right senses would go barefooted in near zero weather without good reason. The inference was that his shoes had been taken from him when he could not prevent it. A pair of battered and worn boots were discovered tucked under a rock almost a quarter of a mile from where the body had been found by the deputies and a horse had been found shot through the head in a gully close to the scene of the crime.

When questioned by the deputies, Evans had been profoundly shocked to think that anyone would try to connect him to such a brutal and senseless killing just because he had the ill luck to be in the vicinity.

AT NOON RECESS, the new judge and the attorney walked together to the judge's chambers adjoining the courtroom and closed the door.

No one was much surprised when the afternoon session turned out to be a duplicate of the morning. Aside from Evans himself, there were only two witnesses, both Indians, and all they could testify to was to seeing the boy riding the horse Evans claimed to have traded for.

When the case was recessed until the following morning, Clayton, the attorney, admitted glumly that he was on the losing side. It was a particularly bitter defeat for him, aside from the fact that it was his first case as court attorney. He was morally certain that Evans knew more about the murder than he had told but, in the face of insufficient evidence, he had no course open except to move for acquittal, thereby finally clearing the slate for Evans and making way for some of the other cases waiting to be heard.

Clayton was just getting ready to close his office for the night when a stranger walked in, saying that he wanted to talk to him about the case on

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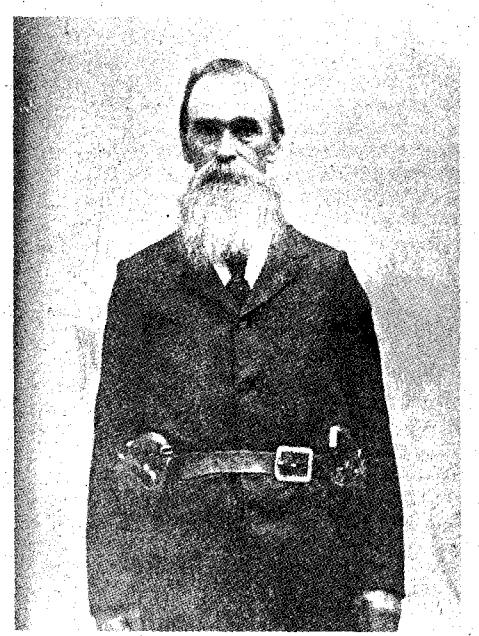
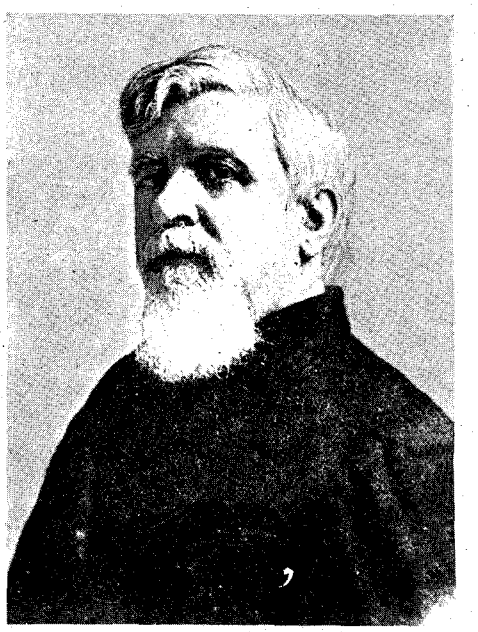
trial. The attorney was tempted to ask him to come back in the morning; but, instead, courteously invited him into the office.

When the man had finished his explanation of why he wanted to talk to Clayton, the attorney was elated. He asked his visitor to be in court the next day when the next session began. Agreeing, the stranger left and Clayton closed his office and walked home—his step light and easy.

Word had gone around during the evening and night that Clayton would move for dismissal of the charges against Evans first thing in the morning. The news had brought more spectators than ever to the courthouse. No one in the crowd, least of all the new judge, even dreamed that Clayton had an unexpected ace up his sleeve when he stood and faced the judge.

"Your honor, I have one last witness I would like to call."


George Maledon, the hangman.


Oklahoma Historical Society Photos
Issac Charles Parker, the judge.

Startled, the judge nodded, "Call your witness."

Clayton spoke to the clerk of the court, then stepped back and waited as the clerk's voice boomed in the suddenly quiet room.

"Maurice Seabolt!"

EVANS PALED, seemed to shrink down in his chair, as the tall gray haired stranger rose from his seat at the back of the room and came forward. Clayton motioned him to the chair beside the desk and, as soon as he had been sworn in by the clerk, said, "Mr. Seabolt, will you please tell this court what you told me in my office last night?"

"Sure." Seabolt settled back in his chair. "About seven months ago my son left our ranch in Texas with a neighbor of ours to look for work up this way. Jobs in our section just weren't to be had and I decided that since he would be with a friend, I couldn't stand in his way so I gave my consent to the trip. When I didn't hear from him, I came looking for him. I found he had been murdered six months ago by the man he was traveling with. I came to you to see what could be done about finding the murderer."

"Your son rode a good horse, did he not? And was well equipped for the trip?" Clayton asked.

"Yes, he was. He had a good horse and plenty of food with him, not much money, about fifteen dollars but he thought that would be enough to keep him until he found work. Before he left, I had a pair of boots made for him so he wouldn't have to spend any of his money for boots until he found work."

"These boots were specially made for him so that you would know them if you saw them again?" Clayton asked.

"That I would. My son wore the boots a day or two before he left to sort of break them in and somehow he broke one of the heels off, the right one. Instead of going to town to have them fixed, he fixed them himself with some horseshoe nails. He didn't quite center the first nail and it didn't hold so he drove two or three more in beside the first to hold the heel on. Then to make double sure, he nailed the other heel on so he wouldn't have to worry about it coming off on the trip up here."

"So by the nails and the boots themselves you can identify your son's possessions?" Clayton asked.

"That I can," Seabolt said grimly. "And besides, I liked the boots so well, that after he left I had a pair just like them made for myself." Reaching down to lift his trousers cuff, he thrust out a boot exactly like those Evans was wearing.

EVANS, the "friend" and neighbor of the Seabolts, was the first man sentenced to hang on the new gallows by the new judge of the reorganized Federal Court for the Western District of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Together with five other men, he stood on the trap with Maledon's rope around his neck on September 6, 1875, in the first mass execution on the gallows. He was the first of more than eighty-eight men sentenced to the gallows by the man who was to become known as the Hanging Judge.

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The West's Greatest Gunman?

(Continued from page 11)

outlaws in jail, Behan said, "You try that, and they'll kill you." After making this statement, the sheriff went back to the O.K. Corral to report to the rustlers, for whom he was acting as lookout and liaison runner.

The fuse had burned that short on an explosive set of circumstances when Doc bestirred himself. The day was one on which his disease was felt as more of a burden than usual. Wherefore, as was customary with him on such occasions, he leaned on a cane as he made his way to a restaurant. While eating breakfast he first learned of what was afoot.

Heading for Hafford's as soon as he'd gulped down his meal, he arrived just as the three Earps had come to a decision. Whatever the outcome, the rustlers had to be faced. If they were not arrested and disarmed, Virgil would have to forfeit his post as city marshal and all three of them would have to get out of that part of the country before the triumphant outlaws or a jeering citizenry hazed them out.

The odds against them had now increased. A vigilante who went to the O.K. Corral to case developments reported that the original five had been joined by Wes Fuller. The vigilante also reported that he had been stopped by the Clantons and given a message to deliver. This was to the effect that if the Earps didn't come to the O.K. Corral to fight it out, they would have bullets in them before the day was over, anyhow.

That did it. Exchanging glances, the three brothers made for the street. They had just reached it when they were hailed by Doc, making it down Allen as fast as his cane would allow. Upon learning that the Earps had decided to have it out with the rustlers, he nodded his approval. "It's about time. I'll go along."

When Wyatt observed that there was no sense in Doc's getting mixed up in a fight that was essentially aimed at himself as an individual and at Virgil as the upholder of law and order in Tombstone, Doc was outraged. "That's a hell of a thing for you to say to me," he remarked.

The fact that Doc was then incorporated in the expedition represented a complete change in the attitude of the Earps. Starting out by trying to avoid a street fight—which they were clear-sighted enough to see as dangerous politically, in addition to the personal peril involved—they were now reconciled to the probability of its occurrence.

They did make one final effort to make arbitration possible, though. There was to be no show of arms as they approached the corral, where they would make a formal demand of the outlaws' weapons before taking further action. In conformance with this plan, Virgil gave his sawed-off shotgun to Doc, who wore a long topcoat, taking Holliday's cane in exchange. Withdrawing an arm from one sleeve, Doc put the weapon out of sight, and the expedition was ready for its advance north one square up Fourth Street and west half a block on Fremont.

The three Earps, all six-footers, wore the black affected by professional gamblers. They also wore set, grim expressions to match the business of the

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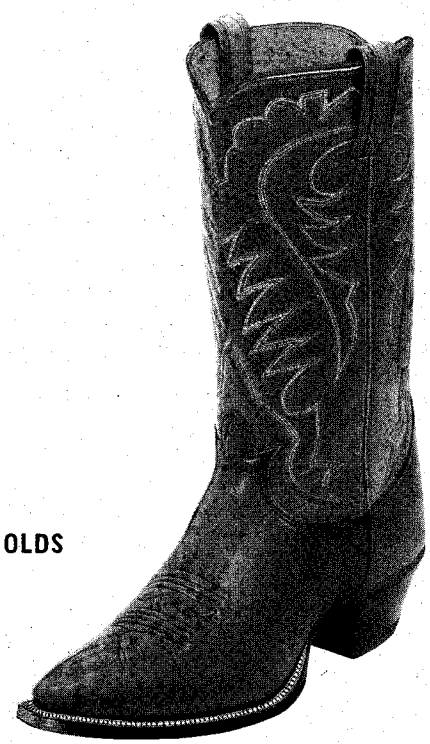

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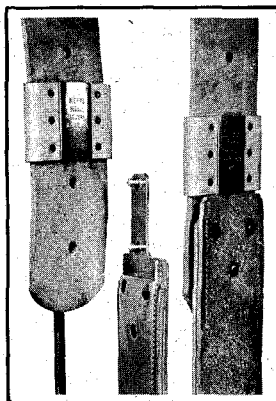

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moment. Doc was nattily clad as usual and was whistling to himself.

At the start of their march they saw John Behan standing with Frank McLowry at the corner of Fourth and Fremont. Hearing an onlooker's cry of "Here they come," the sheriff and the outlaw withdrew toward the O.K. Corral.

IN common parlance this establishment was a livery stable, with open-air pens for nags at the rear. That much of it extended only to an alley which bisected the block from east to west. North of the alley, the property consisted of an open yard. Fencing it on the Fourth Street end was the studio of Arizona's pioneer photographer, C. S. Fly. The office of a mineral assayer furnished a wall on the Third Street side. It was against this adobe bulwark that the two Clantons, the two McLowrys and Claiborne had taken their stand. The sixth man, Wes Fuller, was posted in the alley, where he could both observe the progress of the enemy and guard against any surprise attack down this approach.

Noticing Fuller running back down the alley to announce their coming, Doc growled, "You ought to have cut him down."

He made this remark to Virgil in the best position to have shot at Fuller, as the marshal was in the lead and on the outside of Fourth Street's eastern walk. Behind him walked Morgan while Doc was tailing Wyatt. Arriving at Fremont, however, they broke column of two's to deploy. They then advanced west with Virgil on the inside. Wyatt was next, then came Morgan, with Doc on the north end of the line.

They were just short of Fly's studio when Behan ran up to them. A situation he thought he had under control had got out of it, and his position was bad. He was a peace officer who had been seen openly hobnobbing with armed outlaws while these were challenging the duly appointed authorities of the town.

Behan had evidently counted on having a choice of two good things. If the Earps dodged fighting with the rustlers whom the sheriff had helped to egg on, they were finished right there. But if the Earps did pick up the challenge, Behan counted on his influence with the outlaws to enable him to steal their thunder. He would disarm the Clantons to become the hero of the day, making a fool of the Earps on a much-ado-about-nothing basis.

Only when Doc and the Earps were on their way did he find out that he had miscalculated all around. The Clantons refused to surrender their weapons to him, and what had looked like a beautiful situation had suddenly become a very ugly one for any sheriff of a county to be in.

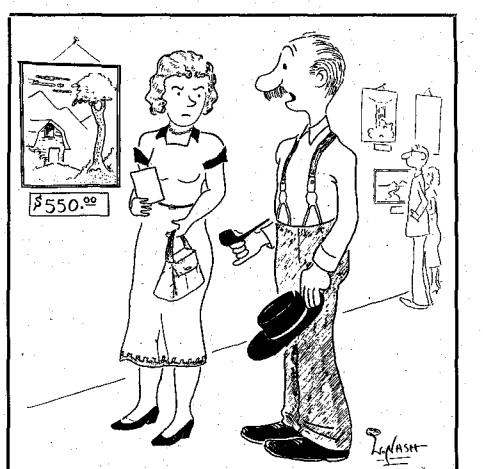
For once he lost his head and did something silly. It should be borne in mind, however, that there were no easy outs from the box in which he had put himself. Finding that his allies would not play ball, he could see nothing for it but to try to hold off his enemies. He, therefore, ran to intercept the group of marshals and made an appeal to the very officer with whom he had laughingly refused to cooperate a short while before.

"It's all right," he told Virgil, "I've disarmed them."

A question brought out the fact that the outlaws had not been put under arrest, though Behan claimed he would correct that oversight immediately. "All right," City Marshal Earp took him up. "Come on."

But Behan had already discovered the fruitlessness of such an attempt. He made one effort to pull the rank he didn't have—for when it came to keeping the peace in Tombstone, the town's chief of police was in charge, not the county sheriff—and then ducked into Fly's studio. Safety in this case was only one motive. Windows from the photographer's shop overlooked the O.K. Corral, allowing anyone inside to keep tabs on what transpired there.

After their brief pause to parley with Behan, the three Earps and Doc swept on to where their challengers waited. When they got as far as the corral yard, the Earps turned left from the street and slanted into it. Doc Holliday carried on for a few paces and then stopped. From where he took his stand he could prevent any move on



"I got my barn painted cheaper than that!"

the part of the rustlers to take advantage of their superior numbers by executing any enveloping or flanking maneuver.

From where Doc stood, too, he could see everything that went on. Wes Fuller had already decided that he was a non-combatant, but the other five outlaws were strung out along the adobe wall at the west end of the lot. Ranging from Billy Clanton at nineteen up to Frank McLowry, thirty, they were a rangy crew of huskies, dressed in the fashion of cowboy dandies. Unlike the guns belonging to the marshals' party their armament was all on display.

SOUTH toward the corral proper was Billy Claiborne, sporting two guns slung from his belt in holsters. Billy Clanton, Ike and Frank McLowry each had one holstered six-shooter. Tom McLowry, who was nearest to Doc, had a six-gun shoved in the waistband of his pants. There was also a couple of rifles, one each in the saddle boots of the two horses hitched at Tom's left. These were strategically placed so as to keep the outlaws secure from anything but a frontal attack. The animals were, in fact, effective in offsetting Doc's flanking position. He held the string of the bag, but he was more or less shut out of the action until the situation changed.

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Meanwhile, he watched his friends stalk into the corral, keeping going until Virgil was confronting Claiborne and Ike Clanton, while Wyatt faced Billy Clanton and Frank McLowry, and Morgan was opposite Tom. Virgil, who still carried Doc's cane, now used it as a truncheon of office. "You men are under arrest," he told them, raising the cane on high for emphasis. "Throw up your hands."

Never was a police officer more swiftly obeyed. Hands snapped up, right enough, and there were guns in them when they did so. As this was not unanticipated, guns also leaped from where the Earps had them in various hiding places. Six men therewith began firing. The number does not include Doc. He had a shotgun in his hands, but no target that he could use a scatter charge on without running the risk of hitting someone on his own side.

Meanwhile, he could see nearly everybody else involved in the action.

On the left wing Virgil had let go of the cane and was reaching for his own revolver. As he was so engaged, he was under fire from Billy Claiborne, who loosed three wild shots at him before he dashed to join Behan in Fly's studio. In the center Wyatt was exchanging bullets with Billy Clanton and Frank McLowry, who doubled up in agony over a slug in the belly. Close at hand Morgan was handicapped in his duel with Tom McLowry, because the latter was shooting from behind one of the horses.

ONLY one man had not armed himself. That was Ike Clanton, whose double-crossing and subsequent loud talk had initiated proceedings. He just stood where he was until the sight of Claiborne's flight and Frank McLowry's gasp of agony combined to show him what he wanted to do. He dashed for Wyatt, shrieking his peaceful intentions.

First blood for the outlaws, in the meantime, went to Tom McLowry, who shot Morgan Earp. Ripping across the base of the neck just outside the aorta, it ploughed through his right shoulder. "I've got it!" he groaned.

Wyatt had just time to tell his brother to drop flat, out of the line of fire, when Ike was upon him. It is the most remarkable circumstance of this engagement—and one incidentally which enraged Doc—that Earp had the restraint to keep from firing at a man who charged him in the middle of such an affray. All he did, though, as Ike grabbed him and pleaded not to be killed, was to shake him off. "This fight's commenced," he growled. "Get to fighting or get out!"

Ike chose the second course, leaping for the door which Behan opened for him. Behind him his younger brother was showing that he was of the stuff of Old Man Clanton. Billy stood his ground, although he had been nicked by Wyatt and seriously wounded by Virgil. The town marshal's bullet broke Billy's gun arm, but young Clanton showed both his gameness and experience by making "the border shift." This was a toss and a catch, from the stricken right hand to the hale left.

Doc was still frozen out of the action, but there was plenty for everybody else except Frank, seemingly finished as he staggered about in a state of shock. Billy and Virgil exchanged a couple more shots with the result of evening

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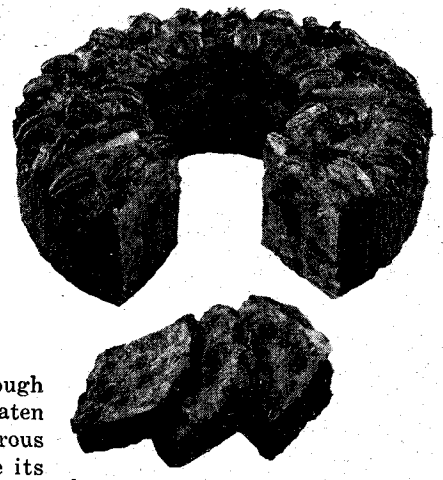

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the score between them. Left hand and all, young Clanton gave Marshal Earp a bad leg wound, high up on the thigh. Billy did not have time to thumb the hammer again, though, before Morgan, who had not seen fit to lie doggo, shot him through the chest. At about the same instant Wyatt found himself under fire from Tom McLowry, who still made a small target where he crouched behind one of the horses. Determined to smoke him out, Wyatt creased one of the already terrified and plunging broncos. Both animals then snapped their reins and dashed away.

Here at last was Doc's chance to pull trigger. Tom McLowry had made a jump for the rifle in the saddle boot of the nearest horse. That would have saved him the time and trouble of reloading, but he still had two shots left in his revolver. When he failed to reach the Winchester, he leveled one more shot at Wyatt which never left the chamber. Doc gave him both charges from the shotgun, tearing him open amidships.

Doc was not aware of his success, as Tom leaped for the corner of the corral and started to make off down Fremont. It was the headless-chicken lunge of a dying man, for Tom fell within a few paces, never to go on. But Doc, who had never liked the shotgun as a weapon, thought it had failed him. He threw it from him in disgust and drew his nickel-plated Colt .45.

At this juncture the garrison of Fly's studio went into action, taking the Earps from the rear. Whirling to meet this new threat, the wounded Morgan fell headlong. Doc aimed two shots at the studio window from which the attack had come. When his bullets zinged into the building, the sniping stopped, but that wasn't all that happened. The rear door of the studio popped open and Ike Clanton made a break for it. Doc tried for him twice, but the distance was too great and Ike disappeared into the livery stable of the O.K. Corral.

Although a six-shooter, the revolver of the frontier was normally loaded with only five cartridges. Experienced gunmen always left the hammer on an empty chamber, as the weapon had no other safety device. Doc thus had but one shot left in his gun, when he faced around again.

Still dangerous, Billy Clanton was sidling along the wall toward the comparative shelter of the corner. Frank McLowry, who had pulled himself together with amazing courage and fortitude, was executing the same maneuver, firing as he went. Wyatt's bullet went through Billy's hips, pinning him in place, but Frank still retreated toward Fremont Street. When Doc turned from firing at the dry gulchers in the studio, he found McLowry looking down his throat and grinning like a stuffed wolf.

As later reported by several who heard it, Frank's remark is interesting but baffling. Unmistakably he referred to some passage at arms between Holliday and himself of which the details have been lost.

"I've got you this time," he announced.

"You're a good one if you have," Doc is reported as answering. At the same time he swung into the classic dueler's stance, offering as target only the right side of his skinny body.

Three shots were fired at almost the same instant. Doc's went through Frank's heart. Morgan, firing from where he was stretched on the ground, put a bullet through Frank's forehead. McLowry's own slug hit Doc's holster, which he wore high on his right hip, and cut a swath along his back.

Billy Clanton, who had slid down into a sitting position, was still trying to make a fight of it. Mumbling prayers to be allowed to get off one more shot, he kept struggling to lift his gun, while Wyatt and Virgil watched him in case he succeeded. Doc aimed his revolver at Billy Claiborne, who fled out the studio's rear door in the wake of Ike Clanton, but there were no bullets left. The hammer fell harmlessly. So, too, did Billy Clanton, who now sprawled in the dust.

Seldom has so much action been crowded into so little time. Witnesses disagreed as to just how many seconds elapsed between the moment that Virgil raised Doc's cane and that other one when the gun slipped from Billy's helpless hand, but the most conservative estimates did not go above a minute.

Of the nine men involved, Ike Clanton and Claiborne had fled, both McLowrys were dead, Billy Clanton was breathing his last and Virgil, Morgan and Doc were wounded. Of those who had stood their ground only Doc and Wyatt, who was unscathed, remained in any shape to carry on.

They had reason to be glad they were in shape to fend for themselves. Wyatt was getting ready to take care of his brothers when the door of Fly's studio again opened, this time to let out John Behan. The sheriff tried to put the marshal's party under arrest for murder committed in the streets of Tombstone.

He was not the only one to rush upon the scene. As previously indicated, the fight had been anticipated by most of the residents and businessmen of downtown Tombstone. Scores had been watching for it, and scores now hurried to look the carnage over. There were, therefore, plenty of witnesses when Behan made his move and Wyatt repulsed him. "I won't be arrested but I'll answer for what I've done," Earp declared. "You threw us, Johnny. You told us they were unarmed."

The sheriff could go no further at the moment, as the vigilantes arrived to take over. Asserting that the city marshal and his deputies had their support, they carried Virgil and Morgan to the former's home. They also posted a twenty-four hour guard to fend off any reprisal attempted against the wounded men.

But if peace was thus fitfully maintained, Tombstone was from that moment on bitterly divided.

In an effort to finish Doc, the opposing faction soon had him and the Earps on the defensive. Instead of being peace officers, arraigned to answer a routine charge of homicide committed in the line of duty, they found themselves forced to show cause why they should not be indicted for deliberate and unprovoked murder. Taken at its face value, the charge was basically the misuse of police power for private ends. The principal defendant should have been Virgil Earp, the city's duly constituted police sachem. The others had the status of only temporary deputies.

As the hearing developed, though, attention was centered on Doc and Wyatt. Virgil, along with Morgan, was excused from appearing because of an incapacitating wound. The result weakened the

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official appearance of the case, shifting the emphasis to bear upon the personal issues involved.

The proceedings dragged on for days and days, with the prosecution juggling the facts and fabricating evidence in a way that made things look mighty bad for Doc and Wyatt. But lucky for them, the committing magistrate, Wells Spicer, was evidently both honest and thorough. In a lengthy written opinion, he analyzed all of the testimony, pro and con, and freed all four of the defendants, observing that the grand jury of Cochise County was then in session and was at liberty to take action if its members found fault with his decision. As it happened, the grand jury took the same view as the judge, but that had no effect on the outlaws and the county political ring, who promptly declared war on Tombstone's city government. In this nutcracker play the function of the rustlers was to harry, intimidate and kill, while that of Behan and his cronies was to see to it that no harm came to them.

"Sorry, Miss, but the judges decided to cancel today's bareback riding event!"

The first move was to distribute notice that Doc and the Earps, as well as everyone who had a prominent part in freeing them, would be subject to assassination if they did not leave town.

On a couple of occasions, attempts were made to ambuscade Doc at night, but truce was somehow kept by day, even though dry-gulchers were usually ready for action after dark. The nearest thing to an open blowoff was a meeting between Doc and Johnny Ringo. Taking his stand in the middle of Allen Street, Ringo challenged Holliday to bite on the other end of Johnny's neckerchief and shoot it out at that intimate nearness. Liking the notion, Doc was blithely striding out to accommodate Johnny when the law intervened.

But if the guns for one reason or another never went off by day, they finally did by night. Emerging from the Oriental Saloon not long before midnight of December 29, 1881, Virgil Earp was dry-gulched by outlaws concealed in a new adobe building under construction across the street. With his left arm shattered and his whole system suffering from shock and loss of blood, Virgil was out of action for the duration.

Morgan was the next to get it—and with him it was fatal. The shot was fired through a ground floor window while he was playing pool, on the night of March 18, 1882. A second shot, which missed, was apparently aimed at Wyatt.

Holding a council, Doc and Wyatt came to several conclusions. The first was that if they remained in Tombstone it would be just a question of time before they, too, were bushwhacked. The second was to take the warpath themselves. The third was to relieve themselves of the necessity of guarding the wounded Virgil. The best solution to this problem, as Virgil himself agreed, was for him and his wife to entrain for Colton, California, where the senior Earps were then living.

Wyatt traveled with his brothers—one dead and one an invalid—as far as Tucson. To help insure against any attempt to finish Virgil off, Wyatt was accompanied by his entire posse of deputy United States marshals, which included Doc Holliday. In Tucson, Doc and Wyatt found that they were in danger of being ambushed wherever they turned.

They had an hour or so of vigilance to maintain before the west-bound coaches would carry Virgil on toward California. Once clear of the Tucson yards, the wounded man and his wife could be figured as reasonably safe from assassin attack.

While the rest of the deputy marshals were out scouting Tucson generally, Wyatt and Doc stood watch over the Virgil Earps, as they ate in the station restaurant. Thereafter, according to Wyatt, Holliday remained in the dining room to order a snack for both of them, while Earp went to the train to see his brother and sister-in-law off. For this reason Doc was not with Wyatt when the latter spotted Frank Stilwell and Ike Clanton.

Wyatt was certain that Stilwell was the man who had killed his brother Morgan. So he headed right toward him. Frank and Ike both opened fire the moment they saw Wyatt approaching with a double-barrel shotgun, but Earp ran up to Stilwell and let him have both barrels, killing him on the spot. Ike got away.

After Wyatt and Doc returned to Tombstone, Sheriff Behan of Cochise County—who had been in touch by telegraph with Sheriff Bob Paul of Pima County, where Tucson is located—attempted to arrest them on charges of murdering Frank Stilwell. But they defied him and, accompanied by the other deputy U. S. marshals, rode out of town again in search of the rest of the outlaws known to be responsible for the death of Morgan Earp.

One of these was Florentino Cruz. After he had been tracked down he tried to pass on the major share of the blame to where it would stick without hurting him, but finally admitted he had been paid to help gun down any possible pursuers of the trigger men—Frank Stilwell, Curly Bill Graham and Hank Swilling. On hearing that, Wyatt made him a sporting proposition—he would be allowed to go free if he could shoot Wyatt down and he would be given the advantage of the draw. As agreed, on the count of "one" he went for his gun, while Wyatt made no move until the count of "three," but Floren-

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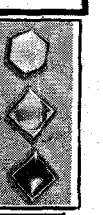

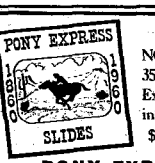

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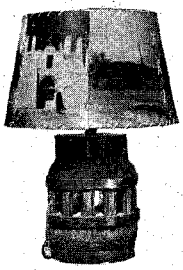

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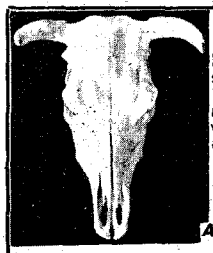

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tino lost just the same and his body was left where it fell, as a warning to his fellow rustlers and—as it turned out—a weapon for Sheriff John Behan. Here was a killing which had been committed in John's own bailiwick. He didn't need to apply to reluctant Bob Paul now to hit the trail.

At the most, Doc was no more than an accessory in this killing, along with the other deputy marshals. Nevertheless, the death of Cruz almost put an end to Doc's own career a short while later in Colorado.

Meanwhile, Behan's posse was out gunning for Wyatt's posse, each legally armed with authority to arrest most of the members of the other band. This peculiar horse chase cut trails up and down the wide valley of the San Pedro and in one encounter Wyatt killed Curly Bill with his shotgun.

After the slaying of Bill the outlawed deputy marshals held the field, while Behan rode home to hand the county his expense account.

The grumbling of the citizenry over the nature of his activities and their cost was only one of the factors which induced the sheriff to disband his posse. While he was away, Governor F. A. Tritle, who had finally been appointed to succeed Fremont as chief executive of Arizona Territory, had arrived in Tombstone, just in time to learn of several new outrages committed by Cochise County gangsters. His comments and threats of future action were such as to make Behan pull in his horns.

As for Doc, somehow, he had stood the weeks in the saddle and the many hundreds of miles of riding over rugged country. This was an endurance test to wear down hardened cavalrymen in top condition, yet he coughed and kept on going but not just for the ride. The gaudier accounts put five new cadavers in his private Boot Hill. The conservative ones dangled but two or three new scalps from his belt. As was usual with him, Doc made no personal claims.

After Behan thought it wise to dissolve his posse, the one composed of deputy United States marshals had encountered no legal opposition. It was only when the war was over and won that they were in difficulties. All were on the wanted list in both Cochise and Pima Counties. To surrender in either one would have been to commit suicide.

They could not remain in Arizona and avoid arrest, yet they foresaw that Behan's hatred might create a problem wherever they went. Following an exchange of wires with various people, however, they received an indirect invitation from Governor F. W. Pitkin to come to Colorado.

Arizona's Governor Tritle was the messenger boy if not the man who pulled the strings. According to Earp, it was Tritle who advised him to go to Colorado after due consultation with its chief executive.

As the latter had reputedly agreed not to honor any writ of extradition without a court hearing on the case, Wyatt was safe, but it turned out that Holliday decidedly was not. Instead, Doc stepped into a bear trap from which he once more barely emerged with his skin.

In Colorado, Wyatt decided to lie low in a hide-out distant from Denver. Doc, on the other hand, took his chances in the capital, which he reached on May 15, checking in at the sheriff's office upon his arrival.

That same day, a man claiming to be an officer from Arizona, and giving his name as Perry M. Mallen, asked Deputy Sheriff Charles T. Linton of Arapahoe County to help him locate Doc. Linton did. Whereupon Mallen pulled a dramatic two-gun act and announced that he was making an arrest. Unarmed himself, Doc submitted to Perry's custody.

What followed was the most remarkable sequence of events in even John Holliday's storm-ridden existence.

Doc and the others had come to Colorado in the belief that they would there get a hearing before courts unaffected by the influences of excited public opinion and sensational reports.

But as he examined his Denver press notices, Doc saw this hope fly out a window from which iron bars prohibited his own exit.

Yet Doc turned out to be not without friends, and on May 17, the *Rocky Mountain News* gave his side of the story, which was a brief summary of the feud between Wyatt and Behan and which went on to say, "Holliday is well known by General D. J. Cook and others of the Rocky Mountain detectives, and has also many other acquaintances in Denver who put a good deal of faith in his story."

Why should Cook, Colorado's celebrated crime buster, have chosen to go to bat for Doc, or indeed why should the whole administration of Colorado have taken its extraordinary course with regard to this case?

The answer offered here is no more than a supposition that will remain without vindicating proof, inasmuch as the records of Wells, Fargo and Company were destroyed in the great San Francisco fire of 1906.

Yet the only thing that fits the case is that the long arms of this powerful organization reached out to protect one of its useful operatives. This was not Doc, himself, but Wyatt Earp. However, the men striving to cover Earp could not sacrifice Holliday without paving the way for the arrest of the man they really wanted to protect.

In a series of complicated maneuvers that followed, the first step was to have a warrant issued charging Doc with operating a confidence game in Pueblo, Colorado, when he was there three years earlier. This was obviously a ruse for holding Doc in Colorado.

As was expected, Sheriff Paul of Pima County and Sheriff Behan of Cochise County were soon vying with each other to get Doc back to Arizona, the first on a charge of shooting Frank Stilwell and the second on a charge of slaying Florentino Cruz, although the long-suffering dentist hadn't actually killed either one of them.

After various legal and political moves and counter-moves, involving writs of *habeas corpus* and extradition papers, the final decision came up to Governor Pitkin of Colorado, who refused to send Doc back to Arizona on two counts—first that the extradition papers were improperly drawn and second that Colorado had the first claim to Doc on the Pueblo bunko-steering charge. That was the end of the Cochise County feud.

The Pueblo case was disposed of in short order and Doc was free to continue his career as a lone-wolf gambler—but thereafter his life was pretty much anticlimax.

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Naturally, he had a few more gunfights. In Deadwood, he saved an inoffensive and terrified miner's life by shooting a bullying bartender through the wrist. Moving on to Leadville, he got into an argument with Chief of Police Bill Allen over a $5 debt Doc was unable to pay, and shattered the officer's shooting arm with a pistol bullet. Later, Constable A. J. Kelly tried to polish Doc off but the gambler beat him to the draw with two lethal pistol shots. Oddly enough, although exonerated for killing Kelly, Doc was brought to trial for shooting Allen.

It was the only time any case against him got beyond the stage of indictment or preliminary hearing—but he beat the rap just the same.

Exactly how many men Doc killed in all is a matter of dispute. Some estimates place the number as high as thirty-five but a Denver newspaperman who took an interest in this problem six weeks after Doc's death and checked into it, reported that, "The best authorities say he had killed sixteen."

"No cups . . . ! ! ! "

Doc's difficulty with Allen is a sufficient clue to what was happening to the world in which he had flourished. For a top-hand faro dealer to be dunned for a paltry five bucks marked a change in the times. By 1884, however, the great days of free-lance gambling in the West had gone.

The uproarious camps had either quieted to talk in whispers or folded entirely.

The triumph of commerce finally pushed gambling and gamblers into the shadow of the underworld where they have since remained.

Doc's health took a turn for the worse, and his new way of life did not encourage its betterment. The hours in the gambling saloons were no longer balanced by hours in the saddle. Civilization was wrapping him in a winding sheet; for now when he moved from one town to another it was not with the wind in his face. When he shuttled back and forth between Leadville and Denver, he rode in a train like any businessman commuter.

At that time, the sulphur vapors at Glenwood Springs were being ballyhooed as medicine's final answer to tuberculosis. On the off-chance that this was true, Doc went to the health resort to play his last chip. This was in May, 1887.

But his lungs were too far gone, and the sulphur fumes destroyed what remained of them instead of effecting any cure. He spent his last fifty-seven days in bed and for two weeks he was delirious.

Then, one step short of eternity, Doc Holliday emerged from coma to perform three conscious acts and to speak twice. Toward ten o'clock on the morning of November 8, 1887, he astonished those gathered at his bedside by opening clear eyes and asking for a tumbler of whisky, which he drank with deliberate satisfaction.

Leaving no heeltaps, he gave the attendant an appreciative smile before he spoke once more. "This is funny," he said, and closed his eyes forever.

All veterans of the circuit who heard of his pronouncement knew what he meant.

For nearly fifteen years, it had been common knowledge that Doc had a standing bet with the odds. Up until the time he had resigned himself to being a patient at Glenwood Springs, he always believed that somebody would manage to finish him with a bullet before tuberculosis could put him under grass.

So he beat the game, after all, by dying with his boots off.

Cannibal Ally

(Continued from page 20)

The squaws danced by and leaped up to snap at these tidbits.

This was the ritual which had cost the Tonkawas so grievously. The Comanches called my ancestors *Neu-matakers,* meaning "Eaters of Human Beings." All southwestern tribes shared the idea that scalping and mutilating an enemy kept his spirit out of the Happy Hunting Ground. But unfortunately for the Tonkawas, our tribe also believed that by eating some of the flesh of a slain enemy the victor absorbed the strength of the vanquished. Squaws eating such flesh would transmit the enemy's power to their sons. This superstition was to lead to the complete undoing of Placido and his band.

THE BLOODY LESSON extended the Comanches at Big Prairie taught them to attempt no more large scale invasions of the white settlements. They entered upon ceaseless guerilla warfare which kept the frontier aflame. Periodically, the whites continued to enlist the services of Placido in keeping the enemy at bay. The Comanches came to prefer a Tonkawa scalp to one of a paleface.

Whites homesteaded most of the Tonkawa hunting grounds by the time Texas entered the Union. Conditions grew even worse for the tribe when shortly thereafter came the Mexican War and Edward Burleson, friend and benefactor of the Tonkawas, went away with the Texas Division. Without his aid, the Tonkawas found themselves unable to procure ammunition as other whites retained their suspicions of the tribe because of their reputation for cannibalism. By the time Burleson returned, hunger and Comanche raids had reduced the tribe to less than 300 persons.

Burleson removed to a new home at the head of the San Marcos River,

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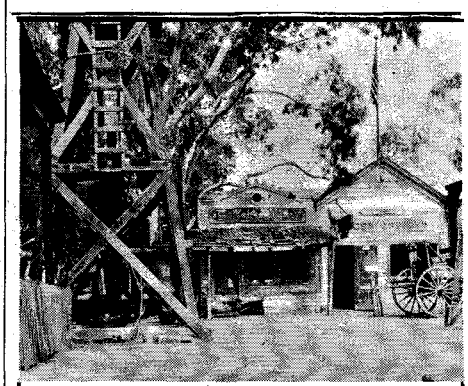

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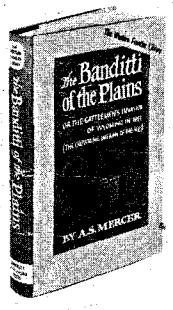

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where the cold crystal waters swirled out from under the Hays Mountains. Placido and his eldest son, Little Spots, visited him there in the fall of 1848 to seek his intervention in gaining redress from the State of Texas for loss of the Tonkawa lands.

The first night of their visit, owls became unusually active in their hooting. "Comanches!" whispered Placido as he covered up the blazing fire with ashes. Soundlessly he crawled out the door and disappeared in the darkness. In a few minutes he was back.

"Comanches steal'em Scurry," he whispered.

Scurry was the name of a famous warhorse ridden by General Richard Scurry at the Battle of Monterey in the Mexican War and later presented to his friend General Burleson. Placido had penned his ponies with some Burleson stock in a small stockade adjoining the cabin. He and Little Spots, Burleson and his son Edward, Jr., quickly saddled up and the chief led off into the night in pursuit of the thieves. This was ancestral Tonkawa land and Placido knew every inch of the country. Certain that the Comanches suspected no immediate pursuit, he set an easy pace so as to arrive, come daylight, at the mountain pass he figured they would use in heading for their village around the headwaters of the Blanco.

His surmise proved correct. Dawn revealed not far ahead a typically powerful young Comanche chief astride Scurry while two braves on Indian ponies flanked him. Placido silently signaled the charge and his party's mounts were in full stride and bearing down on the thieves before they were aware of their danger. The Comanches flailed their mounts toward the pass but their pursuers gained rapidly—all except General Burleson, who had grown stout enough to slow his horse.

"Placido!" he shouted. "Biggest beef in my herd for Scurry."

Scurry was much the best horse in the unfolding drama and the chief astride him could have escaped, but he would periodically drop back and help urge forward the mounts of his companions.

"Shoot'em braves but no shoot'em chief," yelled Placido. "Maybe so hit'em Scurry. Placido kill'em chief."

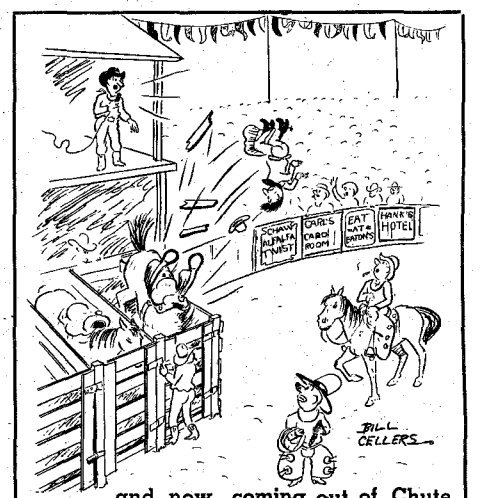
At short range Little Spots and young Edward cut down the two braves and dropped back. The surviving Comanche raced Scurry into a lead, wheeled him, set his spear and came charging back toward white-haired Placido whom he had recognized. The Comanche's features were contorted with hatred. Placido leveled his lance and went for the big Comanche. At the last fraction of a second, he side-slipped to the right and rotated his body slightly to the left, thus receiving only a superficial lance wound along the left breast. But he drove his spear so fiercely into his enemy that the head projected out his back, upending him and knocking him off Scurry.

The Comanche fell heavily and had just struggled to his feet, his hands grasping Placido's spear shaft in an effort to part it and free him for further combat, when the old chief galloped back alongside him and almost decapitated the Comanche with a mighty sweep of his butcher knife. Before the blood ceased to gush from the victim's throat, Placido had him scalped and butchered—seasoning for the promised Burleson beef.

SUCCESS IN the more important matter—land for the Tonkawas—was much slower in coming. General Burleson was pushing the project when he died in 1851. Sam Houston and other political leaders continued the effort. However, not until 1854 was the Brazos Agency, comprised of eight leagues of good land on the Brazos River some fifteen miles below the mouth of Clear Fork, established for the Tonkawas and the "agricultural" Indians. There were now only 250 Tonkawas left to be enrolled on the agency registry of 1,109 Indians.

Sixty miles upstream in Clear Fork, a four-league reservation was established for the Penateka Comanches under Chief Ketemesie, a good man. He and Placido arranged to bury the hatchet and try to build a new life for their peoples.

Things went well at the Brazos Agency. The agent was able, honest and kindly Captain S. P. Ross. The Wacoes and Caddoes under his charge were traditionally skilled farmers. The Tonkawas under Placido's insistence learned



". . . and now, coming out of Chute Number Six . . ."

agriculture rapidly from their neighbors. Soon there were lush fields of wheat and corn, melons, pumpkins, onions and pepper. Foundation herds of cattle, horses and hogs were carefully tended and built up. A school was established and, under pressure exerted on the kids by Placido, grew to an average daily attendance of fifty pupils.

Amidst this hopeful scene a sinister factor was operating. The wild Comanches—especially the Cohoites, Yapparikas, Kochatekas and Nocones—had no intention of allowing Texans the blessings of peace. Every full moon they sneaked down from strongholds on the headwaters of the Red and Canadian to pillage, murder and scalp. They sometimes used the Penateka reservation as a rest stop, creating the belief that their raids were mounted there. Some of the Penatekas were not above joining in these bloody ventures. Thus louder grew demands for removal of all Indians from the state of Texas.

Placido realized that his people and their neighbors were on the verge of losing their cherished home. He raised a force of some 111 warriors at the Brazos Agency and joined up with Colonel John S. Ford, who was commanding a force of 100 Texas Rangers to chastise the Comanches.

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At first light on May 12, 1858, the old chief and his Indians wiped out a small Comanche village on the Rio Negro. Then they led the Rangers to the main village of Chief Iron Jacket and his Kochatekas at Antelope Hills on the Canadian. In a prolonged battle the combined forces chopped up the Comanches. One of Placido's nephews named Jim Pockmark killed Iron Jacket.

The noise of conflict carried up the river some ten miles to the village of Peta Nocona and his Nocones. He mustered a force of some 500 warriors and hurried down to join the battle. Fortunately for the Texans, the Nocones did not arrive until their kinsmen had been routed. With the aid of some brilliant flanking action by Placido and his scouts, the Nocones were put to flight. Pursuit of them was continued until late afternoon when Colonel Ford ordered a halt for his nearly exhausted forces. They returned to Iron Jacket's village, burned it and withdrew.

INSTEAD OF discouraging Comanche depredations, this campaign had the opposite effect. Now came a time when the federal government could scarcely ignore the screams for help arising in Texas. A punitive force was organized at Fort Belknap under Major Earl Van Dorn. Lawrence "Sul" Ross, son of the agent at the Brazos Agency and destined to become a famous Indian fighter, came home from college to organize with Placido a new force of 135 scouts from the Brazos reservation. These joined up with Van Dorn and the expedition shoved off on September 15, 1858.

The force moved generally north for two weeks without encountering any hostiles, but Placido rode in on the twenty-ninth to report that his scouts had located an enormous encampment of Comanches at Rush Springs near the main Wichita village off the Washita River. The scouts had been able to identify the bands of Hair-Bobbed-on-One-Side, Over-the-Buttes and Buffalo Hump.

Unknown to Placido and Van Dorn (this was before the day of the telegraph) Army authorities at Fort Arbuckle had just completed a peace treaty with these *same* Comanches, the principal provision being an agreement by the Indians to cease raiding in Texas. The red men concluded that Van Dorn's mission (they knew of his advance from scout reports) was friendly and assumed he was en route with promised presents to cement the treaty. Thus they continued feasting and gambling with the Wichitas.

Van Dorn ordered a forced march and covered the 100-mile distance to Rush Springs by daylight of the thirty-first. The Comanches were all gorged and abed when Van Dorn struck in the chill fog pouring down from the Wichita Mountains. The warriors sprang up to catch their ponies and defend their villages but Placido and his scouts had already run off their horses. Unaccustomed to fighting on foot, they received a fearful mauling and the survivors were run out of the country.

FOR THE next few months little was heard in the settlements from the Comanches. The whites breathed easier and ceased to threaten Placido and his neighbors. But this condition was only a lull before the storm. Whereas the battle at Rush Springs was a glorious victory to the whites, it was a massacre in Comanche eyes and the red men thirsted for vengeance. They resumed their raiding in the spring of 1859 and by late summer again had the frontier in ruins. The whites were driven to desperation by having to maintain a constant posture of defense. They lived in a continuous state of alarm.

The finger of suspicion again pointed, however stupidly, toward the reservation Indians. A volunteer force of settlers headed for the Brazos to exterminate the supposed infection centers. The army got wind of this development and intercepted these irregulars. A pitched battle was barely averted. The Texans dispersed with angry threats to gather reinforcements and return.

They obviously meant business, so top Army authorities were apprised of conditions. Troops appeared before the Texas reservation on August 1, 1859, and ordered the Indians to pack for immediate evacuation to Oklahoma Territory. The harvest moon was at hand but they were not permitted to gather any of their crops nor even to round up their stock.

As the tragic cavalcade struck the trail north, Placido gazed sadly at the pile of lumber and logs he had been accumulating to build him a cabin like those of his white "friends." Hot and dusty days succeeded one another in deadening monotony and the hungry multitude came to feel that Placido was somehow to blame for their misfortunes. Had he not championed the white man who had now plunged them into total ruin? The chief's loss of face was so great that kinsmen had to ride close herd on him lest he be murdered.

On the fifteenth of August, the displaced people arrived at the bluffs overlooking the Washita west of the present site of Anadarko, Oklahoma. A herd of buffalo was peacefully grazing in the bottoms below. The Indians grew wild with excitement as such game had practically disappeared around their Texas reservations. The troops wisely allowed their charges to kill and roast buffalo to their hearts' content after which the Indians dropped their schemes for revolt and proceeded to establish villages. An agency was set up and Fort Cobb constructed to protect it.

Comanche troubles in Texas worsened. This was proof that the former Brazos Agency Indians were innocent of raiding. But instead of being invited back to their homes, they were implored again to help fight the Comanches. Faithful Placido responded and recruited a company of scouts for a regiment commanded by Colonel M. T. Johnston. The colonel had his own ideas about how to fight Indians and refused to heed Placido's advice. The result was that few Comanches were killed even though the chief led the regiment right to the villages of Hears-the-Sunrise and Wolf-Lying-Down—two infamous raiders.

Sul Ross was then commissioned Captain of Texas Rangers. He sent for Placido and his scouts. On the eighteenth of December, 1860, the Rangers and scouts plus an Army detachment encountered the Nocones and cut them to ribbons, killing their great chief Peta Nocona. Still the Comanche raids showed no abatement.

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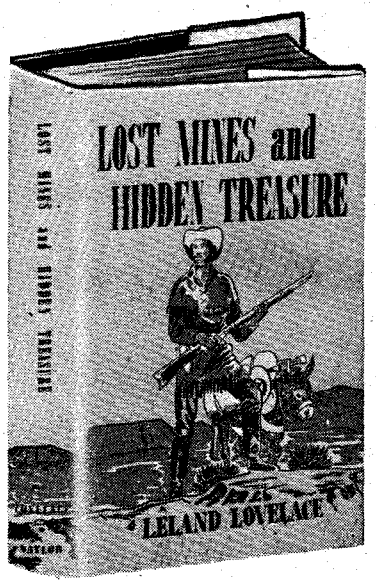

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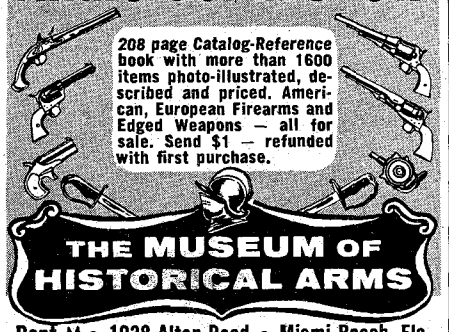

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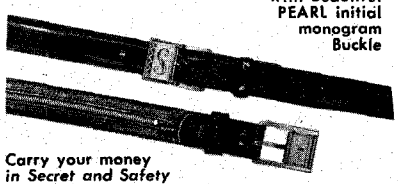

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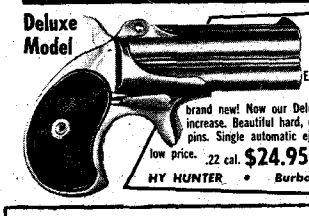

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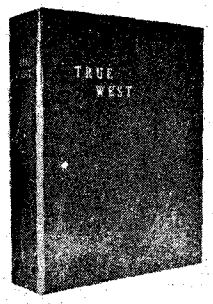

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tier forts withdrew to Kansas and the Confederates took over Fort Cobb. However, large numbers of Fort Cobb Indians began enlisting in the Union Army in the hope of avenging themselves on the Texans. Placido forbade any of the Tonkawas to follow suit and this action rekindled old hatreds for him. The Penatekas became very hostile and the pro-Union Indians at the Kansas agency—Osages, Shawnees and Delaware—sent word that they were coming down to murder the Confederates at Fort Cobb and massacre the Tonkawas.

By the middle of October, 1862, the situation had grown so threatening that the Tonkawas decided to risk moving back to the Fort Belknap area in Texas to await the war's end. Placido sent Little Spots and five braves with their squaws on a buffalo hunt to procure meat sufficient for the journey, ordering them to be gone no more than seven days.

On the sixth day after their departure, Little Bee, Placido's granddaughter and wife of a Caddo, slipped over to warn her grandfather that her husband's tribe was spreading a story that the Tonkawas had murdered and butchered a Caddo youth for a cannibalistic feast. They were passing this lie to the Penatekas and asking aid in slaughtering the Tonkawas.

Placido ordered his people to pack and be ready for instant departure. That very night a large war party under Chief Ben Simon came down from Kansas and sneaked into the Fort Cobb reservation, recruited the Penatekas and other bands and attacked the agency. They massacred the whites and set fire to the agency buildings.

The Tonkawa village lay along the Washita some distance south of the agency but Placido heard the uproar and noted the burning buildings. He sent his people into headlong flight. Some two hours before dawn, they halted on a tiny creek in a valley southeast of Anadarko near the site of the present Catholic mission. At daybreak Placido mounted a pony to ride up on a nearby ridge to have a look around. There came a heavy burst of rifle fire at close range and the gallant old chief toppled backwards off his horse. With blood-curdling yells, the enemy horde rushed upon the Tonkawa encampment from all sides. They had followed the Tonkawa trail and surrounded Placido's band.

Mid-afternoon found Little Spots and his hunting party approaching Fort Cobb. From a hilltop several miles away they noted smoke arising from the still smouldering agency building. Suspecting tragedy, they cautiously swung far south of the agency and headed east to cut their tribe's trail toward Fort Belknap. When they located it, they were dismayed to note the very heavy south-bound trail of the pursuers and the blood-spotted north-bound return track.

They raced to the Tonkawa encampment and discovered their worst fears realized. One half-grown girl came sobbing from the waters of the creek but the others had been scalped and chopped to pieces.

All except Placido. In death the Comanches had left his white hair and ancient body intact, thus rewarding his fabled bravery with their greatest honor—opportunity for happy immortality. The whites unwittingly *did* make one small contribution to his memorialization by dubbing the vale in which he perished "Tonkawa Valley." It bears that name today.

The Way Back

(Continued from page 31)

Now I could eitner stay in the tank or get out and buck the storm. In either case it was freeze. I chose the latter. Dropping through the trap door, I started to wallow my way out of the gully. It had already drifted half full of snow.

Out on the prairie the full force of the wind struck me. I almost changed my mind. Walking was easy because the ground was swept almost free of snow. Only the draws were full. I blundered into them again and again, swimming in a sea of snow until I found the other bank.

Now the storm was reaching the height of its power, getting colder steadily. To face it almost took my breath. Fine snow drove under my collar where it melted, ran down and froze again. I still had the whiskey. Every quarter hour I took a sip. That, and the exertion, kept me fairly warm—all but my feet. They felt numb.

Dawn came as I stumbled on. Day was little different except I could see the driving snow and skirt the snow-packed draws. Always, a short distance ahead, moved the storm wall. It was like a thick bank of fog beyond which I could not see. There could have been a town there and I would have passed by without knowing. I was alone in a world of wind and snow. It was maddening!

About midday it seemed to break. A patch of blue appeared through a rift in the clouds as the wind died. But suddenly the clouds closed in again and the wind rose to its former fury. Wearily I moved on. Now I had one thought only—keep walking.

Sometime during the night the wind died down again and the snow stopped. The clouds disappeared and a million stars showed cold, distant and bright in an inky sky. Last night they would have been wonderful, but now I hardly noticed them. Without the wind it seemed warmer but I knew that when a blizzard clears the temperature really drops. Now at all cost, I must keep moving. Tomorrow there was a chance they might find me. But could I make it?

I'll never forget that dawn—the dawn I never expected to see. I could see smoke rising from three different places. Each, I knew, represented a farm where help was available, but I seemed to be looking at them in a detached sort of way—as if in a dream. I didn't have enough life left to get up and try to reach them. I just sat there, slowly falling into the sleep that is death by freezing.

Behind me was the circular path I had tramped as I staggered the night away—around and around in a circle that is the trademark of lost men. I was barely a mile from the house and if I hadn't started to circle I would have passed it in the night.

At the first light of day, Nick had the crew out on saddle horses hunting for me. I wasn't hard to find. Sitting there in the snow, I was the only dark spot in that vastness of white. They hauled me home in a sleigh.

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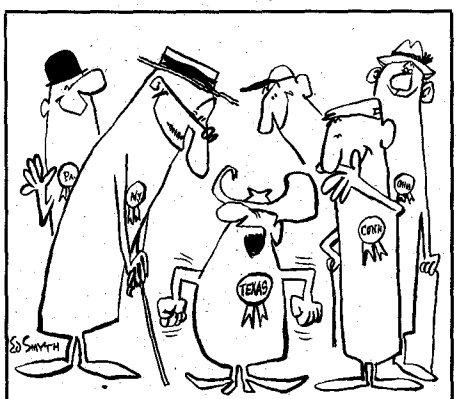
"Coal oil will draw the frost out," I heard Mrs. Firr say as she cut away my frozen shoes and socks. They brought in a tub of ice-cold kerosene and put my feet into it. It might have drawn the frost but the pain was unbearable. I passed out.

WHEN I CAME to I was in the hospital. It wasn't much of a place by modern standards; just a big, old house two nurses had fixed up. I lost consciousness three more times. The last time I awoke, I saw the doctor and nurses talking in the adjoining room. I couldn't hear all they said but clearly I caught one word—"Amputate!"

The nurse approached carrying a syringe and wearing that synthetic cheerful smile they have for patients who are going to get the works. "I'll give you a shot to ease the pain," she said. "We'll have to do a little operating."

"Not on your life!" I shouted. "I heard what you said. You're not cutting off my feet!"



"I am TOO!"

Her smile vanished and she just stood there staring at me. The doctor came in. "There is no other way," he said.

"You're not cutting off my feet!"

"But gangrene will set in and you'll die."

"Then I'll die with my feet on."

"Look at them," he said, pulling back the covers. They were black and swollen twice normal. I had trouble believing they were actually my feet.

"Doc," I said finally. "Get this and get it straight. If you cut off my feet, the first time I get hold of a gun, I'll shoot you!"

He believed it. Without another word he turned and walked away. The nurse, as she fixed the bed, still tried to talk to me. I just kept shaking my head. At the door she stopped, turned and asked, "Don't you want to live?"

"Not without my feet," I answered. She left.

I dozed off. When I awoke I was startled to see Shorty, a sheepherder, standing beside my bed. I never knew his real name—very few did—we just called him Shorty the Sheepherder. He was a little man about four-foot-ten and well along in years. He spent the winters in town and summers herding sheep.

"Heard you got frosted," he said as I opened my eyes.

"My hands and feet," I answered. "The doc says blood poisoning is setting in and I'll die if I don't let him cut them off."

Shorty pulled back the covers and examined my feet. "Not bad, not so bad," he muttered, half to himself. "A little black—I've seen worse." Then he turned to me and said, "I can fix that for you."

Caught by surprise, I hesitated. He added quickly, "So you'll walk without having to cut them off."

"Go ahead," I said finally. "What have I got to lose? All the sawbones can do is cut them off."

Shorty had the nurse send for six chickens to be delivered alive to the room. When they arrived both nurses came to watch. The doc had already gone. Tucking his pipe firmly in the corner of his mouth, Shorty grasped a chicken by the neck. Lifting it out of the crate he neatly killed it with the flick of a powerful thumb—the same way you'd flip a wad of paper with your thumb.

Splitting it down the middle, he wrapped the chicken, entrails and all, around my foot. One by one, he did the same with the other foot and both my hands. When he slapped one on my face, it was worse than the kerosene bath. This time I couldn't pass out.

"To draw the bad blood out," he explained to the nurses. A moment later their fascination turned to horror. He pulled out his pocket knife and began to jab slits in my feet. I have the scars for proof.

As black blood began to flow from the slits, Shorty nodded in satisfaction. He stood there, methodically puffing his pipe and watching, now and then jabbing another slit or rearranging a chicken. The job finally done, he pocketed his knife and left without another word.

Chickens, slits or whatever it was—the thing worked. The swelling slowly began to go down and the pain eased. The doc never came back, but a few days later Shorty walked in as unexpectedly as before. He stood there looking at my feet and repeated over and over, "Not bad, not bad at all!"

I tried to thank him. Abruptly he pulled the covers back, turned on his heels, said goodbye and walked out. He never came again.

WHEN I WAS finally able to leave the hospital, Nick took me back out to the farm. I couldn't have gotten better care in a modern hospital than I got there. Slowly I began to hobble around and use my hands again. Nick kept me on the payroll all the time and that, coupled with a Woodsman's policy, enabled me to pay my bills. I heard no more of Shorty, so I sent him a hundred dollars with a note of thanks. It was never acknowledged.

I left Nick's farm the following fall. I didn't want to spend another winter there for fear of what the cold would do to my still-tender feet. Even today, in winter I have trouble keeping my hands and feet warm.

On the station platform, as I waited for the train, I again met Shorty. We talked for a moment. When the train started to pull out, I asked, "Did you get the hundred I sent you?"

"Sure," he replied, with one of his infrequent grins. "It came in handy. With it I could stay an extra month in town before going out with the sheep."

Maybe the hundred did come in handy for Shorty—but not nearly as handy as the hands and feet he saved for me.

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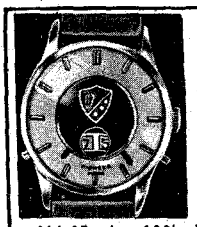

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Looking For a Lost Mine?

(Continued from page 14)

area similar to the yellow clay Freyermuth mentioned.

This one is very much a possibility.

The Lost Yuma Black-Gold Mine might be worth looking into, if you have no other in mind. Thomas McLean, a West Point graduate who lost his commission through an error of judgment, established an Indian trading post at the confluence of the Gila and San Pedro Rivers in what is now Pinal County, Arizona, at the foot of Mount Grayback. The Indians traded him coarse gold for goods and, by watching them for weeks, he discovered the gold was coming from a vein of ore half a mile from the trading post. One night McLean and a man named Wilson filled sacks with ore and loaded down two mules, after which they went directly to Tucson where the ore brought them $8,000.

Discovering that McLean had raided their source of gold, the Indians overwhelmed him and Wilson at Canade de Oro, killing both. A friend of McLean, Charles C. Brown, knew the general location of the vein; but search as he did over a period of ten years he never found it. It's still there so far as anyone knows. That McLean received $8,000 for the two mule loads of ore is a matter of record.

Then there is the Lost Six-Shooter Mine that is a tempting dish. A desert prospector, overcome by a sandstorm, perished near Cibola, on the Colorado River in Yuma County, Arizona. His six-shooter was missing from its holster. The holster was crammed with gold ore that assayed $25,000 to the ton. Drifting sand had covered the prospector's trail so that backtracking him was impossible. The country hereabouts is vast and desolate, but somewhere out there lies a bonanza. You might also find the missing six-shooter.

The Lost Dutch Oven Mine in southern California is on every fortune seeker's list, and is a fascinating story. The only trouble is, it's located in more places than a centipede has legs. It is generally believed to be somewhere in the Clipper Mountains. Some say in the center of San Bernardino County, which is mighty big, and others center it somewhere around Victorville. It is mentioned here because knowledge of it on a hearsay basis, is so widespread and persistent that it likely does exist somewhere in that given area. Thomas Scofield was prospecting one day when he came upon what appeared to be another prospector's camp, long abandoned. Rusting tools and cooking utensils lay about. A Dutch oven reposed over a blackened spot on the ground where a fire had once been built. The oven was rust eaten and bore signs of long use. Scofield kicked it and it practically fell apart. He noticed that it was filled with quartz. Examination disclosed the quartz to be loaded with gold.

Scofield spent the day looking for the source, and for the missing prospector. When he went home that night there was no moon and he wandered a bit. He carried some of the quartz with him and the next day an assayer told him it would run close to $2,000 per ton.

Now eager to get back, Scofield tried to retrace his steps but found that in the darkness he'd forgotten the way. The next day he tried to follow his route on the day he had found the oven but that too was a futile effort. He was never much at remembering directions and found that he was confused. He remained confused for the rest of his days. I expect a thousand others have looked for the Lost Dutch Oven Mine and it's still lost.

THE LOST SOAPMAKER Mine is definitely known to have been located on the old Butterfield stage route west of Ajo, Arizona. It was discovered by three Mexicans who employed an old German soapmaker in Tucson to direct their efforts at recovering the gold. During the next three months the Mexicans brought out by pack train more than $30,000 worth of gold. They were careful to avoid being followed, always posting rear guards and watching their flanks closely. The old soapmaker told a woman in Tucson where the mine was, roughly sixty-five miles due west of Ajo, off the old stage route a short piece.

One week when the Mexicans failed to arrive in Tucson, relatives started a search for them. Neither the wagons, the Mexicans nor the German soapmaker were ever found.

Some years later a dying Papago Indian admitted to a priest in a deathbed confession that he had been one of a party of Indians who had slain the Mexicans and the soapmaker, burying their bodies in the sand. They then filled the mine shaft with sand.

The soapmaker, one Otto Schultz, had told his girl friend, Kitty Boyne, that it was the richest gold ledge in Arizona and that outcroppings of it could be found for a distance of a hundred yards or more along the side of the mountain. That part of Arizona is known best for its copper deposits, but there are gold mines in the region, too.

The Lost Nigger Mine of Texas has lured many searchers over the years. A Negro named "Seminole Bill" came in one evening from a cattle roundup in the vicinity of Reagan Canyon, in Brewster County, carrying a piece of ore that was almost pure gold. The men who went with him back to the spot were unable to find the gold's source, but it started a search that has been going on for years, on the assumption that the ore was float that came down from some deposit above there. It may also have been dropped by smugglers bringing gold ore over the border to be sold or refined. Geologists say there is no gold in that part of Texas, yet this does not discourage the fortune seekers.

The Lost Tayopa Mine of Mexico is no longer lost. One of the richest silver deposits in the world back in the days of Spanish padres, it produced pure leaf silver that was carried out by mules over a 175-mile trail to Chihuahua City. Eventually the Indians drove out the padres and it was "lost." But in recent times the Dodge-Phelps Corporation located it deep in the Sierra Madre by following the old mule trail that was marked by many animals passing over the rocky terrain. The silver is still there but to build a road to it over the high Sierra Madre would cost more than all the silver is worth. Few white men have ever been there.

If you have the time to squander and want to look for lost treasure in an atmosphere of solitude and pleasant surroundings, all by yourself, I would suggest Skeleton Canyon in Arizona. Starting at Ross Sloan's ranch, it can be

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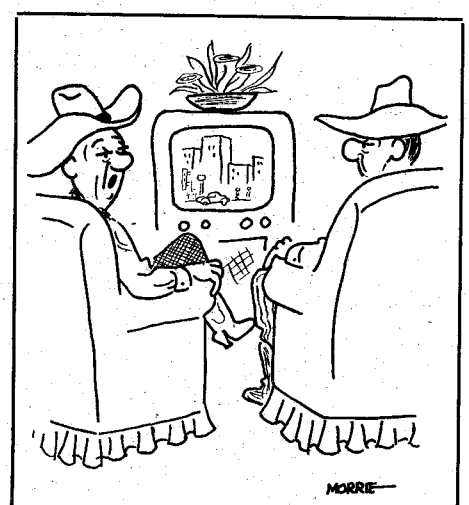
reached on a dirt road off Highway 50 in Bisbee County. Here in 1882 Curly Bill Brocious and his gang raided a Mexican mule train bringing gold and silver across the border, killing all the Mexicans and mules. Much of the loot was scattered by the stampeding mules but the bulk of the haul is said to have been buried somewhere in the nearby hills. It is said that the rich loot was loaded into a wagon driven by a Mexican pressed into service at gun point. When the stuff was buried the Mexican was slain and the wagon pushed over a cliff. This part of it is probably pure legend, for I was unable to find any cliff over which a wagon could be pushed handily. An old map located the burial place near Gum Spring, but the spring seems to have dried up or never existed in the first place.

It is a fact, however, that the raid was made and the men and mules were killed, Curly Bill and his gang all died with their boots on before there was much time to go back for the loot, so it probably does still exist. Some say relatives of some of the gang recovered the stuff, but that is doubtful. A close watch on the canyon was maintained by cowboys on John Slaughter's San Bernardino ranch nearby and no one even came into the region until long after the gang was exterminated. Those who did were fortune seekers. Many of Slaughter's cowboys picked up enough gold and silver scattered by the mules to buy new saddles and go on prolonged carousals in Tombstone.



"Another Eastern!"

Skeleton Canyon is a nice place to spend a weekend, with proper camping equipment, or even a whole vacation. It's fascinating country. Warm in winter, a hell of a lot warmer in summer.

THE MOST FABULOUS of all lost treasure stories is that of Oklahoma's buried gold, worth two million dollars at today's price of $35 an ounce. In 1804, seven Frenchmen who had been mining in New Mexico turned to robbery and murder, killing an unknown number of prospectors for their "take." In about two years they amassed a huge fortune of the pure metal. They then engaged a Spaniard, José Lopat, to guide them back to New Orleans. But before they left they had Lopat, an experienced metallurgist, melt down the gold into seven-pound ingots. When the job was done there were 700 ingots.

Starting for New Orleans, the Frenchmen, with Lopat guiding them, arrived with their six ox carts at what is now Flag Spring, on the Strong ranch, a few miles out of Boise City, in the Oklahoma Panhandle. Here they met three mountain men bound for Taos, who informed them that France had sold Louisiana to the United States.

Being Frenchmen, they feared the United States would seize the gold should they attempt to take it back to France. They decided to send two men to New Orleans to arrange some means of getting the gold aboard ship. Meanwhile, Lopat was sent back to Santa Fe, the Frenchmen deciding to go on alone.

However, the two scouts failed to return and the six remaining Frenchmen decided to bury the 700 gold ingots until they could safely return for them and take the loot back to France.

They marked the spot well by erecting four rock corners, six miles square.

The Frenchmen then went on, but only one returned many months later to Santa Fe, to report his friends had all been slain by Indians. He was so ill from tuberculosis that he was bedridden, but Lopat went back. He found none of the markers and returned to Santa Fe. The lone survivor died a month later.

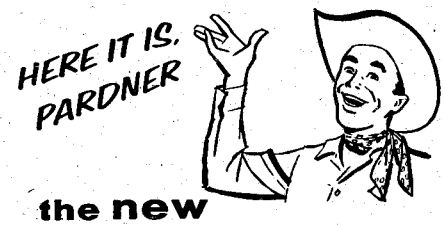
None of the markers was found until in the sixties, when three were discovered by the uncle of Cy Strong, on whose land they stand. Believing that only three existed, the uncle figured from the triangle thus formed by the markers that the gold had been buried near Flag Spring. But he never found it.

In recent years Cy Strong found the fourth marker and it was discovered that a six-mile square had been marked off by the Frenchmen. It is presumed that the gold lies buried in the center of the square, which would be near Sugar Loaf hill on the Strong ranch. Since the discovery of the fourth marker, little searching has been done in the area, since it is all private property. Strong, who raises cattle and whose vast ranchlands require practically his entire time, has done no searching, but plans to eventually, using bulldozers. The markers are there for everyone to see; the rocks half buried by the elements, and each represents a Roman numeral. The 700 gold ingots are there, somewhere within the square, at the center perhaps. Lopat told of his experiences in a diary he left. I personally examined the diary and it appears to be authentic. The only question now to be settled is, where within the six-mile square will the 700 gold ingots be found?

Since the location is on private land, arrangements would have to be made to search for it, and Strong is not anxious to make any, due to the disturbance a flock of gold seekers would cause. His ranch is all range land and cattle are easily spooked. The address is Cy Strong, Boise City, Oklahoma. I visited the area with Strong and others.

This is probably one of the most authentic buried gold mysteries to be found in the United States, and the richest!

THE LOST BADGER MINE is close to my own heart. In 1878 Karl Meyer, a German emigrant to this country, came into Josephine County, in southern Oregon (in the same locale where I



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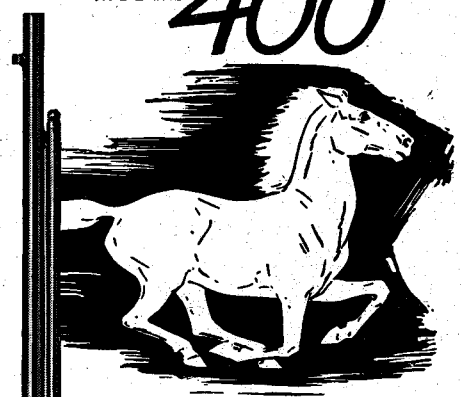

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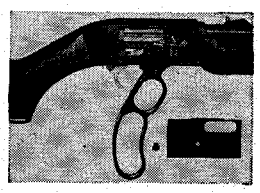

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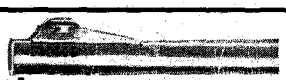

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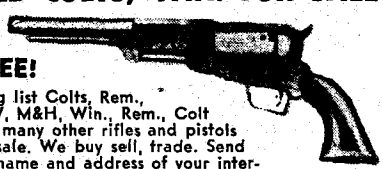

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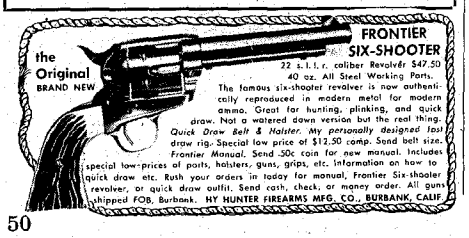

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was later born) and started prospecting. One day while hunting for his mule that had wandered off he came upon a natural cave in the hillside. It was beginning to rain so he sought shelter just inside the cave. As he sat there a badger lumbered in and as it passed him he kicked at it. The badger snarled at him and darted back into the cave. Meyer struck a match and while looking for the badger he noticed in the sidewall a vein of ore about fourteen inches wide. The vein contained porphyry and talc, frequently present with gold. The ore was assayed and was found to be fabulously rich.

But when Meyer attempted to go back to the spot he found there were more ridges than he remembered. He became confused and retraced his steps.

Meyer was suffering from tuberculosis and his efforts to find the lost ledge only aggravated his condition and soon he was unable to go back. My grandfather, then nineteen, got the directions from Meyer and tried to locate the ledge but was unsuccessful. Meyer died and eventually my own father took up the search. I went with him several times into Miller Creek, near which Meyer said he had come upon the ore, but we had no luck either.

A complete account of the Lost Badger appeared in the Spring issue (1959) of *Frontier Times*. A copy of it (while they last) will furnish you with all the known facts. I am positive the cave exists, perhaps now hidden by brush.

THE last on my list of possibles is the Lost Bonanza up in Nevada. For this one you may refer to the June, 1959, issue of *True West*, which contains the story. A Mormon, John Esterly, with more wives than he could properly take care of, was on his way to Nevada when he came upon a ledge of ore streaked with gold. With two of his jealous wives at dagger points and scurvy having overtaken the old man, Esterly had more troubles than a chow pup with Mexican fleas. Unfamiliar with the country and pressed by hostile Indians, he and his wives made their way to Carson City where an assay of the quartz started a gold rush. Esterly went back several times, but the country was so vast and there were so many mountain peaks with snow on them he could not recall which peak it was that had served as his marker.

His reckoning was so inaccurate that even today it is difficult to determine from his description of the country, just where the ledge might have been. But there is a record of the assay and some of the gold ore he found is now included in a Nevada collection of minerals, sufficient proof that Esterly did find something. But where? That's the question that haunts every lost mine story.

Anyway, there they are, the good and the bad.

Good hunting, podner!

The Glen Springs Raid

(Continued from page 29)

of a fifth victim, an old fur buyer named Bosworth who had not been seen after the raid.

Two days later, only one body was found of those who had so carelessly uprooted Glen Springs. Their leader, Rodriquez Ramirez, with the Carranza captain's commission was hastily given a burial under a pile of *candelilla* shrub. Seven pools of blood were found scattered near the adobe shack but the toll among the Mexican bandits will never be known.

Saturday morning the army replacements came in from Marfa. Instead of coming on Friday as were their orders, they had camped on the road overnight. Their truck was hastily loaded with bodies of the dead soldiers as well as the wounded. They were taken to the Marathon and Marfa railroad stations.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, accompanied by a guard, left Glen Springs before another night. Montel and I and the nine new soldiers quartered in their house that night, keeping guards alerted in case the bandits returned for the remaining supplies.

BY SUNDAY morning, news of the raid had spread to ranchmen, officers and civilans who came long distances in their cars to be of assistance. Brewster's County Judge wired U. S. Senators from Texas and the Marfa military command notified the proper authorities. The troop cavalry captain from Marfa and some of his men rode into the small settlement early Sunday.

Reports began to come in from Boquillas, target for the smaller party of raiders. As I recall, Boquillas had one doctor and four other men. The nine, well-armed Mexicans quickly subdued the Boquillas community and loaded them into a truck. Doctor Powers quickly gained their confidence by administering to their ailments and seeming to be worried about their welfare. Several miles south, the driver intentionally stalled the truck in a small gorge. The truck needed water, he told the colonel. Two of the Mexican captors were sent for water and two more were sent ahead to scout for mules. Now, they were almost even. There were five armed Mexicans and five unarmed Americans.

When the messengers were out of sight, the doc suggested that they all push the truck from the gorge. A successful ruse followed. On a given signal, the Americans quickly wrenched the rifles from the Mexicans.

These men, brought to trial at the Alpine district court, were given life sentences in a Texas penitentiary.

The Glen Springs raiders had crossed the border soon after the attack, making capture or punishment almost impossible. However, Colonel Langhorne was ordered to cross into Mexico and give pursuit. The Colonel, riding across roadless lands, plunged forty miles into Mexican territory but returned from his brief sojourn when Carranza made stern protests.

After the raid, Glen Springs became part of a military district until the Big Bend National Park gobbled up small settlements like Boquillas and Glen Springs.

The assassination of Carranza in April, 1920, brought great improvement to peaceful border life. With Obregon as the new president and the Cordell Hull Good Neighbor Policy, American troops soon disappeared from the small towns.

Now, as tourists stumble upon the Glen Springs ruins, they may find some trace in the rubble of that memorable night—forty-three years ago.

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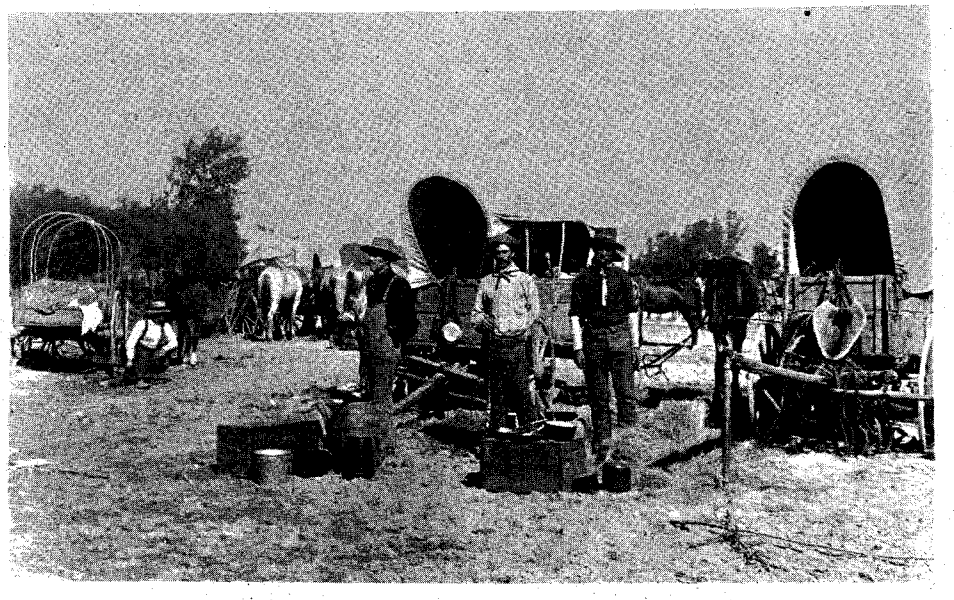

A typical camp on the Cherokee Strip.

Kid on the Run!

(Continued from page 27)

ed another chance to seek new land. There were sporty buggies, broncbusters on their half-wild ponies and any other kind of vehicle that would roll or haul a man. Maybe like us, most of them had already located a site. I saw a priest and two nuns, a Chinaman and some Indian breeds. This was land that had been taken away from the Indians. Now, some of them were going to try and get part of it back.

I was just about the proudest kid that ever jerked a rein on a stubborn mule's mouth and cut buttonholes on his rump with a black snake whip when I started with that mob.

The camps were all deserted. Everything was loaded and they were waiting for the start. You could see the hope and excitement on every face. Oklahoma history, published through the years, has illustrated the scene with waiting, anxious, nervous people—a woman quiets her baby, a father quells the voices of his exuberant small sons.

Would noon ever come? I kept trying to think of what Dad had told me. Don't try to outrun the crowd, take your time, just line up with the string, rest the mules and make camp wherever night catches you.

The gun went off!

THE MOB passed me like an Imperial Chrysler passing a Ford jalopy. Within an hour, there was a string of traffic along the road headed toward Woodward. I could see rigs two miles ahead. The bronctwisters and the gamblers had long since disappeared, whipping their horses to get ahead of everyone else. The train and my dad was also out of sight, although it was supposed to hold down to six miles an hour.

I just let those mules go! I was as happy as a boy with new copper-toed, red top boots. I was driving a camp outfit of my own, had Dad's shotgun and could make camp whenever I got ready.

I stopped that afternoon at Shattuck, the railroad siding and section house. I guess I had traveled about twelve miles. There weren't any farms, fences or buildings in sight until I stopped. There was water all along the way. Wolf Creek emptied into the North Canadian River just below Camp Supply and occasional spring branches drained down toward Wolf Creek.

There were others camped at Shattuck that night. A rancher, his wife and two sons were leisurely herding fifty cattle behind their wagon. He already had a spot picked out among the sand hills north of the Canadian. He said there was water to be found anywhere in those hills by digging a shallow well. The hills were covered with waving grass and occasional buffalo grass meadows sometimes a section or two in extent. They were nice folks. The lady insisted I have supper with them. Those two boys, one older and one younger than me, envied me but they seemed to like me. After all, any kid would have liked to be in my place.

Breaking camp next morning was slow even though the rancher's youngest boy had permission to help me hook up. Until we caught up with his brother and the small herd of cattle, he rode with me—his pony tied behind my wagon. Those cattle had started on the trail at daybreak. They let them graze along the road, never hurrying them. There were milk cows and young calves to consider. They made a mile or two every hour. If the rancher arrived at his ranch site in a week, he'd be satisfied.

At noon, I stopped at a spring branch crossing. The strange vegetation along the bank interested me and there was a fruity smell coming from trees partly concealed. Upon investigation, I found that the trees bore a fragrant fruit I had never seen before. I bit into a persimmon for the first time. My lips began to pucker. I thought I was poisoned! I soon found out that persimmons aren't relished until after a frost.

A redbird was singing happily in a nearby chittem wood thicket. There he was, in the top of a high hackberry tree. Threading back through the underbrush, I made a leap for my life. I'd stepped on a coachwhip snake! He

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was about an inch and a half round and was as long as a wet week—six to eight feet long.

My camp that night was once more in company. I rolled into one already set up. I unhitched, staked out the mules and had my supper fire going in due time. I was pouring a man's cup of black coffee from the lard bucket that served us for a coffee pot. Dad wasn't there to warn me that coffee was for men, but wasn't I a man? Just then a rider got off his bronc and came to my fire. I knew enough about courtesies of the road to say, "Hello! Have some coffee. Grab yourself a plate!"

I could fry potatoes and sowbelly as good as anyone. Dad had cooked up a batch of biscuits to last me till I got to Woodward. The stranger and I stored away a lot of food. I noticed he looked a little pale later on. That night, he put his saddle blanket under sumac bushes and went to sleep.

It was a beautiful September night in the "Boomer State." I took my bedroll from the wagon and spread it where I could gaze into the heavens. As evening shades deepened into night and one by one stars Altar and Arcturus peeped through the blue, I listened to the song of a mockingbird and finally dropped off to sleep.

NEXT DAY, the bronctwister, after a miserable night, told me he was suffering from malaria. I invited him to ride with me. He tied his horse behind the wagon and rode with me until we were a few miles from Camp Supply where he would look for a doctor. We parted when he took another route. I never saw him again.

I drove on steadily for another night and day and in the evening hour, I drove down a two mile stretch of hastily erected tents, camps and the confusion of Woodward's main street until I found Dad. He grabbed my hand and said, "Son, I'm proud of you!"

He didn't say it like dad to son, but like man to man.

It was the proudest moment of my life.

Wall of Water!

(Continued from page 21)

jammed against the sides of the canyon and crushed like cardboard boxes.

The Colorado and Southern Railroad (also called Fort Worth and Denver line) was washed out in several places, delaying train service to the stricken town for two days. Bridges, rails and ties were completely carried away. Force of the water twisted rails like wire.

AFTER THE rampaging stream subsided, Folsom had only four business buildings and a few houses left. Not a member survived of two families named Wheeler. Among the nine Wheelers who perished was a week-old baby.

Sally Rooke's body was found February 4, 1909, by Dan Harvey on his ranch about sixteen miles downstream from Folsom. He was clearing up a great windrow of drift which the flood had deposited nearly six months before. Mrs. Rooke, who was sixty-eight at the time of her death, was a cripple and the skeleton was identified by the deformed spine. No living relatives were ever located.

Folsom's town hall was turned into a morgue as more bodies were recovered from as far as twenty miles downriver. It was two days before a corps of undertakers arrived by rail from Trinidad, Colorado. Coffins arrived on the same train. After the storm, the weather remained warm and bright for a time. Survivors went about the task of salvaging what they could from the debris.

The Wheelers were buried in a single grave at Folsom. Three other graves, including Sally Rooke's, mark the resting places of victims of the 1908 flood. Two others were buried at Fletcher, Oklahoma, and three at Trinidad.

All the bodies recovered were entirely denuded of clothing, stripped by the branches of trees and jagged rocks. Shreds of clothing were found in treetops thirty feet above the stream bed for a distance of several miles. Trees were bent over by the onrushing water during the storm, and righted themselves after the flood passed. Women victims of the deluge were scalped when their hair caught in the trees.

Carcasses of horses and cows were to be seen everywhere among the wreckage. Several were found in treetops. Hardly a chicken was left in the town. Estimates of property damage ranged from $125,000 to a quarter of a million.

A plaque was placed on Sally Rooke's tombstone in the Folsom Cemetery in 1936 by employees of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. It bears this inscription:

"In honored memory of Sarah J. Rooke, telephone operator who perished in the flood waters of the Dry Cimarron at Folsom, New Mexico, August 27, 1908, while at her switchboard warning others of their danger. With heroic devotion she glorified her calling by sacrificing her own life that others might live. 'Greater love hath no man than this.' Erected by her fellow workers."

Folsom residents say the heroic operator was called Mrs. Sally Rooke, though her husband never came to Folsom. Present-day Folsom is on the same site, but never regained its prominence of pre-flood, territorial New Mexico days. It has a population of 200 now.

King of the Narrow Gauge

(Continued from page 25)

Santa Fe consolidated its subsidiaries—the Canon City & San Juan Railroad and the Pueblo & Arkansas Railroad. They went to work.

With financial pressure mounting on all sides and stockholders grumbling, Palmer agreed to arbitrate with the Santa Fe. He stopped construction up the Royal Gorge and leased his line to the opposing road for thirty years, with the understanding that the Santa Fe must not discriminate against the city of Denver on freight rates. Also he demanded that the rolling stock be kept in good condition.

Months later Palmer's lawyers charged that the Santa Fe was discriminating against Denver by charging more for freight than necessary. And Palmer insisted that his old enemy was letting the Denver tracks deteriorate. His lawyers brought suit for breach of contract. Judge Bowen of the District Court at Alamosa authorized repossession of the road.

The Santa Fe would not accept this decision and said the District Court had no jurisdiction in the case. However, Palmer went out boldly to repossess

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their road.

The Santa Fe held telegraph offices and line stations. Copies of Judge Bowen's writ was given the sheriffs of Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Canon City to serve on these places. Denver road officials went along to take over. Colorado Springs and Denver gave up. Along the way, stations were taken peaceably and by force whenever necessary.

At Pueblo they found that the Santa Fe had brought in Bat Masterson of Dodge City fame and men with arms to hold the roundhouse. Governor Hunt, with armed men, arrived and talked it over with Masterson. Bat returned the property.

Palmer gave orders to place timbers around the Pueblo station and garrison it with men. Trouble flared at El Moro but was quickly extinguished. At Canon City, news of Governor Hunt's coming with armed men caused the Santa Fe men to beat a hasty retreat without a fight. Crews of armed men patrolled the streets of El Moro, Pueblo and Trinidad where fighting was likely to take place.

The Santa Fe appealed and won an injunction a few weeks later in the federal court. Palmer was ordered to return the property.

THE CONSTANT court proceedings and fighting was of grave concern to the freight shippers. They were not sure what was going to happen to their shipments. Also, both railroads were losing money by this legal bickering.

Palmer's road was put into the hands of a receiver. He went east for financial support. Ten million dollars was subscribed. However, the question of the Royal Gorge right-of-way still existed.

That summer a decree gave Palmer the right to build his railroad on through, but specified that he must pay for the line already constructed by the Santa Fe. This decision was held until January, 1880. Palmer was anxious to get going and appealed the wait. He failed. It was declared that the Denver road should have made an appeal instead of a writ.

Trouble was finally settled out of court between the two railroads and all suits withdrawn. The Santa Fe agreed for ten years not to build north of a line parallel to a position seventy-five miles south of Conejos, and not west of the line represented by Denver-El Moro audits projection. The Palmer line agreed for a time not to build south of one line and east of another.

The twenty-mile road in the canyon built by the Canon City & San Juan Railroad was purchased by Palmer for $1,400,000. This was ratified by the court in April.

THIRTY thousand people were on hand to meet the first train to arrive in Leadville in July. It brought former president Ulysses S. Grant and Palmer. It was a gala occasion. Businesses and mines shut down completely. Saloons were the only merchandising establishments open. Leadville went all out. The mountains had been vanquished. Now the city's ore would be hauled cheaper and faster.

Grant and Palmer rode through the jam-packed streets together. The festive crowd shouted, waved flags and whiskey bottles. They yelled, "Hurray for Grant! Hurray for Palmer!"

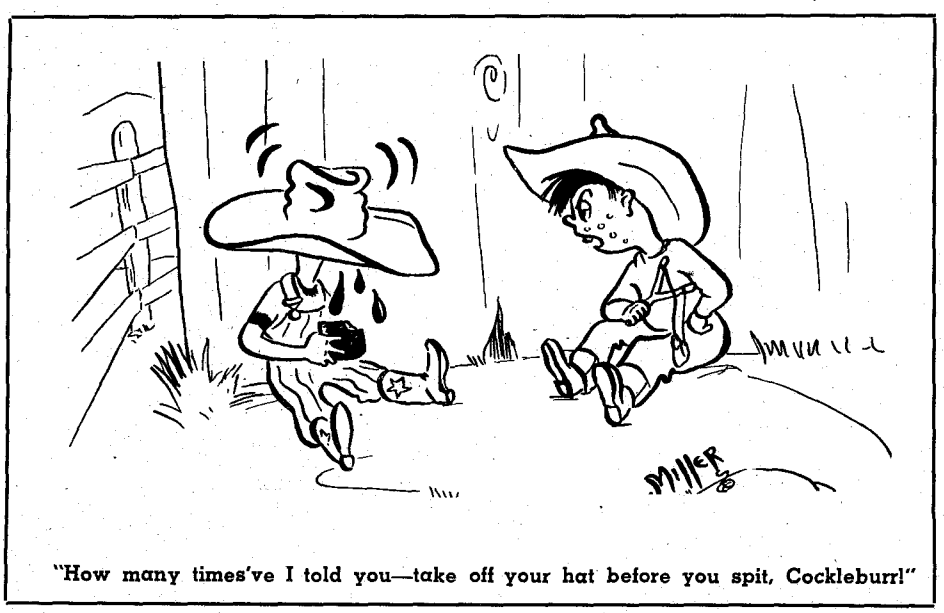
Free-spending miners sprinkled gold dust on the backs of horses pulling the open barouche that carried the two famous men.

Grant paid sincere tribute to Palmer and his men for their courageous work in bringing the road through the world's roughest country. He said, in part, "This is the greatest work the railroad has ever done . . . The most gigantic undertaking . . . We stand on the threshold of a new and exciting era . . ."

Two years later, changes in the board of directors of the Denver road were made. Palmer didn't like the changes. He resigned.

Just before his resignation, Palmer had formed another company to build an extension west from the Colorado-Utah boundary across the Wasatch Mountains to Salt Lake City and Ogden. He later sold out, making one million dollars profit. Palmer divided this money among his employees.

On March 13, 1909, this quiet, unassuming man passed away. He left behind a heritage of loyalty and courage —and a great railroad that had been conceived in the mind of an American pioneer.



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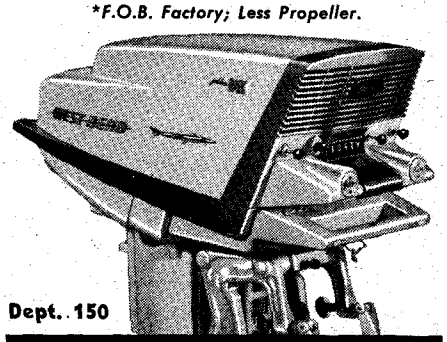

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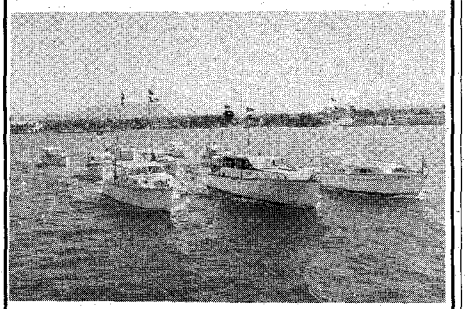

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Yogo!

(Continued from page 23)

and ditches and ruined machinery. Buildings and wreckage were strewn about. The tragedy lay not in the destructive cloudburst, but in the stubborness of the British owners to reconstruct. England was struggling desperately to repair the ravages of war on her economy. The absentee owners decided it was no time to sink money in the rebuilding of an American gem mine. Besides, they held a monopoly on the supply of these fine sapphires, so why rush? The mine would still be there ten or twenty years from now. American interests tried to buy it back repeatedly, but the obstinant answer came back across the sea, "No!" So, nothing was done.

In 1946 a small group of die-hard Montanans decided the time was ripe to acquire control of the Yogo if ever. Their timing was perfect. The British badly needed American dollars which they could get from the sale of the mine. This time, the native sons were determined to hang onto one of the state's richest products. Negotiations were slow and tedious. Finally, in 1949 the purchase was made and the contract signed.

TALK ABOUT your lost gold mine! Plans were swinging into action. It is believed thousands of dollars worth of sapphires can be recovered without even mining—from dike materials that were dug years ago. Mining engineers estimate that there are close to five million tons of sapphire-bearing material still untouched and only two hundred thousand tons already mined.

The Montana dike is the only one in the world to contain gem sapphires. They are uncovered wherever this dike is opened. The future looks exciting for that wild remote country above Utica. Untouched treasure is always exciting and there is plenty of it, just lying there, waiting to be picked up and tilted to the light. It is a thought to stir your heart. Rockhounds make excursions to the area and bring back fabulous samples which they keep in fruit jars and eventually have polished to suit their taste.

You hardly ever see a Yogo in a Montana jeweler's window. They can't get them. I did see a synthetic stone which the old rascal handled reverently and stated was a choice Yogo. Let us hope it won't be long before the beautiful cornflower sapphire is on the markets of the world. Then maybe our own people can get acquainted with its lovely color and have a chance to acquire one.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

road. From 1949 to 1956, he spent every spare moment searching for traces of the Indian gold, but he uncovered no more than the earlier Chinese workers.

On any map of Oregon, you can see Cornelius and Gayles Creek. Many people in this region consider the Gayles Creek Gold only a legend, but to the Colonel it was "bright and yellow, hard and cold."

To any prospective hunters, taking the clue of a two days journey into consideration, northwest and southwest would swing in an arc of about 130 to 140 degrees with Cornelius as the starting point. Locate Cornelius on an Oregon map, place a compass needle on it, and extend the other point out enough to allow for a two days' journey, keeping in mind the changes of the country since 1867.

The gold fields of Oregon are far to the east and south. The Indian gold would have been north if it was Gayles Creek gold.—Carl Truet, Box 157, New Meadows, Idaho.

A $50.00 Hoax

Greetings:

I enjoyed your magazine but was terrible sorry to see that you got "took" on the Dutch Oven Mine yarn by Chick Oldham.

Tom Scofield's confession to the Lost Dutch Oven Mine hoax was published widely in West Coast newspapers in '45. He told the story to a newspaper in 1894 for $50.00. **(Editor's note: Tom Scofield, at the ripe old age of 102, passed away in July, 1954. He was living in Essex, California, at the time of his death.)**

Last time I saw Tom, he was living in a cabin behind a filling station in Danby, having the time of his life laughing at all those treasure hunters looking for his lost mine.

One brazen lad, leading a party of four, told Tom in all confidence that Tom Scofield told him the location of the mine before he "died in my arms."

Tom laughed so hard he staggered back into his cabin. Puzzled by the laughter the boy asked for the cause of the outburst. Giving him his change, the filling station attendant said, "That's old Tom Scofield—the man who died in your arms!"

I sure am sorry you were taken on the story, but you can't win every time. —Horse Face Lassiter, Wise, Kansas.

Every fish gets hooked sooner or later and maybe this time we were. It's just one of those hazards in putting out a nonfiction magazine and especially when you're dealing with lost mines—they're as numerous as the fish that got away! You'll still find authorities who are sure this mine exists. Anybody else got some real facts?

Tip From An Old Prospector About The Lost Dutchman

Dear Editor:

There was quite an argument between Mr. Bailey and Mr. Cox in the October issue of *True West* over the Lost Dutchman. Mr. Bailey says there isn't any gold in the Superstition Mountains in Central Arizona and Mr. Cox says there is.

I've had a lot of experience in locating lost mines like the Soldier Mine in Comanche Canyon in New Mexico. Naturally, I feel that if there was gold in the Superstitions, I would have found it in 1948 when a group of prospectors hired me to locate the Lost Dutchman.

After covering the north side of the mountain, we spent the next day on the south side where we came across the graves of two soldiers believed to have been killed while carrying gold samples from the mine. After extensive search, we couldn't locate even a whisker of gold.

I don't doubt that Mr. Cox found a "shaft and a tunnel" but I don't be-

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lieve there is gold in it—not enough to pay labor to dig it out!

I would advise Mr. Cox not to spend money on the Lost Dutchman Mine.—Mr. M. A. Bernhard, 1833 Marney Ave., Los Angeles, California.

On Bailey's Side

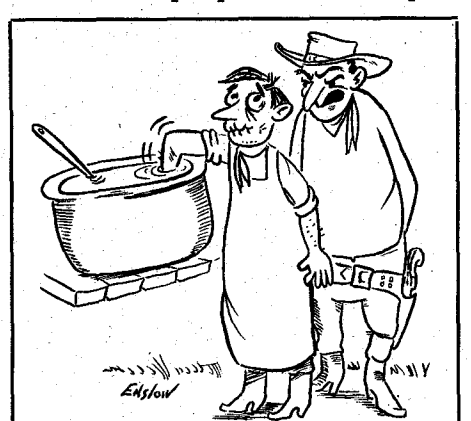
Howdy, Joe:

Allow me to put in my fist full of nuggets and side with Tom Bailey in the Lost Dutchman Mine dispute.

I've been over the Apache Trail from the Lake Roosevelt and along Junction 60 and 70 at Superior. Anyone who claims to have found gold or to see its color doesn't know what he's talking about. I think I know the country well, having spent many years in that region.

West of the Apache Trail are a few small gold mines. But unless someone has found one in the past year or two, there isn't a big gold mine to be found.

Talk about the Dutchman Mine started when two prospectors found a pack



"Lose something, Charlie?"

saddle and saddle bags containing several thousand dollars on the western slope of the mountain. or east of the Apache Trail, in 1934. It is believed that Indians cut loose the gear and took the animal.

The corral and stone house could have been built by Mexicans for a resting place on their journey. If they had any gold, it came from Colorado or west of the Apache Trail.

I had a claim east of Wickenburg, Arizona, and it is well known that the Dutchman was discharged from the Vulture Mine for high-grading.

A few miles north and east of Wickenburg is an old gold field that was once rich. Just off the highway, Weaver found several thousand dollars worth of nuggets. But anyone who still insists there is gold around Weaver's Needle doesn't know what he's talking about.—W. C. Thompson, 12859 Sherman Way, Hollywood, California.

Bricks And Bouquets

Dear Editor:

Pay no heed to all this "bla-bla" about changing the articles in the magazine. Keep it the same as it has been since the beginning. That's how it grew to this day.

If you allow critics to muddle it up, you'll lose subscribers like me, even if I would be the only one.—Adolph Kloepping, P. O. Box 293, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Bless you, Mr. Kloepping. We wouldn't want to lose your subscription. Whenever we see a pile of criticism, we just dive into it like a duck takes to water and find we come out knowing a little bit more about swimming, without changing a stroke.

True West In England

Dear Mr. Harper:

I suppose that you will be surprised to receive a letter from England. *True West* is now published here although I get mine directly from America. Its popularity has increased and is preferred to many other western magazines on English bookstands.

In a back issue, I read "The Bronc Buster From Texas." Knowing that you and your family take in rodeos, I see that you still think Job Smith made the greatest ride in history. I always thought Pete Knight, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in England in 1934 at the Tex Austin Rodeo, was the greatest. Job's ride, of course, was to a standstill whereas rodeo regulations set a time limit.

Some Englishmen are keen on rodeos and some have tried to bring it back to England. Now with a flair of western popularity, the balance may be swung in favor of more rodeos.

Several events were classified as cruel, which puts us British into the spotlight for the world's biggest hypocrites. We allow the hounds to tear apart a frightened stag and horses are killed every year in the Grand National Steeplechase.

Last year I made a special trip to Belgium to see a rodeo which included Casey Tibbs. To my dismay it folded two days before and I went straight home.

I would be delighted to hear from you. I used to ride as a jockey in amateur and professional races. In India I rode for my father and Indian maharajas. I don't ride now but I'm still a light guy.—Denzil E. Wilson, 36 Homersham Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey, England.

"Truly Western" has horn-swoggled you kind readers into some mighty fine suggestions that we've taken a fancy to. We'd like to know what you think of the following suggestion. Anybody can do?

Dear Friends:

First let me tell you how I enjoy both your magazines—especially the art work. I always read them from cover to cover.

Secondly, I have an idea for a different, but just as interesting, story. Why don't you go further back into history and print old Indian legends? It would be a diversion from lost mines and badmen to have stories on Indian life—the big hunts, preparation of food, clothing and different games.

It must have been a wonderful sight to have seen this country in its natural beauty before we threw out fences, roads, tin cans and rubbish.—Carl Perry, West Plains, Mo.

White Man Speaks With Forked Tongue!

Dear Mr. Small:

In your September-October *True West* is a letter from Mr. Hardin Pettit. He speaks with a forked tongue when he states, "I also saw Art Linkletter's program and by very close scrutiny of each draw it was easy to see that Nicastro and Redwing both drew before Art released the button."

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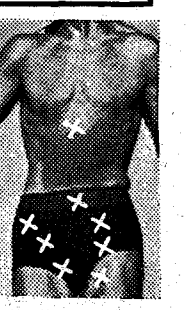

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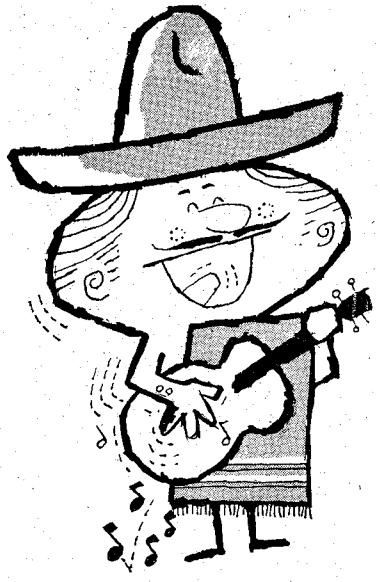

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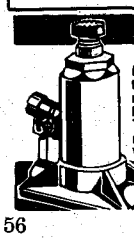

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It would be impossible for anyone to pass careful judgement on something that happened within 18/100 and 23/-100's of a second.

1. The clock we were drawing by was not in view of the camera so he could not have seen it.

2. Art Linkletter's back was to us and the camera, making it impossible for a viewer to see the button in Art's hand.

3. At no time during the three draws was Art or the gunmen in the same frame—all the draws were individual. There was absolutely no way of telling if Mr. Nicastro or I jumped the clock.

Mr. Woolem was not only outdrawn on the program but twice at rehearsals. So, there can be no excuse for Dee Woolem's losing the draw. If there is further doubt, I have signed affidavits from the program's personnel.—Rodd Redwing, Hollywood, California.

Rapid Fire Vs. Deliberate Aim

Howdy:

I'd like to add my three cents to these quick-draw artists stories.

When I was fourteen callow years old, Grandpa, an ex-Texas trail boss, and I set out for southeast Texas to buy cattle. On the way a lame buggy horse forced us to spend a week in a small Texas town. I can't even recall the name of the town now.

Nearby was a small Texas-type blacksmith shop and a big mouth range boss started berating the smithy and daring him to get a gun and draw. More used to blacksmith tools than a gun, he naturally didn't accept the dare.

When the bully left, I saw the smithy pick up a big hoof rasp and put it in his boot. He called to a Mexican and asked him to give a whistle if the range boss returned. Then he asked a crony to amble over to the store and brag about what the blacksmith said he would do if the range boss showed his face again. Naturally, the big guy latched onto a chance to kill someone else.

I faded into the safety of the shadows to watch. Armed and loaded for duck, that rancher came flying down the street. The Mexican whistled a warning to the smithy who stood inside by the door. The big guy hollered, "Come on out, you—or I'll pistol-whip you down the road!"

Nothing happened, so he bolted through the door. The smithy took one swipe at him with the hoof rasp and he fell limp to the floor. They dragged him out in the road where he lay until someone gave him treatment.

Later that afternoon, he started back to the blacksmith shop, this time barehanded. Three shotguns waited for him in the hands of the blacksmith, his son and son-in-law.

The range boss stopped at the fifty-foot line and called, "We ain't got no argument, friend. I jest wanted to know what you hit me with!" They weren't ever friends but the cowboy never showed his bad side again.

This incident proves that a fast draw doesn't mean a damn. If you shot moderately fast and straight for the biggest part of the body, 9/100's of a second won't make a difference.

I'm sick to death too of these TV show-offs saying they're a lalapaloosa who can outshoot anyone on earth. There's a lot of difference when you're faced with drunken cowpokes or hired guns. I get fired up too when the men they shoot fall like they were poleaxed from a shoulder wound. I once saw a man run three blocks with five bullets in his back.—Dr. Waldo H. Jones, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

Apaches Didn't Scalp . . . Nevertheless

Dear Editor:

In reply to Mr. Joseph C. Evans' letter in the December issue of *True West,* I stand corrected.

It was my misfortune that of all the titles which came into my mind for the story, that I would pick the one least appropriate and most condemning—"Run Or Be Scalped." Nevertheless, at the time of Jim Blain's and Dick Johnson's frantic race for safety, I doubt very much that any one could have convinced them that they would not have lost a goodly portion of their hair had they faltered in their stride.

My father came from Michigan to Sherman, Texas, in 1870. Until he came to Hillsboro, New Mexico, in 1875 he had never encountered a hostile. He was told that this was Apache country. So far as he knew, every Indian that took a shot at him (and there were many) was an Apache. At the time of this episode my father was running for his life and it probably never occurred to him to stop and inquire if his pursuers were Apaches!

Mr. Evans was right, perhaps, in saying that the Indians were not Apaches. They could have been, as he stated, Comanches or Kiowas, who were passing through. Being unfamiliar with the country and unaware that the fleeing men were so close to their cabin, they sought to have some sport with them before counting coup.

The reason for my father's respect for Victorio might have stemmed from the knowledge that the old chief had never pinned him down with a hail of bullets for six or eight hours as had Nana. As for Victorio getting himself caught as ignominiously, at least he fought to the end. I have read that Geronimo led his band into a cul-de-sac and was starved into surrending.

It is true that in all the old newspaper clippings of the Indian wars which I inherited there is no mention of scalpings by the Apaches. They seemed to be content to bash out the brains of their victims, even after they were dead. One item of interest among my collection states "The body of Mrs. Yaters was found in a nude condition and horribly mutilated." So I can't see why a little thing like a scalping laid to the Apaches' door should annoy Mr. Evans. Nevertheless, I will reiterate, for Mr. Evans' benefit and for the books, *Apaches did not scalp.*—Mabel Pickering, Chesaw, Washington.

Cochise's Great-grandson Writes Again

Howdy!

I have already expressed my views on another story in your August, 1959, issue but failed to tell you which Indian was my grandmother on page 9 of that issue. She is third from left—the only bareheaded person in the picture. The warriors wore turbans and high, button-toed moccasins. Women wore short-topped, squaw boots. Also, Apache women wore full length skirts while the men wore trousers with a girth or apron that was sometimes left outside of the shirt.

Apache girls were always fully clothed while the boys ran around in

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their birthday suits until about three or four years old. Boys and girls were never allowed to play together. If a brother came upon his sister alone in the house, he had to leave until the parents arrived. Apaches had a very high moral code and never mistreated women, even though it has often been printed that a white woman captive was abused. Her treatment was fair and she was only called upon to do heavy work like the rest of the women. If she wanted to marry a warrior, that was her choice. Apache women, as well as men of today, work just as hard as they used to. There never was an Apache born who couldn't cook—it was part of the man's training in becoming a warrior.

I know stories about my people that would send the historians' theories sky high. For instance, Geronimo was never

Geronimo's nephew, Chief Joe Sundown (at left) and Joseph C. Evans (at right), great-grandson of Cochise at the 23rd Annual Powwow.

expelled from the tribe. All the war actions he took before the death of my great-grandfather had his sanction. He was a war chief, as were Victorio, Nachise and Nana. Also, at no time did any chief have power over other members of his tribe except to prove that his way was best. If anyone objected, he could leave, taking his family and possessions with him.

Geronimo once told me that my great-grandfather, Cochise, and I were very much alike in character. He said that if he had not known Cochise, he would swear that I was him because we are so much alike in character and thought. I, like my great-grandfather, have never believed in killing any wild animal except in case of necessity.—Joseph C. Evans, Chief "Boy who just sits there," 6117 "D" Woodlawn Avenue, Maywood, California.

POETRY CORNER

MY OLD STETSON HAT

Stained with alkali, sand and mud
Smeared with grease and crimson blood,
Battered and bent from constant use,
Still you have stood the danged abuse.

A true companion through all these years,
Fanning broncs and longhorn steers,
I dedicate this to the old gray lid,
For the useful things the old hat did.

Used to decoy some rustler's lead,
Or as a pillow beneath my head;
Coaxing a smouldering fire in the cold,
Panning dust in search of gold.
Pushed up big and knocked down flat,
Has been the lot of my stetson hat.

OUT OF THE OLD WEST

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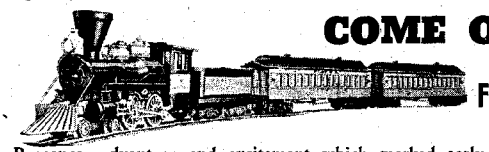

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You are the doggone nicest bunch of readers! You keep writing in asking what you can do to help make TRUE WEST monthly (a tremendous step-up for us for it would mean carrying TWICE our present load!) so I am going to tell you: If every TRUE WEST reader would turn over to that gift subscription offer on the inside back cover (page 65) and send just ONE gift subscription—this rag could go monthly so fast you'd smell scorched air! In order to encourage this, we're throwing in a free book as a bonus this year.

Build-up is tougher than you think, but with the willing help you're offering, it can come quicker than we had hoped. One GREAT help would be to give as much of your business as possible to our advertisers, and when writing other advertisers, ask them why they aren't in TRUE WEST.

If you don't keep your copies of TRUE WEST, pass them around! Millions do not even know this magazine is being published! Another great help would be to send in names and addresses of people who you KNOW would like TRUE WEST. Mention it in letters, enclose the subscription blank on page 65, and—VERY important!—if your newsdealer does not handle TRUE WEST, ask him where he gets his magazines, then write or phone the wholesaler and raise a little cane about not being able to get TW. Those poor folks are like us—over-rushed and underpaid—and we have a time getting this magazine in some places at all and in sufficient numbers in others. One telephone call, letter, etc., in these instances would be extremely valuable.

That's it! Like the old mule, we're doing our durndest. It's sure good to know that you're out there backing our draw. We're sure much obliged!

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For carrying oats to a piebald bronc,
Security for drinks at the honky tonk
Mistreated, abused on a round up spree,
Walked on, tromped on, old J.B.

Fighting fire in a clapboard shack,
And stopping wind in an open crack,
Been everywhere that a hat can go,
In forty-eight states and Mexico.

I've grown old as we trailed along
While you, old hat, are going strong,
You have been a good pal through all of that
You dirty, old gray stetson hat.

—By John Hoffman, Route 2, Box 311-A-1, Saugus, California.

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IT'S UTTERLY AMAZING! When some of you ornery bushwhackers subscribe and have trouble getting your magazine, you take the attitude that we are trying to KEEP it from you! You shoot us first and ask questions later.

By golly, men, that's our biggest purpose in life—trying to get your magazine to you! That's the reason we print it in the first place. A hundred things can happen to mess up the deal all along the line. So just drop us a post card if trouble arises, and we'll jump on the case fast!

The same thing goes for newsstand readers. If you can't get it in a certain town, drop us a card. One of the biggest jobs on earth these days is to get a magazine widely and properly circulated. We're plumb willing—but we need your help!

Massacre on the Marias

(Continued from page 15)

A headstrong young man, Horace had caught his mother's cousin, Ne-tus-che-o, attempting to steal some of Clarke's horses and had lashed him across the face with his whip. Further, Clarke had called the would-be thief an "old woman," which to a young brave was a very grave insult.

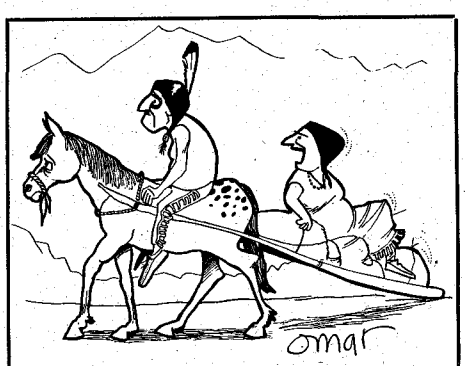
In the course of the meeting, an argument arose between the three men. Ne-tus-che-o shot and killed Malcolm Clarke and severely wounded Horace. Ne-tus-che-o then fled with another brave named Black Eagle. They were figured to join the main Indian encampment under Mountain Chief. Thus, the Army was brought into the matter, since Mountain Chief's band numbered about fifteen hundred people.

Heading the pursuing force was Brevet Colonel Eugene M. Baker with four companies of cavalry and some mounted infantry. As was the custom at that time, the supply wagons were handled by a civilian wagonmaster. Several Indian scouts accompanied the soldiers. Colonel Baker was an able-enough officer when sober, but it was common knowledge that he quite often kept close company with a jug. In fact, it was brought out later by testimony of his own officers that on this expedition he tilted the jug long and often. At times, results made it necessary for someone to help the Colonel stay on his horse.

It is no wonder that many of the soldiers had followed their leader's example. So it was an unruly group that discovered the smallpox camp. While scouts, and the more sober of the officers protested that this was the wrong group of Indians, Colonel Baker, with the words "Nits breed lice—kill them all!" gave the order to attack the camp.

ONE OF THE witnesses to this affair was Paul McCormack, who was wagonmaster for Colonel Baker during the year 1870. Along with Joe Kipp and other scouts and civilians, he was present when the attack was ordered. McCormack, who lived in Billings, Montana, until his death in 1921 at the age of seventy-five, remembered clearly the events of this day. His testimony and that of Spear Woman, one of the children of the camp who lived through the slaughter, gives us a true picture of what happened.

A daughter of the murdered chief, Heavy Runner, Spear Woman was a little girl when the attack took place—yet so vivid was her memory of that early morning affair that she remembered details clearly the rest of her life. She told of being awakened by the noise, of looking out and seeing her father lying on the ground and of the soldiers running through the camp shoot- and stabbing. Crawling back into the lodge, she hid behind a back rest. She saw a soldier step into the lodge and either shoot or stab everybody who moved or cried.



"Don't go too fast—watch out for that bump! Keep you eye on the trail!"

After the soldiers had gone, she and her mother and a few others who had managed to hide, started on the long journey to Fort Benton. On the way, several of them died from intense cold and lack of food. The only food they had was scraps dropped by the soldiers en route back to the Fort. Without horses, perhaps all of them would have died had they not encountered a party of Piegans, who took them to shelter. Even then, Spear Woman's little sister died of cold as she was being taken into camp.

Spear Woman later married a white man, Hiram Upham, and lived for many years among the whites. Thus, through actual eyewitness accounts, we know the true story of one of the blacker chapters of our wars with the Indians. In time, Colonel Baker was called before a court martial. However, with the help of testimony of officers in his command, he was acquitted of any wrong.

Oddly enough, the Indian whose murdering of Malcolm Clarke caused the expedition, died under very mysterious circumstances a few months later. While hunting buffalo alone on the prairie, Ne-tus-che-o was shot and killed—by whom no one knows.

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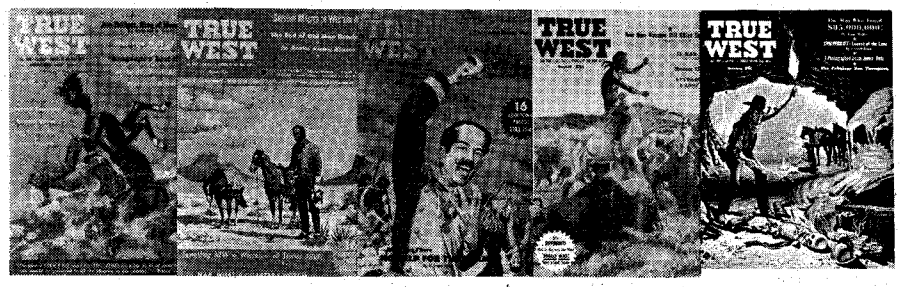

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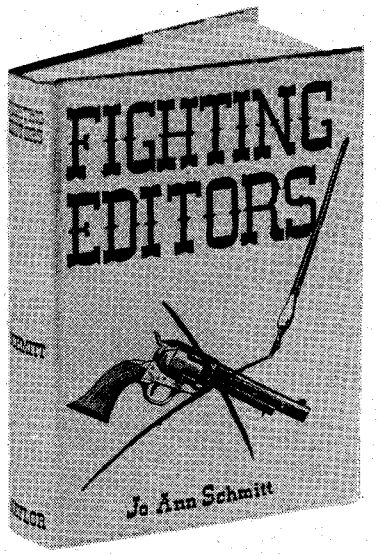

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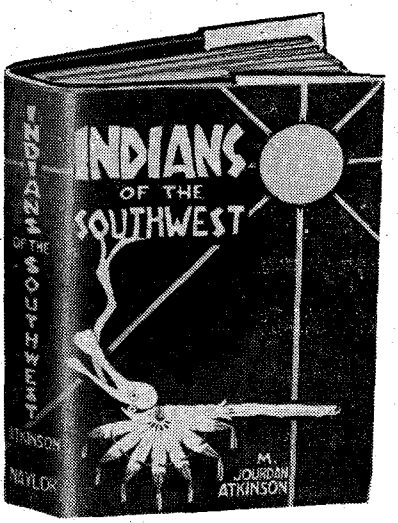

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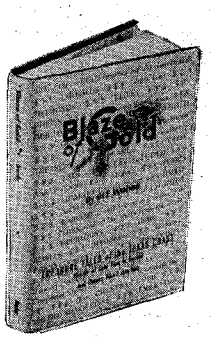

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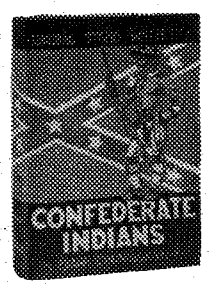

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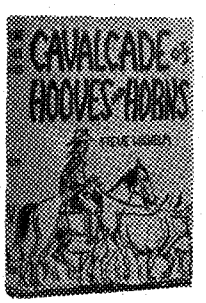

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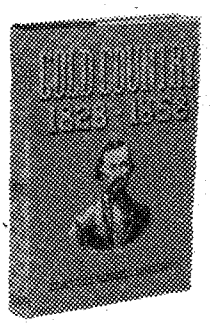

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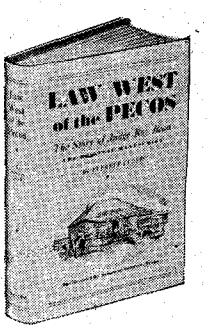

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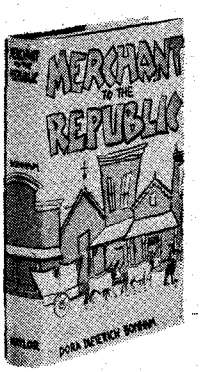

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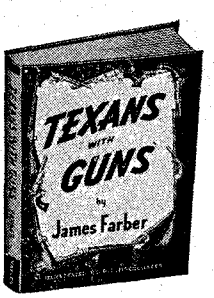

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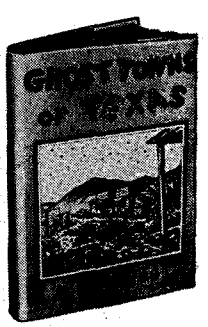

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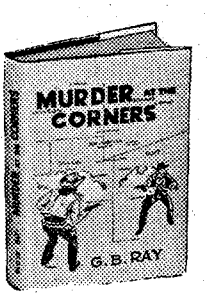

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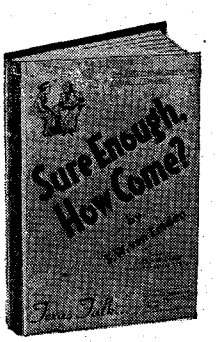

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ALWAYS WESTWARD!

Frontier America (Scribner, $10) by Thomas D. Clark is topnotch United States history that Americana fans will acclaim. About half of this large book covers western settlement and development with vivid chapters on The Mexican War, Texas independence, the mountain men, Mormons and Utah, mining, overland routes, pony express, Oregon trail, development of the cattle trade and Indian Wars.

An able historian, author Clark writes brilliantly about the philosophy, the economics, the culture and the society of Americans who moved in successive waves westward from Atlantic bases to the Pacific. He shows how the movement bore telltale marks of the traditional origins of peoples and institutions—the flavor and coloration of the peculiar traditions of continental Europe, England and the eastern Atlantic coast.

To the landless poor people of Europe, the vast unoccupied area in America was a beckoning Utopia. Obviously, land was the most important economic factor in western movement, but its social meaning surpasses its economic importance. The author points out that participation in politics in some instances was based upon land holding, and ownership of land gave a sense of permanence, stability and security.

Western history students may want to fuss with the author over details about pet subjects like routings of early trail herds or the prejudice and botching of facts concerning early western cattle and sheep wars. But even the most critical will agree that *Frontier America* is a terrific piece of writing that deserves top billing.

There are numerous excellent illustrations including reproductions of pictures by W. R. Leigh and A. J. Miller.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

John R. Cuneo's *Robert Rogers of the Rangers* (Oxford, $6) is an entertaining biography of the hero of Kenneth Roberts' great historical novel *Northwest Passage* (1937). Rogers' Rangers, one of the greatest assets the British had in the French and Indian War, were the forerunners of all the great Ranger organizations in our history, including those in World War II. The title, "Ranger," was used sometime before the French and Indian War for scouts who ranged the Virginia frontier to ferret out any unusual Indian activity that might indicate an attack on the settlements. However, the Company enrolled by Rogers was the first military organization to use the name. The tactics developed by Rogers—the hit and run; the night marches; the surprise attack; and the constant interference with enemy communications and supply lines—became standard for other Rangers down through the years.

The search for the Northwest Passage obcessed the English, French and Dutch throughout colonial days. Rogers was perfectly willing to capitalize on this desire to find a water route through the continent to shorten the miles to The Indias. Rogers parlayed the interest in the Northwest Passage and his expedition West to accept the surrender of the French at Detroit into the command of the western outpost, Michilimackinac. He couldn't leave the Michigan fort to personally lead the searchers for the Passage and the expedition returned with but little new information. Rogers won the friendship of the Indians but made powerful enemies. He was tried for treason to the Crown but was cleared. He spent years in debtor prisons in England and during this period became a heavy drinker. When the Revolutionary War started he was a broken old man who neither the Provincial Congress or General Washington wanted. For awhile he recruited for and commanded the Queen's Rangers (a far cry from his old ranging outfit of frontiersman) for the British. He died in exile, far from his loved New Hampshire hills, in London, in 1795.

Parkman revived the interest in this remarkable man—a winner at war but always a peacetime loser. Roberts added to the legends with his novel and Cuneo has performed a real service by searching out and recording the facts.

WESTERNERS ALL!

Dr. Nolie Mumey, of the Denver Westerners' Corral, has just turned out another one of his historical gems entitled *Prof. Oscar J. Goldrick and His Denver* (Sage, cloth $2.50; wraps $1). Dr. Mumey gives a brief character sketch of this eccentric educated Irishman who started the first Denver school. He was also a journalist, reporter, newspaper editor and became Denver's first man of letters.

This brochure includes Prof. Goldrick's famous July 4, 1876 address entitled "Historical Sketch of Denver, Colorado, 1858-1876."

There are only 350 copies of the clothbound edition which will go quickly.

C. L. Sonnichsen's *The Story of Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos* (Devin-Adair, $4) is a reprint of a modern classic, first issued in 1943 and long OP. Judge Roy Bean of Lantry, Texas who held court in his Jersey Lily saloon was a colorful character who became a folk hero (with some purposeful assists by the Judge) in his own lifetime. Dr. Sonnichsen of the English faculty of Texas Western College at El Paso has dug deep into the past of Roy Bean to come up with his two colorful brothers, Sam and Josh. These three Kentucky-born Beans seemed to have similar tastes—gambling, straight

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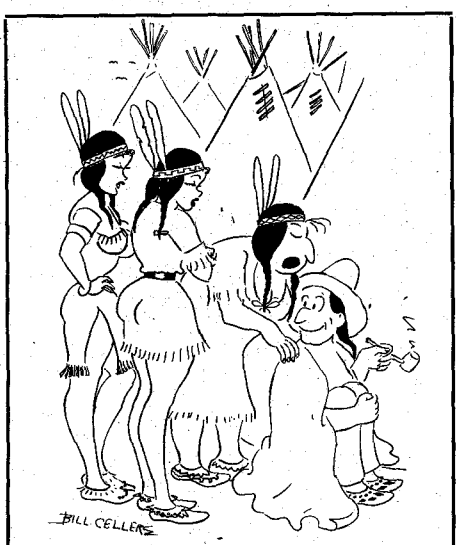
whiskey and Mexican women—and such tastes got them into a deal of trouble in Mexico and California. No less an outlaw than Joaquin Murietta arranged for the killing of Josh and Roy, it is said, rode with the Rangers who finished off Joaquin. Sonnichsen traces the years Sam and Roy spent in New Mexico and San Antonio before Roy followed the railroad west again to become the Law West of the Pecos. In combining fact with the legends of Roy's colorful rulings the Bean saga has lost none of its flavor.

Horsefeathers and Applesauce (Saga, $1) by Inez Hunt and Wanetta W. Draper is the story of Bishop Franklin Rice, a fire-eating lancer who took the hides off the smug and self-righteous. He said one U. S. president had done more to damage religion than Stalin and in the nineteen thirties offered a horse and buggy to the first of the "nine tired old men" in the Supreme Court to retire.

This edition is limited to 1,000 copies signed by the authors.



"I'm getting too old to do all your work, so I got you two young squaws to help me out."

WRITING WESTERNERS

Chris Emmett's *In the Path of Events with Colonel Martin Lalor Crimmins* (Jones and Morrison, 118 No. 6th, Waco, Texas, $5.75) is the story of a soldier, naturalist and historian based on his book, papers, writings, tape recordings, and on a friendship that endured for more than a quarter of a century. Young Martin was studying at the University of Virginia when the Spanish-American War started. Theodore Roosevelt was a family friend and Martin was permitted to join the Rough Riders. He was left behind when the troops departed for the front but quickly wangled a second lieutenant's commission and was off to the Philippines. He was in the army to stay—there was fighting in the Philippines and tours of duty in Alaska and at various posts in the United States. He was with Pershing in Mexico and was CO at a number of training camps during World War I. He was greatly interested in rattlesnakes, captured many rare specimens, and helped develop the anti-venom serum. When his army days were over he retired at San Antonio where he became a great researcher and writer on the careers of the U. S. Army men who had served in Texas. Col. Crimmins was reputed to be, at one time, the wealthiest man in the U. S. Army—he had his fun but also left his mark. This is a good book—perhaps a little tedious at times and not quite up to Emmett's highly entertaining *Shanghai Pierce* (Norman, 1953). A valuable bibliography of Col. Crimmins' writings is included.

Frank C. Robertson's *A Ram in the Thicket* (Hastings, $4.95) is the wonderfully candid story of the Robertson clan. Frank is the author of a hundred or so western novels and countless short stories that have long been recognized for their historical fidelity in character and setting. After reading this book it is easy to understand this integrity—Frank had traveled the road. His father, Will, a cowboy and trail driver from Texas, and his mother, a gentle school teacher from Nebraska, moved to the Idaho Panhandle when it was still the frontier. Brother Chauncey was a cowboy; Brother Obe a sheepherder and Frank was primarily a farmer, though he worked at many jobs in helping to make ends meet for the Robertsons. Father Will was a farmer (often without a farm) and after the conversion of the family to Mormonism he spent much time on missions. The book is full of heartbreak and truth. The pages Frank devotes to his own beginnings as a writer should serve as an inspiration to many better equipped technically to write. Frank had only two years of formal schooling but he is an educated man with degrees from both the school of hard knocks and from the reading of the classics.

THREE IN ONE

Sage Books' three decker, entitled *Lariat I* ($1.50), edited by Alan Swallow, is loaded for those interested in Death Valley tales and facts on Colorado law and jurisprudence.

The first is Frank A. Crampton's *Legend of John Lamoigne* and *Song of the Desert Rais*. Lamoigne, an eccentric desert rat, ran a trading post for Death Valley dwellers and made a pot-full staking miners. Not trusting banks, he converted his royalties into gold currency which he entrusted to Ma Gilson for safekeeping. As his wealth mounted, Ma refused to continue as his banker and enticed John to spend his money on a bizarre castle that later was dynamited.

The second volume is Forbes Parkhill's *The Law Goes West*. Before the Pikes Peak gold rush of 1859 the law of the land was the law of the trigger. This one tells about early Colorado lawmen and their expoits in dealing with outlaws, horse thieves and murderers. Among the interesting events are reports in the Sand Creek Massacre and famous Jack Slade.

Murder and Mirth by Fancher Sarchet, the third part, deals with Sarchet's varied experiences as a Colorado trial lawyer from 1900 to the present.

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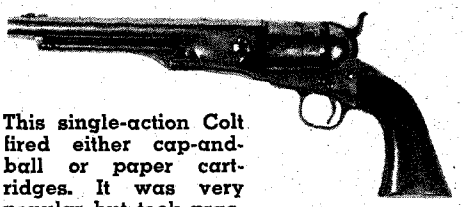
Ask True West --

Editor's Note: We get so many questions about the Old West here at True West that we thought it was about time to come up with a few answers. So if you want the facts on the frontier, "Ask True West." We'll probably get about 9,000 questions, so make your question of wide and general interest so we can print it, 'cause we dang sure can't publish 9,000! Address queries to: "Ask True West," c/o George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope if you wish a direct reply.

Question: I used to hear my Grandfather speak of a pistol on the plains that was so well-thought-of by the pioneers that it took a load of buffalo hides to buy one. What kind of gun was this?—E. C. Barnes, Visalia, California.

Answer: We believe you refer to the Colt .44, Model 1860. See photo.



This single-action Colt fired either cap-and-ball or paper cartridges. It was very popular but took practically a wagon-load of buffalo hides to purchase!

★

Question: Who killed the Cheyenne Chief Little Wolf?—Rollin' Train, Texas.

Answer: Frank Grouard is believed to have slain Little Wolf in the Red Fork fight. We have not confirmed this by government records, however.

★

Question: Is the house still standing where Commodore Owens had his fight with the Bevins gang? Would appreciate it if you would run a picture of the old fighter.—D. C. Wynn, Hastings, Nebraska.

Answer: The cottage in Holbrook, Arizona, was still standing as late as 1937 when the picture on this page was taken. We also managed to dig up a photo of the Commodore, which is not too clear, but if you look close you can see his long hair.

★

Question: Most students of Billy the Kid believe he had real inside help to make the breakaway he did from the guard room. What do you think?—E. K.

Answer: Your trail is warm—very warm. Old man Gauss, we think, was the go-between; both before and after the fact. Quien Sabe?

★

Question: What did it cost to ride the stages during frontier days?—Neil Hall, Oklahoma.

Answer: The charges today would be considered rather high. They varied somewhat, due to general conditions. In 1876, first-class passenger fare from Cheyenne to Deadwood was $123. Yet competition soon brought a rate of $45 from Omaha to Custer; a longer haul.

In the Southwest during the same period, the Texas-California Stage Company charged $100 for the trip from El Paso to San Antonio; whereas the same line charged $7 per head for the trip from Las Cruces to El Paso. The Star Line charged $23 for passage Albuquerque to Fort Wingate, a distance of about 125 miles. Kerns & Mitchell made a flat charge of $100 for Silver City to San Diego "in seven days and with no dangers," with steamer connections to San Francisco for $15 additional.

★

Question: Where is John Ringo buried?—J. E. Seubert, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Answer: John Ringold—ALIAS Johnny Ringo—was buried near the place where his body was found—near the point where West Turkey Creek Cañon opens into Sulphur Springs Valley, Arizona Territory. The spot has been fixed at being several hundred yards from the house of Coyote Smith, and further located as being approximately ten miles from Morse's sawmill, west by south, near the road to Tombstone.

★

Question: What became of Camilla Hanks of the Wild Bunch? Did he die in jail?—E. C. K.

Answer: I suppose you mean Deaf Charlie. He was killed in San Antonio, April, 1902, by Pink Taylor and other officers when resisting arrest. He had been passing bank notes from the Wagner, Mon-

House in Holbrook where Commodore Owens (at right) had his fight with the Bevino.

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tana, robbery, having been released from prison a short time before his end.

★

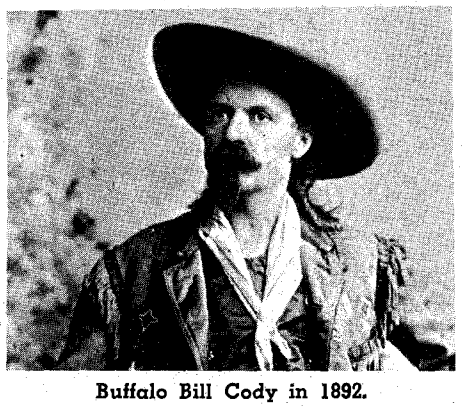
Question: Was Pawnee Bill an Indian? I would also like to know if he ever had a shooting match against Annie Oakley. If so, where?—Bill Fine, Kentucky.

Pawnee Bill Lillie in 1910.

Answer: Gordon W. Lillie, or Pawnee Bill, was of Anglo-Saxon stock, and though associated with the Pawnees for upwards of thirty years, was only an "adopted" son of that tribe. We find no record whatever of any shooting competition between Pawnee Bill and Annie Oakley. Research shows that as a rifle shot Bill was not in Oakley's class. Bill's sometime exhibition of shooting seems to have been rigged. Pellets. Quien sabe?

★

Question: I'd like to know if it is a fact that Buffalo Bill killed and scalped the Cheyenne Chief Yellow Hand?—Ellis Burke, Oregon.



Buffalo Bill Cody in 1892.

Answer: This has been a moot question for several decades. Some historians are highly skeptical. One went so far as to state that Cody purchased the scalp from a trooper for five dollars! Cody's biographers, Sell and Weybright, devoted a whole chapter to this episode. Despite the fact that so much about the incident smacks of "theatre"—for instance that the warrior in question had a white girl's scalp; that an American flag was wrapped around him as a breech clout; and that Cody yelled "First scalp for Custer!" etc.—we'll have to give him that scalp. For Cody seems to have had two very credible eyewitnesses; namely Lieutenant Charles King and a signalman of Company A, Fifth Cavalry, Chris Madsen, who was posted on a hill nearby. The action took place on War Bonnet Creek, July 17, 1876, when Cody was scout for General Wesley Merritt.

★

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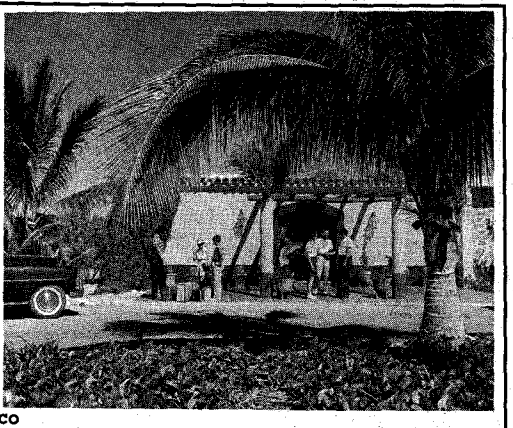

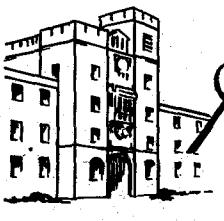

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★

Question: Did Pat Garrett collect the $500 reward offered by Lew Wallace? What became of the pistol Garrett used in the killing?—Ed Goins, Virginia.

Answer: Pat Garrett duly made his appearance in Santa Fe to collect the reward for killing the Kid, but for some reason not altogether clear the money was never paid him. Garrett had many political enemies and that is the most likely explanation. As for Garrett's Peacemaker, it was presented to his widow by the government in 1934.

★

Question: What is the record for the greatest number killed by a gunslinger in a barroom battle? I mean by a single person.—L. Ely, Missouri.

Answer: We have no positive answer on this. However, we know of one which might suffice until the champion comes along. In 1871, a gunman named Jim Riley emptied his two Peacemakers in a Newton, Kansas, dance hall, killing four and seriously wounding four. He escaped, unhit.

TRUE WEST SALUTES CHESTER E. FARIS

Kit Carson voiced an unerring truth back in 1863 when he tried hard to help the harried Apaches maintain their morale in the face of crushing defeat. Said Kit, in angry protest to the stern and unbending General Carleton: "Damn it, General, don't crush the pride of these pore people! Take away an Apache's pride and you take away his soul—his very reason for living."

Colonel Kit won his point at the moment—but later on, the white conquerors ignored Carson's sage, humane advice and applied the iron heel again to the oppressed Apaches. Kit died in 1868, and after his death there were few white men of position and importance to take up the cause.

As late as 1918 the Jicarilla Apaches of northern New Mexico were living in indescribable poverty and neglect. Their pride was dead, the fierce spirit that is essentially Apache was no more. Disease and malnutrition had decimated their numbers to less than 600. Sunk in dull, hopeless apathy, they waited for the end. White ranchers leased or bought up much of their land for nominal sums without so much as a protest from the tribal leaders. "What is the use?" shrugged a chief, when interviewed by an inspector from Washington. "The Jicarillas are doomed. For years our path has led down into the shadows. The night is not far off."

Stung into action by the inspector's fiery report, the Bureau of Indian Affairs sent Chester Faris to assume the post of superintendent. Faris knew Indians—knew how to kindle the long-dormant pride of the Apaches. His method was simple. "I always made it a rule," he declared, "never to tell an Indian what to do. I waited until he told *me* what he wanted, and then I helped him get it."

Gradually, under the kindly yet shrewd leadership of Faris, the Jicarillas not only regained their pride but their independence as well. The new superintendent abolished the insidiously destructive practice developed by the Apaches of leasing and selling their land piece-meal to white men. Gently, carefully but firmly, he persuaded the apathetic tribesmen to till their land for themselves. The young men were the first to catch fire from his wise words, and the older men were not long in following their lead. When Chester Faris left the Jicarillas in 1923, the tribe was raising cattle, horses and sheep on their own cleared and fenced acres. Malnutrition had been eliminated and disease checked. With these under control, the tribe began to increase.

All through the years, Chester Faris has kept track of the Jicarillas' progress. He never offered advice unless asked. Many times, in the 33 years since he left them, the tribal leaders have asked his counsel. The last time was in the fall of 1955, when gas and oil was discovered on Jicarilla land and a new and dazzling future was opened up for them. With the prospect of $7,000,000 in royalties due them, the Jicarilla Tribal Council voted to abide by Chester Faris' decision on how the golden windfall was to be used. His suggestions have been scrupulously followed. One of the largest single projects was set up in July, 1956, when the Tribal Council deposited in the First National Bank of Albuquerque $1,000,000 in a special trust to guarantee the tribe's educational future. Calculated to produce a $40,000-a-year income, it will provide school and college scholarships for Jicarilla boys and girls and for any ambitious adult who sincerely wishes to further his education.

The trust bears the name: The Chester E. Faris Educational Fund.

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the Burro is like the long horn cow and the bow legged cowboy—about A thing of the past. the Burro ask no favors but give many. they are about the Hornoriest most stubborn. Yet the wisest little things I ever saw. you aint going to stampede A burro into nothing. slow but shore. got A head of his own and there aint to much you can do about it. just try to put him into some place where he is liable to get hurt. NO DICE.

the little town of Fairplay Colorado has built A monument to Prunes. as I stood and looked at it and read the Plaque. My mind went back to the days I spent on cow outfits where they toted the kitchen. and the vile language that I used trying to get them to do some thing they dident want to do. or hurry just a little.

Fairplay Has done A great honor to the thing that has done more to make the west than any other one thing I think. there is no sham or shallow pretense about the Burro. He is what he is and will stay that way. many congratulations to Fairplay. for doing something worthwhile. to some thing worthwhile.

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2. The owner is: Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas.
3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

(Signed) JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher

Sworn to and Subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1959.

A. D. Leshikar
Notary Public
(Seal) (My commission expires June, 1961)

WE'RE SNOWED!

HELP! We need something from you boys real bad. We need some *understanding*. You men are shooting *first* and asking questions *later*! You readers, writers, artists, bullwhackers, dry-gulchers, belly-achers, angels, etc. PULEEZE don't scream like a sore-tailed bear on a cactus needle if your letter isn't answered immediately!

I tell you folks, we're plumb excited over our mail! It's a healthy sign. But also it's getting to be a real problem. We just flat love your letters but it's a little like the old boy who loved hundred dollar bills. They put him in a tall box and started pouring bills on him. When those wonderful things got over his head and he started smothering to death, he was torn between just flat dying with delight or asking them to hold off just a little . .

Now you just keep right on sending in those letters, articles, etc. We'll hire more help; we'll work our way out somehow. *Just don't feel personally insulted if we can't answer you immediately. Thanks!*

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LAST CALL!

COME AND GET IT . . . BEFORE WE THROW IT OUT!

It's that reduced gift rate offer that we're talking about. It seems that most of you planned on taking advantage of it. However, that Holiday rush got many of you like it did us and we've received some frantic requests to extend the offer.

URGENT! We're holding open the floodgates just one more issue! BOG YOUR SPURS AND GET THAT BROOMTAIL MOVIN' PRONTO, PODNER!

Here's another rip-snorting Western gift offer for you folks who want to give something REALLY DIFFERENT!

Fill in the blanks and write out a check—in ten minutes your gift problems for those friends are past history! You couldn't send less expensive, more appreciated gifts than TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES — gifts that last so long and remind your friends of you so regularly!

AND WHAT A TERRIFIC BOOST IT WILL BE FOR US! Thousands of people do not even know our magazines exist. IT'S A TREMENDOUS job getting the word around. So, your sending gift subscriptions is a THREE-WAY BENEFIT—to us, to you and to the folks who receive them.

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